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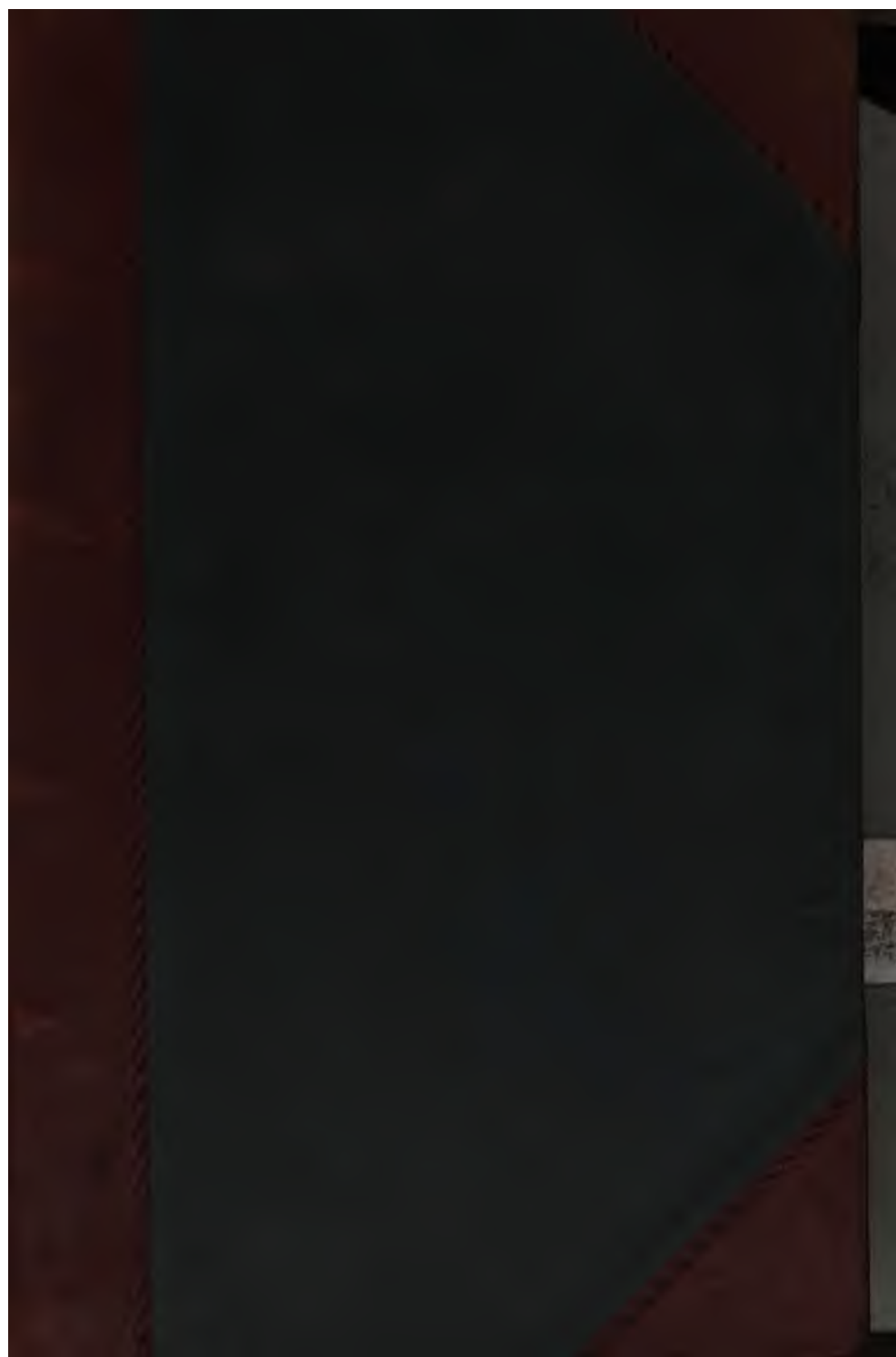
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THE COURT-PARTIAL,

OF 18—.

A TALE OF MILITARY LIFE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

T. C. NEWBY, 72, MORTIMER ST., CAVENDISH Sq.

1844.



T. C. Newby, Printer, 72, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.

TO

GENERAL SIR DE LACY EVANS, K.C.B.

“ SIR,

“ Upon every just ground of selection—upon every principle which could either direct or determine me in my choice of a name, and equally as a matter of warm impulse and profound reflection, I dedicate the following pages to *you* ; fully conscious that all the *nobler* portion of what I have endeavoured to affect, or to illustrate, gives a fitness and propriety to my choice, as does also the fact that they form ‘ A Tale of Military Life,’ and an attempt, sincere, how imperfect soever, to pourtray military character under other, and

truer, and more ennobling circumstances than writers of fiction have usually, or perhaps ever, done.

“ The approbation with which my work has been honoured by one who is, from his own long and brilliant career, so well qualified to judge of the correctness of my views, has been, therefore, at once a gratification and a satisfaction alone amply sufficient to repay me for any labours which my humble efforts may have cost. It remains only for me, then, to record my ardent hope that I may find, in a generous *public* judges equally lenient with yourself, who, pardoning the many defects of which I am sensible in the *manner*, for the sake of some honest principle in the *matter*, may afford a young Author encouragement to hope that the appearance of another work from the same pen, MAY NOT BE UNWELCOME.

“ Meanwhile, the hope that I possess the power of pleasing others, must ever be a deep source of gratification to myself; nor shall I think that you, Sir, have condescended, or I written altogether in vain, if one melancholy hour is cheered by the perusal of my tale, or one gallant heart convinced that the character

of a *soldier*, never appears so truly glorious and noble, as when it is adorned by the virtues of a *gentleman*, and a *christian*.

“ I have, Sir, the honour to be,

“ With sentiments of profound respect and
“ deep gratitude,

“ Your most obedient; humble Servant,

“ THE AUTHOR.”



THE COURT-PARTIAL.

CHAPTER I.

Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance soon blown to fire
Of headlong love or hasty ire ;

* * * *

His limbs were cast in manly mould
For hardy sports or contest bold.

* * * *

Not his the form, or his the eye
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

Scorr.

“ THE pleasures of memory” have been, (and justly), much extolled. It is a pleasure to brood over the remembrance of the friends, the scenes, of other days ! To recal the loving

word, the confiding glance, the truthful spirit of the friends of past years—to conjure up before the mind's eye persons and things that rendered our early life one gay and joyous dream. But there is a greater pleasure than this—the pleasure of anticipation—the unalloyed brightness of hope! Remembrance may sometimes be pleasant. Is it not also bitter? How many of the associates of our early days have already verified the poet's truth who calls life—

—“ A transient fire
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.”

How many others are as dead to us as if literally so—and of the remainder how many are separated from us by accidental circumstances, while an impassable gulf of conventionalism, or position, or newer but not dearer ties, has opened between us? Enviably tranquil and blessed, indeed, must have been the life of that person, who, ere he has attained one half of the “ three score years and ten”

allotted to man, does not find the pains of memory to outweigh its pleasures.

But the joys of anticipation are so great as to render it a difficult thing to exaggerate them. The school-boy returning home may well be considered one of the happiest creatures in existence, yet is the bliss of a lover, rejoining his mistress, greater, because more intellectual! And who has not seen the happy excitement, the fluttering joy with which a fond wife expects the return of her husband, from some little excursion of business or pleasure! How the slippers (embroidered, you may be sure, by her own fair hand), are placed by the fire ready for him, and fresh flowers decorate the vases, and all the house, be it humble or magnificent, puts on a holiday garb to do him honour, and show how *welcome* he is. And hours before she can expect him she has attired herself in his favorite robe, and then she has nothing to do but to take her work, and endeavour to

occupy the intervening period. She tries, laudably, to do so, but not a vehicle of any kind passes, from the carriage and four of his Grace, to the heavy van of Pickford, but her head is raised, and her eye brightened by the pleasure of anticipation. At last, the well-known wheels are really heard; the carriage stops; in a moment they meet in love and joy, and the palpitation of her heart subsides, as she feels the reality of happiness. True, separation may again come; at all events they will once more be full of the world's daily cares and common duties, but they have *found* that their love is deep, and the past will not soon be forgotten.

Such is life! With its little sunny gleams, its patches of clear azure between its ordinary clouds, and only the strong sense of duty, and the sweet smile of hope to cheer us on. At length we fall into "the sear and yellow leaf," but even *then*, when the *present* of joy or pain

cannot greatly excite us, our pulse still beats more audibly, when we recal the early pleasures of anticipation, the bounding heart, the wild greeting of the lips, the ecstasy so great that when we tried to express our joy we found

“ That utterance had made a stand.”

We remember these sensations, we compare them with the chilly coldness of the present, and in bitterness of heart exclaim with La Bruyère “ *Où est l'agrément d'Amour ?*”

“ Where is the charm of loving ?”

Where, oh where the sweetness,
Once to time and nature
Gave such bloom and fleetness ?
Where the bounding heart ?
Where the lips' wild greeting ?
Hopes that soothed apart,
Joys that thrilled in meeting.
Long from with'ring doom,
Other joys we cherish,
But with love's first bloom
All its bright hues perish !

Other dreams, other hopes to the last may endure,
But the rose of a day is ‘ l'agrément d'amour.’

Though the host be scattered,
 Freedom yet may soar—
 Though the harp be shattered
 Song may rise once more—
 Gems in caverns shaded,
 Heaven may re-illuminate—
 Flowers awhile though faded
 Yet again shall bloom—
 Branch and leaf though sear,
 Yet again shall quicken,
 But no sap can rear
 Love's sweet bud once stricken !
 All nature for blight and for storm hath a cure,
 But no spring comes to waken 'l'agrément d'amour !'

Even in Passion's embers
 Other joys can live,
 What the heart remembers
 Still the heart can give.
 All the rage of capture
 Long the warrior feels,
 All the poet's rapture
 Long his strain reveals.
 But the heart's best glory
 Dies e'er years have sprinkled
 E'en a tinge of hoary
 On the brow unwrinkled.
 Other barks, tempest tost, to the last may endure,
 But no haven, no hope for 'l'agrément d'amour.'

But truce with this moralising, lest some

impatient reader should exclaim that he has stumbled on an essay, instead of a novel, and ask in thundering tone—

Your history whither are you spinning?

(Plague on the weary scribbling sect !)

What, in the very first beginning

Can you do nothing but reflect?

Much more we hope— so *allons* ; our reflections were suggested by a consideration of the feelings of the party to whom we are about to introduce you.

Rawdon Court, the seat of a baronet, who was a fine specimen of the old English gentleman of the olden time, was situated in one of the most beautiful districts in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The dwelling might more properly be termed a castle than a house, for it was one of those which had been erected at a period of civil commotion, when “might” was the only “right” recognised, and the rose was an emblem of deadly strife, instead of the flower of love and beauty.

The massive architecture would have given a heavy, gloomy appearance to the house, had it not been relieved by the vicinity of lawns and gardens, and woods, besides a picturesque grouping of clusters of magnificent oak trees, the pride of their owner.

It was evening—a glowing sun-set shed a bright radiance over the extensive moors which formed the back ground of the scenery, gilding with a yet richer tint the blossoms of the heather with which they were covered, while a shadow descended on the valley beneath, and gave the whole scene an air of tranquil beauty.

A group of young ladies were assembled on the lawn, gazing earnestly up the avenue of elm trees which led to the entrance of the park, the younger were romping, the elder chattering—all laughing, and wondering when ‘dear Horace’ would come.

Horace Rawdon was the eldest child, and only son of the family, and at the period of

which we speak had just attained his seventeenth year. He was returning from Germany where he had completed his education, and was about to enter the guards, his father's indulgence having induced him to grant a request which his earnest desire to see his son fond of a country home, and the duties of a country gentleman, did not permit him very cordially to approve. Horace was the idol of his family ; his father's pride, the centre of all his mother's warmest hopes, and the *beau ideal* in his sisters' minds, of all that is most excellent and noble.

And as lovely and loving a group as ever were seen, even in this land of beauty, were his fair sisters. Fanny, the eldest, bore a striking though feminine resemblance to her father, her dark eyes, and raven tresses, the rich brown of her cheek, and the carmine of her full lip were each exquisite in its way, and all harmonised well with a nose just sufficiently

rétroussé to give an air of *piquance* to the character of her countenance. Her person was tall, and her manner somewhat stately, but so tempered by a lively wit, and exuberant spirits that she was at all times the life of the domestic circle. Perhaps it would be difficult to find in any family a greater contrast to Fanny Rawdon than existed in the person, manner, and appearance of her sister Mary Anne. Her form and features resembled the finest models of Grecian sculpture, her manners were soft and winning; there was something almost *ethereal* in her slight and graceful form, and the changing hues of her fair cheek argued a sensitive and feeling disposition; her hair was of the softest brown, and fell in glossy ringlets, veil-like, around her face and neck; her blue eyes were shaded by long lashes, which gave a pensive character to the orbs they guarded, and her hands and feet were models for Canova. While Fanny commanded your admiration; Mary Anne en-

treated your regard, and flinty indeed must he have been who could have withheld either. The other sisters were very young, and do not require particular description.

The parents of the group sat at a little distance, watching with almost equal impatience for the appearance of the traveller.

Sir Lewis Rawdon was a fine, handsome man, in the prime of life, "a gentleman in word and deed." He felt a natural pride in his ancient family, and unspotted reputation; liked a fox-hunt, rather enjoyed a justice-room, was exceedingly proud of his children, Horace especially; and strange to say, although he had been married nearly twenty years to his wife, actually loved her still most dearly, and treated her with so much courtesy and attention, that he obtained, by the unanimous consent of the neighbourhood, the highest praise that can be given to an English Benedict. "Nobody would ever have thought that he was Lady Helen's husband."

We hope our veracity in making this statement will not be called in question; strange and rare as such attachment appears, it yet is reasonable. How many noble traits of character are developed in a twenty years union, which could not be otherwise known. Of how many virtues had she given proof of which he had hoped, but by no means ascertained, the existence before their marriage. Had he not seen her the courteous hostess, the kind mistress, the generous benefactress, the fond, yet judicious parent, above all, the loving wife, the being who was ever ready to soothe him when anxious—to nurse him when ill—to cheer and entertain him when weary. Was it any wonder then, that every day of his married life had convinced him, “how much the wife was dearer than the bride!”

Lady Helen’s rank was high, her person lovely, she well repaid her husband’s devoted love, for her happiness was ever centered in

him, and their children, so that theirs was universally considered the happiest domestic circle in the county.

Many were the speculations entered into by all the party, as to the appearance and height of Horace—what he would say—what he would think of their new garden—their pet rabbits—their books—if he would still like riding, and would ride with them, and a thousand other trifles so interesting to loving hearts when they regard the beloved—and ever and anon the attentive ear was bent to catch some imaginary sound, each being eager to be the first to catch a glimpse of the traveller: but time wore away, and still he did not come: they were about to relinquish, very reluctantly, the hope of seeing him that night, when carriage wheels were heard in the distance—then the pawing of horses' feet—the crack of the whip—and now came the delighted exclamation, "Here he is!" One instant more and Horace was

folded in his mother's arms, and had forgotten, in his joy at seeing her, and hearing once more her fervent blessing, that there were other near and dear ones around him. But now his father shook his hand, and welcomed him home, and his sisters clung round him, on every side, like branches of woodbine round the oak, embracing him so warmly that he could not disengage himself. He, at length, playfully shook them from him, and going up to his mother, whispered a few words in her ear, then returned to the chaise, which had driven up to the door, and on rejoining the group, presented a young companion to Sir Lewis, saying—

“ You already know so much of Rochampton that I need scarcely introduce you to him.”

“ Indeed, you are right, my boy,” said his father, shaking Rochampton's hand very cordially ; “ you are welcome, sir, most welcome !”

"You are indeed no stranger," added Lady Helen, "and your kindness to Horace has made us almost regard you as another son."

The young man took her offered hand, and raising it to his lips, assured her of his ardent wish to be ever so considered by her. It might be a mistake of Lady Helen's, but she certainly fancied that as he spoke his eyes were rivetted on Fanny, who with her arm within her brother's, was proceeding to the house.

William Rochampton, whose seniority to Horace of a year gives him a prior claim to our attention, was the only son of a very rich but eccentric man, who indeed loved him, and with warmth ; and who was proud of his character and talents, but had never sought to prove his attachment. He was a person who held the doctrine of passive obedience in all its rigour ; of stern and severe manners, and holding every exhibition of warm feeling in supreme contempt. The death of a wife to whom he was tenderly attached, just at the

conclusion of the first year of their union, had probably caused much of his apparent bitterness, as well as left his son more exposed to the consequence of it. Be this as it may, one thing is certain: that he had kept up a formal distance and reserve with William, which had rendered them complete strangers to each other; so that the current of warm affections which the youth possessed had flowed altogether away from his own home, and Horace, his companion at school, was the person for whom he felt the deepest regard: his father claiming, and desiring, only his cold respect. Besides, neither William nor Horace had a brother, and they loved each other far better than brothers are often found to do.

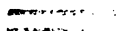
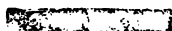
Horace, well assured of his welcome, had invited him to remain at Rawdon Court during the short stay he proposed making in England, before he sailed to join his regiment in India, to which, after some scruples he agreed, and the kind manner in which he had been received

rendered him entirely happy, though it also excited painful comparisons in his mind.

In person he was remarkably tall—indeed almost gigantic—and though he could not be called strikingly handsome, he had the air and manner of a gentleman, and a countenance which assured you that any enterprise which hardihood might prompt him to undertake, he would have resolution to accomplish. He inspired you with confidence.

Horace was cast in a different mould : by no means tall, he was remarkably well-formed, and his frank, open countenance was a perpetual letter of recommendation ; his hair and incipient moustache were jet black, if excited, his brilliant dark eyes seemed to flash fire, yet at other times possessed sufficient softness to commit much mischief among his fair friends, who after any ball in which he had been their partner, were certain to be haunted in their sleep by visions of *les beaux yeux noirs* of Horace Rawdon. His face reflected every feeling that

was passing in his mind, as the mirror-like waters of a lake reflect the fleeting clouds in the heavens. All who knew, loved him, and in his own family it would almost have been regarded as sacrilege to have compared any other son or brother to him.



CHAPTER II.

"They call me CATHERINE that do talk of me!"

You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst.

SHAKESPEARE.

Traffic is their God, and their God confound them!

SOUTHERN.

WHILEST the travellers we introduced in our last chapter were enjoying the warm welcome at Rawdon Court, the travelling carriage of another was approaching Carlton Hall, the seat

of the dowager Lady Carlton, not many miles distant.

He was a suitor—and one who from his position was certain to be well received; and yet there was a cloud on his brow, an appearance of anxiety not altogether becoming in a happy lover; in fact he had some doubts as to the wisdom of his conduct; he had hitherto been quite contented, if not in a state of positive felicity, without a wife, and he was by no means certain that a woman like Miss Carlton, a belle, and a flirt, would be an acquisition likely to increase his domestic comfort.

Sir Edward Brook was a man of good family and large fortune. His father had died before he had attained his tenth year, so that his wealth had accumulated during his long minority, and he found himself at twenty-one ranked among the richest commoners of England. Ten years had rolled on since then, and still Sir Edward was untouched by “la

belle passion," and mammas, and daughters, almost with tears, pronounced him a complete bachelor.

In an evil hour, however, during the last season, he had been introduced to the beautiful Catherine Carlton; sat in the box of their mutual friend with her, during an opera; was delighted to find in her a taste for music; ascertained (quite by accident) that she would be at a certain party the next night; resolved to meet her; and drove home deeply in love, to dream of bright eyes, and sunny smiles, and to picture the happiness he should feel if they, and their lovely owner were his.

He weighed carefully the possibility of such an occurrence, wondered why Catherine and her mother had shown so much less eagerness to cultivate his acquaintance than other mothers and daughters had done, and came to the conclusion most flattering to the sex, that the looks of delight with which she had repaid his

eloquence, and replied to his remarks, were altogether tributes to his personal merit, not compliments to his rent-rolls. He thought himself justified in using the boast of Cæsar, "I came, I saw, I conquered," and a friend who whispered to him to invert the order of the Roman's words, for that he had 'conquered' before he had either 'gone' or 'seen,' was treated as a slanderer of the most lovely of her sex—and of course a double portion of regard was felt for the victim.

But not to pursue a tedious theme, we will only mention that Lady Carlton and her daughter managed so skilfully that before the close of the season, Sir Edward had volunteered a visit to them in Yorkshire, and notwithstanding some misgivings he was now about to pay it, with the full intention of marrying her before the next season, and spending it quietly at his beautiful country seat.

He arrived at Carlton Hall only a short

time before dinner, and therefore while he is making his toilet we will introduce our friends to the fair ladies of the mansion.

They are both dressed, and are engaged in earnest conversation in Lady Carlton's boudoir. Both were eminently handsome, although some critics pronounced Miss Carlton to be too masculine—and predicted that she would degenerate into a coarse, thick-browed lady, when of a certain age. At that early period, however, for she was only nineteen, there was no appearance of any thing but a gorgeous, eastern beauty; her manners too, when she desired to please, were remarkably fascinating, and her temper, apparently faultless. We speak of her even at that early age as a *woman*, which in truth she was, and a woman of the world also; dress, manner, conversation, all showed that she considered herself much older than her years; and her tall form, and full proportions aided the deception. Her education had been showy and superficial, calculated (as this world goes,) to *catch* a husband. if it were

not likely to *keep* him. She had been taught to study *appearances*, and for *realities* she cared nothing.

She was early made aware that it was of the utmost importance to her mother that she should marry well; and once acquainted with this source of power, she used it to obtain the gratification of every whim, while to her ordinary country acquaintances and dependents she behaved with the utmost hauteur. To the Rawdons alone, the friends of her childhood, had she conducted herself with amiability, for her airs had caused them such undisguised merriment that she dared not continue to exhibit them. Horace, as the eldest of the family had been her chief companion. As they grew up he became more attached to her, and cold as her heart was, the only spark of affection she felt for any human being except herself, she experienced for him. She even persuaded herself she loved him; perhaps she did as much as she could love any one—and

when, before he went for the last half year to Germany, in the agony he felt at parting from her, the secret of his heart burst from his lips, and he confessed his love, and solicited a return, she accepted his vows, and gave him hers—but on condition of present silence.

The excitement, however, having passed away, her mother's maxims of worldly prudence resumed their utmost sway over her mind. In the gaieties of London life the absent Horace was forgotten; the prospect of immediate independence, and great wealth, if she became the wife of Sir Edward, triumphed over love, and honour—she resolved to sacrifice her devoted and accepted lover—to abandon him to the misery of withered affections, and blighted prospects; and, with equal want of principle, to allow and encourage the addresses of an honourable man, and bind herself to him for life, well knowing that all her affections were given to another.

Oh, this masquerading world! this existence

of appearances ! When, when shall mortal man learn to “ judge according to right.”

“ What is in a name ? ” Everything. That very action which we condemn under one name, and in one person, we applaud in another, when the politeness of the world to its votaries has decked it with another title. We condemn, as vile characters, wretched beings who barter their all of future happiness, to save them from the pangs of hunger. Our eyes are averted, our hearts shut, our purses closed against their appeals—that they were driven into crime by gaunt famine, we care not—that their sufferings are beyond belief, we heed not. We have learnt the Saviour’s precepts to some purpose, certainly. Ours is most holy horror ! But—let a woman of higher rank *marry* a man whom she, perhaps, detests—to whom, at least, she is perfectly indifferent ; and crush the hopes, and blight the prospects of another because he is poorer, and sacrifice whatever feeling she herself possesses—then, it is crime no longer—but

prudence, and commendable judgment, and filial obedience! though, while she is in God's house, taking a solemn vow that "forsaking all other she will cleave only to him," her mind is wandering to her forsaken lover, judging what will be his despair and realizing her own! Is it any wonder that that vow is so often broken, that the families are brought to disgrace, and the children of such unions to dishonour? Can it be otherwise? I know not whether "mammon" be "the sin of the church," but sure I am that it is the sin of the nation. Well! there is one comfort—"God seeth not as man seeth, for *man* looketh at the outward appearance, but **THE LORD** looketh at the heart." Which of these parties is most guilty, He will decide—then, if never before we shall find that 'truth is great, and will prevail.'

"I wonder who will be at the ball to-morrow, mamma?" said Catherine.

"The Rawdons, of course, my dear, amongst

others. By the bye, Horace returns to-day, and no doubt he will be with them."

"Horace!"

"Yes, my dear; is there anything in that to surprise you, that you repeat my words? Do you know, I used to think, Catherine, that you and he had rather a *tendresse* for each other, and I am glad to see you are grown so much more reasonable."

"But, mamma," continued Catherine, avoiding a direct reply to her mother's remark, "do you not think he will ride over and pay his *dévoirs* some time in the course of the day. I hope he will, for I am sure it will not be pleasant to meet him for the first time in so public a place!"

"Why not, Catherine?" said Lady Carlton, fixing a scrutinising look on her daughter. What possible difference can it make to you when you meet a boy like Horace."

"Why, mamma; you know he has always so much to relate, when he comes home, we

shall not be able to hear any of his adventures."

"I hope you will be better, and more agreeably engaged than in listening to them; you forget that Sir Edward will be with you."

"Indeed, I do not, mamma: I only wish I could. You must allow that he is not at all a pleasant or suitable companion for me. He is so grave and learned, and so very wise, that I am sure he is fit for no one but a regular Blue. Then he is so *distrain*, and yet so jealous."

"Catherine!" said Lady Carlton, in a tone of much displeasure, "I forbid such conversation! Sir Edward is the most desirable *parti* of the season—one of whose attentions any girl might be proud—rich beyond calculation, distinguished, extremely clever, most amiable, and above all, deeply attached to you. It only rests with yourself to become his wife within three months; and after all the sacrifices I have made for your sake, you would be most ungrateful to refuse his offers."

“ But, mamma,” said Catherine, in an agitated voice—“ if I love any one else ?”

“ Are you deranged, that you venture to tell me so ? Love another ! May I ask *who* is honoured with the regard of so constant a young lady ?” exclaimed Lady Carlton, surprised out of her usual equanimity by her daughter’s confession. “ May I ask,” she reiterated, “ *who* is the favoured lover ?”

“ Nay, mamma, I did not say there was one at all. I merely supposed a case,” replied Catherine, although her heightened colour betrayed her, “ or suppose I did not love Sir Edward himself well enough to marry him !”

“ You make me quite out of patience with your folly, Catherine. What can there be, requisite for woman’s happiness, that Sir Edward does not possess—wealth, honour, character, temper—every thing it is possible for the most unreasonable to desire. But pray let me hear no more of this nonsense—remember that you have not a single *sou* yourself—that were I to

die to-morrow you would be a beggar, and that I have already made far too many sacrifices for one who can thus throw the gifts of fortune from her."

"I never said I would, mamma: no, no, I am too truly your disciple to act in that manner—I am quite aware that I ought to marry Sir Edward, and I fully mean to do so—I was only jesting when I spoke of any other attachment."

"I am truly glad to hear it; but such jests are unseasonable, and had better be suppressed. Come, my love," continued Lady Carlton, "we had better go down stairs now. Sir Edward may think us indifferent. Just arrange that ringlet, my dear; it is out of its place. You are looking charmingly—I am sure he will say so."

The two ladies descended to the drawing-room, where they met Sir Edward, who warmly expressed his pleasure at seeing them again. They assured him it was reciprocal.

We will pass over the account of the remainder of the proceedings at Carlton Hall that day, or the next: suffice it to say, that before Catherine retired to dress for the ball, she was the affianced wife of Sir Edward Brook, yet even when she whispered her consent into his delighted ear, her thoughts were wandering to the anticipated meeting with Horace Rawdon.

CHAPTER IIL

“ Who loves, raves !”

BYRON.

Of all sad sounds and mournful, two
Are chiefly sad ; a very knell
They peal upon the ear—Adieu,
Oh, sounds that still the heart must rue!
Adieu—Farewell !

Tho’ brief our meetings, brief and few,
Sweet lady, let me dare to tell,
I feel ’tis sad to say to you,
Those mournful sister-sounds, adieu.
Adieu—Farewell !

ANON.

We know not that we love indeed
Until we part !

T. G. GRANT.

How strange is the propensity which exists in
almost every human mind to dive into futurity !
to conjecture possible, or probable fate ; to

drink the cup of misery to the dregs, even by anticipation. To watch anxiously for the record of every hurricane, every tempest which we may be destined to encounter in our journey through life.

“ Vain man would fain be wise !”

And ever since our first parents, in their eager desire to “ know good and evil,” ate of the forbidden fruit, their children have inherited the same insane desire to “ be as Gods.” Can this be denied? How is it then that we waste hour after hour in conjectures and anticipations of the future, of which our whole amount of possible knowledge is absolutely *nothing*. The man of ambition, the man of literature, the man of science, the man of business, the man of pleasure, how many hours of horizontal, aye, and perpendicular meditation too, do these devote to that diving into futurity, until conjecture wears the garb of reality, and we are only roused from one waking dream by seeing

what appeared to be a substantial certainty fade, like the mirage of the desert, and "leave not a wreck behind."

At no period of life is this conduct a proof of wisdom, in all but extreme youth it argues folly. "While all is new," however, "and life is in its spring," we may be pardoned for the credulity which leads us to look forward to an unclouded futurity; for we cannot have had experience to warn us of the reverse, and on this ground we will forbear to blame Horace, very severely, for allowing the prospect of meeting Catherine at the ball to occupy his mind, from the time of his return, almost to the exclusion of any other topic.

He was indeed, delighted to be re-united to his own family, but then he was certain of their love, and though he had as yet had no reason to fear lest Miss Carlton would not be quite as constant as himself, love such as his cannot exist without some misgiving concern-

ing our interest in the heart of our beloved. He knew that she was very lovely, for her beauty had filled his mind ever since he could remember, and he felt that during the past season in London many must have admired her as much as he did. Was it not possible for her to have seen some one among the many whom she preferred to him?

Before the evening, however, he had argued himself into the certainty that she was as unchanged as he was—that he had done her injustice in even doubting her constancy for a moment, nor was his dream dissipated by his mother's remark when she saw him lay aside a beautiful little ring for Catherine, from among the multitude of *souvenirs* he had brought home.

“ My dear Horace, is that for Miss Carlton? you will not take it to her this evening, will you? You must remember she is no longer a young girl, but a woman; and might not be quite pleased.”

Horace said nothing, he thought he knew Catherine much better than his mother did, and felt confident of her truth; he put the ring in his pocket ready to present on the first convenient opportunity.

His toilet that evening was made with unusual care, and when he joined his sisters in his mother's dressing-room, he was delighted with their exclamations of gratified surprise. He could with truth return the compliment, the simple elegance of his sisters' dress exactly coincided with his taste, and he rejoiced in the pertinacity with which he and his friend had entreated for the company of the two fair girls.

Rochampton, proud of his charge led Fanny into the room, Mary Anne was under her brother's care—but his eye was wandering in search of Miss Carlton, whom he could not discover, and he was enduring all sorts of lover's agonies from the fear that, after all, he should not see her.

There were many old friends, however, in the room, and he found sufficient employment in renewing his acquaintance with them; suddenly his attention was arrested by seeing Catherine; he advanced hastily and eagerly towards her, and grasped her hand, while he poured forth exclamations of delight at seeing her again.

Catherine, as her youthful lover stood before her, his expressive countenance radiant with happiness; and she recalled every proof of regard he had ever shown, wished most fervently that the work of the last few hours could be undone, and repented for a moment of her falsehood. She saw that he was constant, and that he expected her to be so, and her heart smote her. She suffered him to retain her hand, but at that moment she caught a glance of surprise from Sir Edward's eye—the spell of the world resumed its power over her, she was herself again; when Horace asked her hand in the next dance, she replied, with a very

singular manner that she was already 'engaged to Sir Edward Brook.'

In an instant the truth flashed across his mind, and bewildered, stunned, almost deranged by the shock, he forgot his mother, sisters, every thing, and rushing out of the ball-room threw himself into his carriage and ordered the coachman to drive home.

No sooner had he reached Rawdon Court than he retired to his own room, and then, in solitude and darkness, threw himself on a couch and tried to recal his scattered thoughts.

Meanwhile, as soon as his family discovered his absence from the ball-room, they hastened home, for Lady Helen, knowing his impetuous disposition, and guessing that he had been hurt by some part of Miss Carlton's conduct, although she by no means imagined the extent of its duplicity, was seriously alarmed, and heard with no small satisfaction on her arrival that Horace had returned some time

before, although the servant added that he feared Mr. Rawdon was ill, as he had locked himself up in his own room, and refused to admit any one.

Lady Helen hastily went to him, and found him as we have described; she sat down by his side, and taking his burning hand in her own spoke soothingly to him.

He had received, however, too violent a shock, and for a time all her efforts to arouse him failed. He shrank from the light—while his burning head and rapid pulse indicated approaching fever.

“Horace, my dear boy,” said his mother, kissing him, “tell me, dearest, what has happened. You know how I grieve for you.”

With some hesitation he related what had passed, and his mother’s sympathy with him in his wretchedness did more to soothe and comfort him than any thing else could have done.

When he became somewhat more tranquil, she pointed out calmly, but kindly, how natural such a thing was—and though she herself was really indignant at Catherine's fickleness, she only told Horace that she trusted he would before long consider the affair in its true light—as a fortunate occurrence—since nothing but perfect and entire love could render such a heart as his happy.

At length, on his promising to retire to rest, she left him ; hoping that the bitter anguish he felt, on first learning Miss Carlton's duplicity, would subside into indifference.

The morning however found him equally wretched, although calmer ; he learnt that she really was affianced to Sir Edward, and the intelligence renewed the paroxysm of grief. To continue in her neighbourhood, to witness her triumph he could not endure, and so earnestly did he entreat to leave home, for at least a few years, that at length his father, annoyed at what he considered a ridiculous

passion, procured him a commission in the same regiment with his friend Rochampton, and it was agreed that they should immediately proceed together to join the — Light Dragoons at Cawnpore.

Now that his destination was decided he thought with regret of the inevitable parting from his family, to whose society he had so recently returned—and he felt how many changes would probably occur before he again became a member of the domestic circle.

Yet he longed for an opportunity of distinguishing himself—his heart panted for the power of adding his share to the glories of the —, above all he felt that he could not remain in the neighbourhood and witness Catherine's marriage—he hastened his preparations for departure—Rochampton altered his to suit his friend, and after a visit of a month Horace tore himself away from home, and in two days found himself on board the *Orwell* on his way to India.

Rochampton left Rawdon Court a week before his friend, delighted with the prospect of continued companionship. During his visit, new ties to the family had sprung up. Every individual had shown interest in his welfare, and excited feelings of regard in his heart—but there was one who had awakened the strongest emotions. He had seen much of Fanny Rawdon—had seen her in woman's truest sphere, her home—had appreciated her warm and generous disposition, and been charmed with the exercise of her talents—and he resolved that if it were possible he would transplant so graceful an ornament to his own home if ever he lived to marry to all, a resolution which lost none of its force when he saw, or fancied he saw a tear glitter in her eye, as he turned to her and bade her farewell.

If women knew how much more impressive their charms are when they are seen in their own domestic circle—how much more valu-

able accomplishments appear that are exercised to amuse the invalid father, or soothe the anxious care of a mother—how infinitely more loveable they are when dispensing happiness and ease at their own fire-side, and partaking the duties and sharing the anxieties of *home*, they would certainly, if only from policy, be more domestic. And did men select their wives, remembering that their whole future lives, until the death of one party, are to be spent together, they would reflect more on the dispositions of their future partners, and less on their faces or their purses. But both parties are commonly blinded by either impetuous passion (mis-termed love) or by some fancied good to be attained in marriage itself. The lady marries to have an establishment of her own—to visit her own chosen *coterie* take precedence, and be *Mrs.* The gentleman—if young very probably to feel himself a man—a person of importance—to have a handsome

companion in his curricule or at the head of his table—to liquidate his debts through her fortune; or, if old, to have a nurse on whom to bestow all his ill-humour, without the possibility of her returning it, or leaving him. He has admired her at an assembly—meets her at another—thinks her still more beautiful—proposes to her. She (if nothing better offers) accepts him—and so—they marry—and then after months or years, (as the case may be, especially among younger parties, after the first pleasure of possession has sunk into indifference and disgust—one or both—when they no longer can control fate fall deeply and irremediably in love, *genuine* love, although erring—for (it may be), one far better calculated to render them happy. They may have virtue to struggle against it—to conceal it, even from their own hearts for a time—but alas! it will burst out! Oh, the eloquence of looks and tones! The audible beating of the heart—

the fond yet stolen pressure of the hand—the mingled remorse and ecstasy—the varied actions—the alternate coldness and headlong warmth—as conscience or passion prevails. These are not the votaries of dissipation—not the habitual countemners of all divine or human law—but those whom one hasty and irretrievable error, has plunged into ruin. These do combat with their feelings, *ice* their manners to the ill-fated objects of regard—put a watch at the door of their lips—so that to none but their own hearts is the secret known—not even to the object of love, until some look or tone—some touching melody—or melting song reveals their inmost heart—they find the flame reciprocated—and then—alas! they either try the sisyphus-like task of *un*-learning—of striving to forget—or they proceed, and add the pangs of remorse to their former misery—either way two beings at least are rendered miserable—and afford another illustra-

tion of the remark, "Marry in haste—repent at leisure."

Did people marry merely to glitter in a ball-room—were their lives to be spent only in flying from one scene of gaiety to another, it might be allowable to put forth all our powers of attracting and pleasing in such scenes—but the brightest life—the most unclouded—has too many hours of sorrow, of anxiety, and weariness, and as a wife or husband should be a friend to lighten all these—a companion at all times—a help-mate—no union can be happy where these are not made primary considerations.

"There never yet was philosophy that could endure the tooth-ache," still less the heart-ache—and all the reasoning in the world will not impart happiness to a mind, writhing as was that of Horace, under a discovery of the falsehood and unworthiness of his idol. He felt absence to be the only remedy, yet he tore himself away from the vicinity of Catherine with

perhaps as much difficulty as if she had been unquestionably worthy of him.

A few days after his departure Lady Helen found in one of his books the following translation of a passage in Estelle—it was written in a hurried trembling hand—and in more than one place blotted with tears wrung from the young writer in the bitterness of his sorrow—

And must I then for ever part
From the land of my childhood's happy years,
Afar to dwell with grieving heart,
Midst sighs and unavailing tears?
Farewell, thou grove, where oft in youth
I've tasted many a pleasure sweet,
The gifts of innocence and truth,
Tho' joyous—yet alas, too fleet.

Farewell, ye flowers, whose beauties oft
I've spoiled to grace my love's dark hair,
Your hues though bright, your tints though soft,
They faded before one so fair.
Streamlet, farewell! whose rapid course
My loved one's form to show. I've seen
Stayed, as if by some hidden force,
And bright as any mirror's sheen.

Farewell, sweet grove ! where oft, tho' young,
I've two sweet words of love have spoken,
And where, though scarce from childhood sprung,
We two have changed full many a token.
Farewell, ye trees, where oft I've read,
The only name I loved to trace,
And when my love I used to lead
Again to view the well known place !
All must I quit, although with sorrowing heart,
From all I must alas ! for ever part.

CHAPTER IV.

The dim light shows the cabin heaving,
Upward and downward—o'er and o'er,
And stretched around the sick and grieving,
All pining for the dear, dear shore.
And nought I hear but wild winds wreaking,
Over the surge their howling spite,
And straining bulk-heads, groaning, creaking,
And—other sounds as charming quite.
Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean!
Is very fine in ode or sonnet;
But not so pleasant is the motion,
Of rolling sea—when you're upon it.

J. G. GRANT.*

Who is there so blest as not to have experienced the bitter sensations of a wanderer's

* James Gregor Grant—no relation to the "Recollector" who sometimes (vide "Paris and its People,") writes so much at Random but the very amiable, and highly gifted author of "Rufus" &c. One of the few proofs of the present day of the truth of the saying "Poeta nascitur, non fit."

heart when for the first time he leaves the home of his youth, and becomes that solitary thing a citizen of the world—a fraction in the mighty whole called Society. When first we occupy our lonely rooms at college, or our chambers in London, how startled do we find ourselves, by our isolated position. How difficult to persuade ourselves that this silent hearth is ours—that for months and years this is to be *our home*. The sweet companionship of our family is exchanged for intercourse with utter strangers. The attention of domestics grown grey in the service of our family, and attached, almost like parents, to us the junior branches of it—the fond ministering of a gentle mother, and loving sister, is exchanged for that of fawning, interested menials, who measure every required service by the amount of their wages, and whose discontented looks, and saucy muttering continually say—

“ I cannot find it, 'tis not in the bond.”

In study, and the novel scenes to which we are

introduced, and the new and various acquaintances we meet, we at length find time pass more pleasantly than we had feared—yet still we look forward with even more glee than in our school-boy days, to periodical returns home. But what is all this compared to the lot of him who leaves not only his friends but his country—who goes to a foreign land, among entire strangers, perhaps looking forward to a temporary return at the conclusion of ten or fifteen years, but feeling that in the uncertainty of affairs it is but a possibility. Add to all this the discomfort (to most landsmen) of a long voyage—the total alteration in manners and society, (for Anglo-Indian circles bear few traces of their English origin,) and the enervating character of the climate, and certainly the prospect is sufficient to impart some misgiving to the stoutest, and some sorrow to the lightest heart.

Horace Rawdon, however, was not of a temperament that abandoned itself for any

length of time to grief. His first dream of happiness had indeed faded, and he fully believed, at the time, that he should not form another; but the elastic spirits of youth came to his aid, and he had not been many hours on board before the pleasant thoughts of his future career predominated over the sadness caused by the remembrance of the circumstances which had led him to embark in it, and his eye flashed as he thought of obtaining the military distinction which he coveted.

By the time they got fairly into blue water, he was incapacitated from thinking on *any* subject, and gladly retired to his cabin, with that ardent desire for annihilation, and strong wish that some kind friend would oblige him by throwing him overboard, which are described by those who have felt it, as the predominating sentiments under a fit of sea-sickness.

He had desired to be summoned to the deck to catch a parting glance at the white cliffs of old England, but the steward found him quite

unable to leave his cot, nor was his malady diminished by the jocular pity of the few gentlemen on board, the officers of the ship, who visited and tried to console him. It was a hopeless task—Time, that great curer of all mortal evils being the only efficient one in such a case. The only comfort he derived from his friends was the assurance that they should probably meet with no rougher weather than they then experienced in the whole voyage; a head-wind in the Downs being the *ne plus ultra* of sailing misery. And well it may; for oh, the rolling, the pitching, the tossing, the circumscribed view you obtain of the boiling sea at one moment, as you gaze out of your “port,” and of the dark, inky-looking clouds the next! The reeling of the vessel, which ever and anon sanctions your conviction that in one of her lurches she will become top-heavy and roll over! The loud roar of the billows, the noise of the cut-water, the straining of every inch of timber—and last, and loudest,

the hoarse voice of the skipper, shouting through the speaking-trumpet—Altogether it may be truly said of such a position—

“None but who see it can conceive,
None but who feel it may believe
Its force.”

In vain are the passengers assured that there is no danger—that it is only a rather rough breeze, (a sailor never names a storm!) to believe such assertions, with so much around appearing to contradict them, is impossible.

In the case of the *Orwell*, however, they were true, for on the fourth morning the breeze died away, and they very quietly entered Portsmouth Roads.

Horace arose, bathed, breakfasted, found himself better—went on deck—decided he was quite well, and amused himself with witnessing the embarkation of the remainder of the passengers, who had preferred delaying their farewell to *terra firma* to the last possible minute, and who were now coming on board, amidst

the combined miseries of a heavy swell, a drizzling rain, and leaky boats.

The passengers consisted of the average number of unfledged cadets, writers who were not yet aware of the superiority of a black coat to a scarlet one, (in India!) and who therefore gave themselves fewer airs than might be expected—and of officers of all ranks and grades, from the Lieutenant to the Lieutenant-General, some accompanied by a wife and family—others in all the joys of single blessedness.

These were passengers the gangway admitted—in all the state and ceremony of a chair decked with colours; forward, others were hoisted, with less pomp and circumstance, although certainly as important to the welfare of the community; (sad illustration of the truth of the current complaint, that worth is always neglected!)

These ill-used individuals were sheep, pigs, poultry of all kinds—and what with the screams of the ladies, the ejaculations of the

gentleman, the grunting, roaring, cackling, gabbling, and quacking of the lesser brutes, the ship presented very nearly the variety of "Noah's Ark," and quite the confusion of Babel.

CHAPTER V

Let other bards of angels sing,
Bright suns, without a spot,
But thou art no such fearful thing,
Rejoice that thou art not.

WORDSWORTH.

So childish—that he held his children dear.

J. G. GRANT.

As the concourse of boats lessened, and almost every arrangement appeared to be completed for weighing anchor, Horace began to look with more anxiety for Roehampton, who was to have joined the ship at Portsmouth, and who had not yet arrived.

At last he was relieved by perceiving a boat approach, in which the gigantic figure of his friend was distinctly visible. There were three other passengers with him, a gentleman, his wife and child.

“Capital fellow that, Horace,” said Roehampton, in reply to his friend’s enquiry, “a regular trump—and his wife as nice a being as himself, and such a child —”

“Who is he? What do you know of him?”

“Been staying five days at the Fountain with them—they took compassion on my loneliness, I suppose. He is an Irishman in the Artillery, came home for his own health, and is going back for his wife’s. He is really the best fellow living—and has seen a great deal of service too, I never met so pleasant an acquaintance.

Horace soon found the benefit of the ordeal he had undergone—for he now enjoyed high health, and tolerable spirits when every one

else was in misery, and his letters to his family when the pilot left, were full of hope and satisfaction.

The only other passenger on deck was little Adelaide Rostrevor, the daughter of Roehampton's friend. She was at that time about six years old, with a singularly expressive countenance—and a form and manner which were the very models of infantine, grace and simplicity. Her usual expression was that of great fun and archness—and her clear, merry laugh was like sweet music in the ears of her parents but at times, if she fancied her papa or mamma was suffering, a shade of thought and sadness would steal over her brow, and she would strive by most gentle, and winning attentions to beguile their pain or anxiety.

She was, of several children, the only one remaining — doubly dear therefore to her parents—and doubtless her mind and manners had alike been much (perhaps prematurely) moulded by constant companionship with them.

Her father's richly endowed mind, and her mother's most graceful manners, had alike influence over her—and without any of the pettishness of a spoilt child, she was free from some of the inevitable evils to which the members of a numerous family are subject. She had no awkward shyness of manner. How could she, when she never met with unkindness?—every stranger was attracted by her appearance—and the more you knew, the better you loved her.

Horace pitied her for the loneliness she seemed to feel; when her parents were confined to their cabin, and she went, accompanied only by her maid, on the deck, he exerted himself to amuse her, and became in return, an object of warm affection. Nothing could be said or done right, if not done or said by “dear Horace,” nor could she play, or amuse herself without him. Of course, when she returned to the cabin the little enthusiast talked almost entirely of her new friend. How kind he was

—how many stories he told her of his own little sisters—and everything that proved how delighted she was with her new acquaintance.

“ Papa,” she exclaimed, waking in the middle of the night, after her first interview with her friend. “ Papa!”

“ Well, my dear!” returned the Major yawning, half awake, yet not quite in his senses. “ Well, my dear, what do you want?”

“ Papa! I want to know if you love Horace very much?”

“ Love *who*, Adelaide?”

“ Horace, papa—because I do—do love him, dear papa!”

“ Oh, of course, of course, my dear—go to sleep.”

At the end of a week, Major Rostrevor accompanied his daughter on deck—she introduced him to Rawdon, by exclaiming—“ this is dear Horace, papa! who is so very kind to me!”

Major Rostrevor offered his hand to the

young soldier, and with equal courtesy and sincerity of manner said how happy he was to make his acquaintance—and how greatly he felt obliged by the kindness shown to his darling. “I have heard of you also, Mr. Rawdon, from your friend Roehampton—and I need not say that I have felt much interested in his account. I hope we shall be really friends, and indeed, (looking at Adelaide as he spoke), that little gypsy has already laid strict injunctions on her mamma and myself, with regard to you—you have spoilt her sadly, Rawdon!”

“I cannot plead any want of inclination as the cause of failure, Major—but there are some things that will not spoil—and Addie is one of them. Since *you* have not succeeded, I may make myself happy in the assurance that it is quite impossible.”

“I am afraid we have been to blame in bringing her with us; but her dear mamma’s health is so delicate; and Addie is so great a

comfort that we could not resolve to leave her behind. To part from an only child for so many years would have been too great a trial."

"Well, I, at all events must rejoice that she is here—she reminds me of my own little sisters—and is an everlasting source of amusement."

Major Rostrevor made suitable acknowledgments—and the conversation then turned upon India.

"I have already spent twenty years there, and now hope not to remain more than five or six. I say *hope*—for the climate does not agree with my constitution—and I have had hard work. To a young man, with good health, and a persevering, enterprising spirit, it is a delightful country. You, Mr. Rawdon, in the Royal service, have the advantage of not requiring any of the native languages. To us that is a hard study."

"I should scarcely call that exemption an advantage, Major," returned Rawdon. "I

should think that we had a good deal of time on our hands—and many of us would be glad of such a resource.”

“ Well, if you are one of the ‘ many,’ and would like to study Hindoostanee, I shall be very happy indeed to lend my aid. It certainly will make you more independent in India: to say nothing of the aid in passing away the time during the voyage!”

“ Faith, Major: I rather think you do not know what you are proposing—such a ‘ pursuit of knowledge under difficulties’ will weary you of your *élève*.”

“ I think not,” said the Major smiling. “ At all events—do not judge my resolution so harshly, until you have proof of its frailty. Indeed I shall be selfish enough to be very persevering—since if you do not gain, I shall, in having more of your company than you might otherwise like to bestow on an old man, and of course I include Roehampton in the invitation.”

“Thank you, thank you, Major,” said Horace, warmly—for the frank, upright manner of Rostrevor was just calculated to win his heart. “I really am deeply in your debt.”

“Not a bit of it, my dear boy—I am only studying Adelaide’s pleasure, and rejoicing in her good taste in choosing her friends.”

At this moment Rostrevor was summoned to his wife’s cabin, and Roehampton appeared emerging from the hatchway, and joined his friend on the deck.

CHAPTER VI.

Grave without dulness, learned without pride,
Exact—yet not precise—though meek, keen-eyed,
A man that would have failed at their own play,
A dozen would-be's of the modern day.
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright as ready to produce,
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlightened page,
His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains it was a privilege to hear,
But after all his luxury supreme,
And his chief glory was the gospel theme,
There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,
His happy eloquence seemed there at home.
Ambitious not to shine, or to excel,
But to treat justly what he loved so well.

COWPER.

It is the fashion of the day to pourtray an
Officer either in the army, or the navy, as a
swearing, drinking, boisterous man, whose

three, four, or five bottles are requisite to render him "comfortable," whose every other word is an oath—and who is so decidedly daring as not only to be perfectly devoid of fear towards his equals—worms of the dust like himself—but to carry his courage to the point of having no fear of his Maker—no reverence whatever for His name before whom "angels veil their faces."

I am well aware that the vices above mentioned are to be found in some members of the "unpeaceful professions," that, as among other bodies of men, there are some who from long indulgence in such things are almost wedded to them—but I do indignantly repel the assertion which I have heard made, (to my great astonishment,) in various places and companies, that 'there is more vice of every kind in the army and navy than in any other calling.' And I assert fearlessly, from long and actual acquaintance with *facts*—that so far from such being the *general characteristics*, of either profession

by far the greater proportion of both are *as* moral, as sober, as reverent, (in their outward demeanour at least) as the most pusillanimous blockhead in the land. And there is moreover a class daily increasing, of men who are not ashamed to acknowledge that they consider their duty to their Maker as the first grand object of their lives, influencing every thought and action towards their fellow men, and leading them above the little passions, and petty crimes which overcome those whose whole thoughts and care are given to this world.

•

We are told that the storms which sweep the surface of the earth, carrying ruin and devastation with them, are unfelt and unknown in a higher region—that after a certain ascent the air is calm and pure, and the current of the winds regular.

Surely it is the same in the moral world. The man whose thoughts and desires are ‘of the earth, earthy,’ is agitated and tempest-tossed by

the fluctuating breezes of hope and fear; while he no sooner congratulates himself on the acquisition of some dear, and long desired object, than the tempest of adversity comes, carries it away—and leaves nothing but chaotic darkness and confusion. But very different is the position of the sincere christian—his treasure is in safety, and his own heart with it; like the sailor, who, (safely moored in the harbour) can look at the gathering storm, and smile, he goes on the even tenor of his way, with a mind as capable of considering his duty, as resolute to perform it—living in the world—but untainted by its worldly maxims—uninfluenced by its crooked actions. Let no one think such a character a mere being of the writer's imagination, still less that such a man would be a less zealous officer, a colder friend, or a less ardent lover of his country.

This is no fanciful picture, but a portrait—drawn, however imperfectly, by the pen of truth as well as of affection—and though the

dear original has long mouldered in the silent grave, his memory is still held sacred in the hearts of those who were privileged to know him. By *all* he was loved—but for me! most truly may I exclaim over his tomb—

“ To mark a friend’s remains these stones arise.
I never knew but one—and here he lies!”

I have said too much of private feelings. Let me at least vindicate my general sentiments by portraying the character of Major Rostrevor.

Charles Rostrevor was the second son of a veteran officer in his Majesty’s service—a man who had spent his life in active duty—principally in the American war—and who carried his military principles into the regulation of his family, when, on the establishment of peace, he retired to his estate in Ireland; and was as stern a disciplinarian in his own house as he had ever been at the head of a regiment.

Passionately attached to his profession, and looking with the utmost contempt on the arts of peace, he taught his sons, from the first dawn of reason, to regard the army with enthusiasm as their future calling—and he gloried in the declaration that his boys would, one and all, be well qualified by his cares for doing honor to it, and to their family. What his words promised his deeds fully performed. He bestowed on them an education entirely Spartan—they were taught to submit to the strictest discipline—to fear nothing but disgrace, and to consider the attainment of military fame as the one object of their existence. They were trained to excel in all manly sport and exercises—to ride well—to be excellent shots—and to swim almost like fish—for it was a common practice of their father to take them down to the sands, and throwing them from some rock into the sea, compel them to find their own way to land.

No wonder that they became, in after life, the

distinguished officers they were, for a bolder, or more adventurous set of youths never entered a military college.

Their father had completely imbued them with his own spirit, and they regarded him with a love only increased by their respect—while their gentle, affectionate mother claimed a feeling of tenderness almost amounting to adoration.

Over Charles especially her influence was unbounded—and the remembrance of her precepts, her wishes, acted as a talisman in preserving him from contamination, amidst the temptations of a college, and a camp.

His career in India had been most brilliant. He had earned, by courage, judgment, and daring, a character of the highest description. No difficulty seemed too great for him to overcome, and as his talents as a linguist were unrivalled, and his general attainments extensive, he had been placed, even in the commence-

ment of his career, in situations of trust ; and had risen from post to post.

His marriage was erect and dignified, his figure slight, yet admirably proportioned, and indicating immense muscular strength ; his dark grey eye would have worn almost an expression of sternness had its severity not been tempered by the mouth, which wore a smile of so sweet, so benignant an expression, that it immediately attracted your love, his cheek was bronzed beneath the influence of an eastern sky, but his forehead was fair, and the form clearly developed from the close thick curls that left it quite unshaded—it needed not that you should be a physiognomist to discover in that fine, clearly-formed brow evidence of the genius that presided within.

His wife was some years his junior, every way suited to render him happy—and finding perfect satisfaction in his deep attachment. The only serious trial which had cast a gloom over their married life, was the death of some

of their children, in the earliest period of infancy. For this they had grieved, but not as those without hope, and as their remaining darling enjoyed excellent health, they felt no anxious fears for her safety.

Such was the family to which Horace was now introduced—to the gratification of both parties.

“ I have seen Adelaide’s *cher ami*,” said Ros-trevor, when he joined his wife, “ and like him well. I have seldom seen a nobler countenance—he will be quite an acquisition.

CHAPTER VII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love Mankind not less but Nature more
In these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe; and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore, upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all their own, nor doth remain
One vestige of man's ravage, save his own
When for a moment, like a drop of rain
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

BYRON.

So enthusiastically sang the most gifted bard of
modern times ! How does my heart bound as

I continue the quotation. " And I have loved thee, Ocean!" Whether thy vast expanse be troubled and tossed—foaming, roaring, and threatening all mere human work with desolation—or smooth and glossy like some mighty mirror, whether it reflect on its bosom the azure brightness of an eastern sky, varied only by here and there the glittering white of some tiny, foam-crested wave—or black as midnight, and dense as the clouds themselves—boiling and hissing, and leaving the vessel's track visible many a fathom in the rear—under whatever aspect thou appearest, I have loved thee! Yes, I have worshipped thee, as the brightest and the most glorious, among the bright and glorious works of the Creator—as the *only* one which can give to the mind of man something like an adequate idea of Him who formed it, as the only object in nature that completely fills the soul with wonder, awe, and admiration!

I have heard of the monotony of a voyage,

and the wearisome routine of life on boardship—but I must candidly confess that I am entirely unacquainted with the feeling—that I never, at any period, experienced one passing sensation of *ennui*: on the contrary, from the moment my foot is on the deck of a vessel, my very soul appears to become elastic—my mind becomes invigorated, and I experience a sense of enjoyment and happiness quite independent of any other circumstances whatsoever. I have heard much of the joys of returning to land—and setting the foot once more on terra firma, I have listened to the ravings of many about the pleasures of a fireside, and spacious apartments, and a prospect of wooded valleys, and heather-covered mountains—but oh, give *me* a good ship beneath me, a fair wind to carry her out to sea—and my own cabin, twelve feet square, and I envy not the richest, nor the noblest, nor the most luxurious in the land. Let me be understood, (before my readers

quite pronounce me a fit subject for the “ De Lunatico Inquirendos,) to speak of a sailing vessel—well found, well commanded, and well manned—not of the steamers now so popular. They may possibly be very fine contrivances in their way—for those who like the vicinity of boiling water—(which I do not under any circumstances, and least of all when smoke, soot, and noise form its inseparable accompaniments. There is something, too, in the very dangers of the sea, ennobling to the mind. The utter insufficiency of all human aid ; the terrific grandeur of a storm must bring reflection and conviction to the most thoughtless.

* * * * *

The mode of life on board an Indiaman, is admirably adapted to ensure the greatest amount available of comfort and happiness, to a circle of people all, or nearly all of whom are rendered particularly *fractious* (to use a mild

term) by their total lack of any occupation more serious than a search after—what Lady Blessington extols as “*Il dolce far niente*,” and if the party be, by nature, tolerably agreeable, time passes rapidly.

Few passengers can sleep after five o'clock; at that hour the sailors begin to holy-stone the decks, and the noise occasioned by the operation is almost as effectual as a guilty conscience is said to be, in murdering sleep. The gentlemen parade the deck, *en robe-de-chambre* and sip coffee—the ladies very wisely remain in bed. At eight the gong sounds for dressing—at half-past for breakfast. Tea is made in a huge, barrel-like urn suspended in one corner of the cuddy, while chops, and cutlets, fresh salmon, red herrings, rice, preserves, treacle, butter, biscuit, and hot rolls grace the long narrow table that extends from end to end of the cuddy or dining-room. This apartment is on the quarter deck—usually aft of the mizen.

mast—twelve or fourteen feet wide, and extending right “athwart-ships.”

At the centre of the table sits the captain—the first-mate is opposite to him—and the doctor and purser do the honours of the extremities. The passengers are seated most punctiliously according to rank, the captain's right hand being the post of honour; and during the whole voyage no one changes places.

The morning is principally spent by all parties on deck, or in their own cabins, until half-past eleven, (seven bells, in nautical phraseology,) when the captain goes on deck to take the observations, surrounded by all the men and boys who rejoice in the possession of sextant or quadrant. At the instant the sun reaches its zenith, the chief mate is ordered to strike eight bells, which command he repeats to the midshipman of the watch; by this time, all the watches and time-pieces on board are

daily corrected—and as it must, of course, depend upon the ship's course, it sometimes happens that the day is nearly twenty-five hours long, or only twenty-three, according to her course, east or west, and the rate at which she has gone.

While the captain, in the retirement of his cabin, is engaged in working the observation, the same process being carried on in various other parts of the vessel by the other “scientifics,” a busy scene may be witnessed in the cuddy, when, attracted by the *strong* influence of *strong* waters, brandy, rum, Geneva, port, and sherry—to say nothing of biscuit, gingerbread and cake, the passengers are all assembled, one hand tenaciously grasping food for the body, the other doing the mental by holding a chart, on which the eyes of the party are intently fixed—examining the course and progress of the vessel, as delineated in red ink. Presently the steward makes his appearance

having a number of "chits" (Anglicè "notes") in his hand; one of which he presents to each lady.

They usually run something in the following style—

MADAM,

" I am happy to inform you
that we are in Lat. 30., 25 north—
Long. 40., 0 west—Run. 130 miles.

I am,

Madam,

&c., &c., &c.

And a sketch of some vessel frequently graces the vacant corner. Ostensibly, indeed, these notes are merely a little mark of courtesy—equally laconic to all—but I must admit that here, as elsewhere, appearances are sometimes deceitful. That trifling as is the space allotted, they do sometimes contain rather more interesting topics of discussion than mere Latitude

and Longitude—that, in short, to a good-looking, agreeable captain, fond of flirtation, they form as pleasant a medium of communication as heart can desire—and did the fair *writers* ever *compare notes*, some curious histories would be developed.

En passant, I may as well remark that I know no situation in life which confers so many privileges on its possessor as are attached to the post of captain of an Indiaman—always provided that he be a *gentleman*, and a good-tempered, agreeable person. Talk of the power of an absolute sovereign! his Majesty of Prussia for instance! pshaw! Who would compare a reign of fear with one of love? who can measure dominion over lives, with sway over hearts! It is nothing, a mere drop in the bucket, compared with the absolute dominion of an East India Captain! To say nothing of his despotic sway over the vessel, and all its inhabitants which place him in the position of Alexander Selkirk—

Monarch of all he surveys

Whose right there is none to dispute.

There is one particular, and very interesting class of his liege subjects who are more than any other under his protection and control. In plain terms, he usually has six, eight, or ten young ladies under his care, (I *have* known the number extend to sixteen) with each, and all of whom it is his especial duty to walk, dance, play at chess or back-gammon, read and take wine, not to say any thing of the long *têtes-à-têtes* absolutely necessary for giving advice—a duty incumbent, as we must all admit, even on a guardian *pro tem*; some clever and accomplished men of my acquaintance formed their wards into classes, and whenever the duties of the ship did not require their presence on deck they occupied the vacant hours between breakfast and seven bells, by giving instruction in French, Italian, drawing, and painting, a practice which afforded quite as much amuse-

ment to a disinterested bystander like myself, as to either master or pupils. Oh, how would poor unhappy governesses bless themselves and their good fortune, did they ever meet with pupils so docile and attentive as those I have seen in the cuddy. Certainly, for eagerness to profit by instruction and attention to the instructor, they far eclipsed any set of young ladies or gentleman I ever saw ; although, from some cause which perhaps the parties themselves could best explain, there did not appear to me to be that rapid progress made, which from their apparent assiduity might have been anticipated.

There was one very pretty girl in particular, who by some unfortunate nervousness never could learn to accomplish a straight line in any of her landscapes unless the captain was guiding her fingers—and another, an almost equally attractive looking creature found her *Molière* “so heavy,” she could not possibly hold it

without the assistance of her master. To all this may be added the soft glances, soft speeches—and occasional *convenient* lurchings of the vessel, and I think it will be admitted that a looker-on was provided with a very reasonable share of amusement.

I am not aware of any ordeal so calculated to diminish the value of red coats in the eyes of their wearers, as a little *affaire-de-cœur* on board ship, where the rival is one of these insinuating fellows in blue.

At sea indeed their forces are overwhelming, their privileges as guardians securing them from censure, while they prevent any interference in a thousand nameless ways, surrounding themselves by their aides-de-camps, the doctor, the first mate, and the purser. Indeed for any chance he has of success a man may “as weel be buried wick,”* (as they say in

* Wick, in English, alive.

Yorkshire) as enter into contest with the skipper.

In this way they reign supreme in the imaginations of their wards, and I have noticed it as a very remarkable fact, that during their whole subsequent career, these ladies resent, as a personal affront, any observation not in favor of their old friend. These young ladies usually have charts about the drawing of which they of course require much assistance, "*Mais revenons a nos moutons.*"

Soon after these notes have been delivered, the captain comes into the cuddy, having in his hand a huge book of charts for the inspection of all whom it may concern, and after duly attending to the "creature comforts," of his wards, and the other ladies, he takes a glass of grog in one hand, and a biscuit in the other, and paces up and down the room, looking over the shoulders of the ladies in the interim of cracking some jest with the gentlemen, and in-

specting their progress as they vainly endeavour to ascertain and mark, the ship's course in their charts. The glass and biscuit are deposited on one of the swing-tables, and the skipper bends his head over that of his fair friend, she gladly resigns the compasses to him, and in his experienced hands they instantly do their duty. "Thank you—stop," the point is pricked—a pen is seized, and the line and dot fairly made—now it is done. The lady looks up—smiles—thanks him, and thinks how very becoming an undress is a blue silk jacket, —what a pretty button is the crown and anchor, and how much more graceful is the black handkerchief, loosely fastened in a sailor's knot, than those stiff, ugly stocks of the military.

Bottles and glasses are at length cleared away, and the period between this time and half past three, is to the majority of the company one of unqualified enjoyment. Reading

parties, walking parties, and many a pleasant *tête-à-tête* fill it up to the satisfaction of all. Groups of two, three, or four are to be seen in different parts of the cuddy, or under the awning on deck. At half past three the gong sounds, and people disperse to the labours of the toilet. Now is the half hour of real happiness to the captain, and some one of his wards.

Hitherto his attentions have been very equally and impartially divided between them and—much as a young lady once told that her papa would not allow her to ride out with *one* gentleman, but he had no objection to a tail as long as O'Connell's, "because she could not fall in love with them all at once," so the captain, whatever his feelings may be, has hitherto veiled them—now, however, he is at liberty to show *particular* interest, which he contrives to do much in this manner.

"Half an hour! what an unconscionable

time to spend over the toilet ! really, though it may do very well for the others, I must not allow such a charming girl as Miss —to give way to such dawdling habits, I must try to prevent it,” this is *à basse voix*, then *à haute*, (they have been reading together in one corner of the cuddy, and had just come to a very interesting part of the book when the sound of the gong was heard.) “I beg your pardon, Miss —,” says the skipper, putting on his most fascinating smile—but surely there is no need to be in such haste to retreat—I really cannot allow you to deprive me of your company—and to waste your time too—in altering what cannot be improved—I quite regret to see any one bestowing useless labour—and in your case it is *so* unnecessary. I never take more than ten minutes to my toilet, and really (glancing at his faultless costume, quite aware that it stands unrivalled in the vessel,) I don’t think I dress so very ill.”

“Certainly, sir,” replies the lady, resuming her seat, “I may as well try to be more expeditious.”

Doubtless they had intended to resume their reading, but on more than one occasion I discovered accidentally that they had made no progress whatever, and I should have felt much puzzled to guess at the nature of their occupation, but that the window of the starboard-port presented (strange to say,) a broken pane of glass at dinner time, on different occasions—and by a remarkable coincidence the Captain’s elbow had been also severely cut.

That charming author Mr. Lever asserts that *Irishmen* have a peculiar gift for consoling young ladies. It is so unquestionably, but personal observation has convinced me that the talent is possessed in a far greater degree of perfection by the captains of East-Indiamen be their country what it may. Indeed I might safely back them, as a class, against all comers, in that particular line.

At length it is evidently time to dress, the pair hurry to their cabins to prepare for dinner, at which etiquette requires every one to appear *en grande toilette*.

Dinner on board ship forms no exception to the rule—it is a very wearisome affair, sauntered through with the view of finding it a little later than usual when the ladies rise from table. They pay each other visits in their cabins—and when the gentlemen leave the cuddy, all repair to the quarter deck, where they dance, promenade, or sit quietly enjoying the breeze, and the bright moonlight. The unpartnered gents, (we do not mean, unmarried) enjoy their cigars, and after tea the various parties are formed for whist, piquet and *écarté*, back-gammon, and chess, in which all are included except perhaps one or two pairs of moon-struck sentimentalists who still remain on deck, now walking, now lounging over the gangway, (the favorite resort of lovers,) the

lady gazing demurely at the glittering reflection of the stars on the ocean—the gentleman with more sincerity into the orbs which shine so brightly that he feels a strong temptation to ask, as the coal-heaver did of the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, “Lord love you ma’am, do but let me light my pipe at your eyes.”

Half the “*declarations*” made on boardship are uttered at the gangway—it is quite a place for losing things of all kinds—handkerchiefs, brooches, rings—*cum multis alus*—as well as hearts. A certain nervousness which seizes some people when conversing on very interesting topics, leaving sad testimony, in the escape of various trinkets to some ravenous fish below.

Refreshment are again on the table at ten, (people have little employment, except eating, drinking, sleeping, and talking about it), and at eleven the steward goes round to all the cabins, with “lights out, if you please, sir!” “Six bells, ladies, if you please.”

On Sunday, if the weather will possibly admit of it, prayers are read on the deck—all the sailors are present except the few who cannot be spared from the ship's duty—and among the passengers there are seldom any defaulters. To me, it was always the day which afforded the greatest enjoyment. The happy, *uncareful* expression of the sailors' countenances—their clean dress, and manifest enjoyment of a holiday—the little knots of men in the fore part of the ship, surrounding some *crack* man, who is spinning a long yarn, or reading to them, showed that to these hard labourers it was, as it was designed to be, a day of rest, and those who, like the Vicar of Wakefield are “lovers of happy faces,” the forecastle on Sunday afternoon, is really a treat. They have their plum-pudding too, on Sunday, and, I dare say, relish the grog that washes it down, quite as much as the passengers do the champaign that sparkles on the cuddy table.

Even that, however, does not prevent Sunday from appearing to the passengers far the longest day in the week. It drags its slow length along in listless weariness, and "good nights," are exchanged at an earlier hour than on any other day.

CHAPTER VIII.

"What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death in the other,
And I will look on both indifferently.
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death."

SHAKESPEARE.

He hath deserved worthily of his country——
He hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions
in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent and not suggest
so much were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report
otherwise were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would
pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

SHAKESPEARE.

We have left our travellers so long that there
appears to be some danger of our forgetting

them. We should, however, be very sorry to do so.

The intimacy so happily begun between the young cornets and Major Rostrevor increased daily. Rawdon especially frequently spent many hours at a time in the enjoyment of Rostrevor's conversation. In his, and Mrs. Rostrevor's society Rawdon could almost fancy himself at home, while the Major's recital of the events of the wars in India, his active share in them, and the enthusiasm with which he spoke of his profession, stimulated the ambition of the young soldier, and made his heart burn with impatience to arrive at what he fondly hoped would prove the theatre of his future fame.

He little knew the position of a subaltern in the army, one too, without any very close military ties to the Horse-Guards. How difficult he would find it to distinguish himself! How improbable that for many years to come,

his name would be known beyond the cantonment in which he chanced to be stationed.

His enthusiastic imagination, when picturing his career carried him far beyond possibilities. Perhaps, could he have seen into futurity, he might—but we must not avail ourselves of our prophetic knowledge.

His friend saw with pain that unless his sanguine mind could be, in some degree prepared to observe the actual state of affairs, he would in some unlucky moment wake from his day-dream of glory ; and perhaps, in the excess of his disappointment and disgust, lose all desire to distinguish himself. This was a catastrophe against which it was the earnest wish of Rostrevor to guard. The kindness of Horace to Adelaide had created a strong interest for him in the father's heart, and the closer became their intimacy, the more he admired his character, yet dreaded the effects that might arise, from his impetuous warmth

and generosity, to the ill-fated owner, (as this world goes) of these happiness—destroying qualities.

Perfectly *Irish* in all his attachments, warm, sincere, and ardent in the service of his friends, the major almost courted the society of his younger associates, and laboured unceasingly to give them correct views with regard to India and its affairs. Thus it happened that the three friends were nearly always to be seen together, and notwithstanding the ridicule of the lighter, and more frivolous part of the passengers, both Rawdon and Roehampton looked up with affection and respect to their older comrade.

“I believe, major,” said Rawdon, one evening as they were pacing the deck, “that you were in the Nepaul war, were you not?”

“I was—and a most troublesome set of enemies we found the Nepaulese. The

Mahrattas, and Pindarries, gave us a great deal of annoyance, but the campaign in Nepaul was the most harassing we have ever been engaged in ; it lasted too, between two and three years."

"I had understood the natives were not usually considered formidable enemies," observed Roehampton, "and that English troops were certain of immediate mastery over them."

"I have no doubt such is the current English idea on the subject ; but like most of their opinions on India, it is a very erroneous one. Indeed, a moment's reflection will convince you that it is so. Not only our enemies, but the greater part of our own troops, are men whose manners, customs, and feelings are so totally dissimilar to ours, that we cannot in any degree judge of the one by the other ; and no general will ever meet with success in an Indian campaign, who is not intimately ac-

quainted with the characters and customs both of his own troops and those of his opponents.*

* In the late disastrous events in Kabool and Affghanistan, we may trace the truth of Major Rostrevor's remark. When we contrast the uniform success which has attended the arms of Generals Nott and Pollock, who had the advantage of that most indispensable acquirement for Indian generals—knowledge of native character, local customs, and country resources, with the defeats, famine, and other misfortunes which British soldiers have endured under other leaders, we may convince ourselves that mere military talent, such as would avail to gain a General high reputation in Europe, is very far from being the essential for an INDIAN commander.

The absurdity of the Turkish Government, in appointing as admirals, men who have never, perhaps, set foot on the deck of a vessel, may excite our mirth, but it might perhaps be as well, if we plucked the beam out of our own eye before we attempted to cast the mote out of our brother's--- and if "the powers that be" did sometimes, by chance, consider the wisdom of sending out, as generals of division, men whose acquaintance with India and its affairs is not to be compared for a moment with the nautical knowledge of the before-named land-admirals—and reflect whether it would not be more consonant with reason as well as more agreeable to past experience, to confide Indian armies to the generalship of Indian officers, who, having passed their lives in the country, and grown grey in their commands, would be more likely to render available the resources and talents of native subordinates as well as prepared (as no Englishman can be) to cope with the eternal paltering, subterfuge, prevarication and chicanery of native courts.

Our Eastern possessions and their inhabitants are as different to any thing European, (I will not say English,) as it is possible to imagine, and we must of course deal with our fellow subjects in the East in a manner which would appear in the highest degree absurd here. For instance, just conceive, if you can, a great commander in the Peninsular war—Picton, or Beresford, or the Duke, buying up all the sugar-plums and lollipops in the town, to distribute among his soldiers after a battle, as a reward of their valour.”*

* The publication of this work having been, from various causes, delayed, it may be as well to mention that the paragraph, which appeared in some of the leading papers, stating that Lord Ellenborough was about to expend 2,000*l.* in sweetmeats for the victorious troops who have subdued Afghanistan, did not suggest the observations here put into Rostrevor's mouth, but was read by the writer of this work, after the conclusion of the M. S. S. with very great satisfaction as a piece of policy on the part of the Governor-General, which reflects considerable credit on his lordship's understanding; so much indeed that it seems difficult to reconcile the sense it evinces,

Horace looked exceedingly amazed, and Roehampton exclaimed, "Come, come, Major, *griffins** as we are, you cannot take us in in that way—a general distributing *bonbons* to his troops is rather too good a joke."

"I told you, you could not understand Indian tactics," returned Rostrevor laughing, "and yet I assure you that it is absolutely true; moreover, it was done, not once, but constantly, by one of the greatest, and most successful generals India has ever been blessed with—I mean, Sir David Ouchterlony. It was his constant custom, when any remarkably difficult service was to be performed, to purchase £200 or £300 worth of sweatmeats, and

with the very opposite quality which his fanfaronade about the Somnauth Gates, &c., indicates. Perhaps it may not be irrelevant to remark, in this place, that all mention of Sir David Ouchterlony, and the Nepal war, as well as the siege of Bhurtpore is strictly historical—and if there be any error, it is neither known nor intentional on the part of the writer.

* Anglicè—Freshmen.

divide them before starting among his men ; and although, during the Nepaul war, he was the only general in command of a division, who had no European troops under him ; he was not only the first to enter the enemies' country, but incomparably the most successful when he did enter it."

" How did it happen," enquired Horace, " that it was so difficult to effect an entrance ? Was the country remarkably well defended ?"

" Yes, but not by its inhabitants ; Nature had indeed, guarded it most admirably. The passes, defiles, and hills, baffle all attempt at description. When the army arrived on the frontiers we could find no road by which we could penetrate into the interior. To have cut through such a jungle as lay before us would have been a difficult work at any time—but surrounded as we were by enemies, who had, in every respect the advantage over us, it was quite impossible to attempt it. There we

were, unable to march a step forward, with the enemy on every side, compelled to remain stationary, and to all appearance with every chance of continuing in the same pleasant position, until it pleased the government to recall us, and order the enterprise to be abandoned. A pleasant situation, was it not?"

"What the devil did you do?" exclaimed Roehampton.

"Waited, not very patiently, you may be sure, for some favorable juncture of affairs. The army consisted of about 70,000 men, under the command of six generals; to each of whom one division was intrusted. In General Ouchterlony's, as I said before, there were no European troops; but if, under the circumstances, this could be considered a disadvantage at all, it was more than counterbalanced by the implicit confidence which the natives reposed in him, and the unbounded influence he possessed over their minds. He had lived many

years in India, and had acquired a thorough acquaintance with the manners and customs of its various inhabitants; a knowledge which his master-mind turned on this, and every other occasion to the service of his country.

The different divisions were posted in various posts of the frontier; Sir David and his men were encamped near Catmandoo, awaiting, with no little impatience, some tide of fortune which might enable them to proceed: at length our perseverance was rewarded.

One of the distinguishing traits in the character of our Chief is a most princely generosity of disposition. Provided the welfare of his country is concerned—that it is in his power to add to her glory, either by gaining friends, or destroying enemies, there are no limits to his liberality. He paid thousands at that time out of his private purse, on the public service—without either applying for permission, or greatly caring whether he were

ever re-imbursed from the public funds. This disregard of wealth is one of the most winning virtues in a commander—and in him is united to daring, judgment, and sound discipline. He is indeed every inch a soldier,” said Rostrevor, his usually mild countenance glowing with enthusiasm at the remembrance of his Chief. “And his personal appearance is in excellent harmony with his character. He is very tall and upright—dignified but affable—he has lost an eye, which rather takes from his good looks, but it increases his soldier-like appearance. Whatever he considered his duty to his country, he never saw, (far less created) difficulties in the way of its accomplishment: nor was any private consideration whatever suffered to interfere with the public interest. His liberality was incredible—his magnificence almost boundless. He knew the native fondness for pomp and display, and maintained almost regal splendour, and more

than a princely retinue. He was never long at a loss for information on any subject—for every one knew that he would pay any price whatever, that would relieve him from a difficult position, or enable him to circumvent the enemy.

His large revenues thus are spent in the service of the government, and I doubt very much whether he will leave such a sum at his death, as will defray his funeral expenses. But he will need no marble, or recording brass, to keep his memory alive in the hearts of his soldiers—they will never forget him—and ungrateful indeed would the country be could she slight so zealous a defender. Love to her was the spring of every action. “*Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori,*” the ever-present sentiment of his heart!

“But you have not yet told us how he found the road through the mountains!”

“True. Sir David received information that the Rajah of the low country, where they were

posted, had inter-married with the Rajah of the hills before them. This circumstance once ascertained to be a fact, there was no longer any doubt of our entrance."

"How so? What had their marriage to do with your troops?"

"There Sir David's knowledge of native customs came into play. He was immediately certain that there must be a road; because, with carriages of natives of so high a rank, the elephants and other things which form an indispensable part of the bridal dowry, must have had some passage from one negotiating party to the other; and he argued that if there was a road for them, there was one for his army—search was immediately instituted, and at length it was found in the bed of a river, up which we all marched."

"Bravo! capital!" exclaimed the young men at the same moment. "By Jove, Rostrevor, Sir David must be a splendid fellow; but no

mere Englishman would have thought of such a thing!"

"Very true! That shews, that for effective, successful service, a soldier, and most especially a commander, should be perfectly *au fait* at the character and customs of his foes, as well as of his own troops. You see that the most profound military science and skill were quite useless in this case—as well as in many others I could name. Half our reverses in India may be attributed to profound ignorance, on the parts of the heads of office, of native character, and local customs."

"Well then, as I shall so soon be one of the 'heads of office' myself," said Horace, laughing, "I will begin at once to study these essentials." A moment afterwards, however, he added, in a subdued tone, and with an altered manner, "Military fame is now the only happiness I greatly covet. I must therefore try to gain it."

His voice was low and mournful, and Rostrevor felt that some secret disappointment preyed on his mind—that some cloud had overcast the sky, but he would not force or anticipate confidence. He returned to his own cabin, to enquire after his wife, whose increasing delicacy rendered her the object of his tenderest solicitude.

The next morning they were summoned very early on deck, to see the far-famed Peak of Teneriffe. The first sight of land, even after being only a short time at sea, is ever interesting, and our voyagers gazed at this curious mountain with wonder and pleasure.

Much of its real height is indeed lost to the eye, as it rises abruptly not from the sea itself but from table-land, about 6,000 feet above the level of the ocean. This destroys, in some measure, the effect which its great height would otherwise produce, but still, as the first piece of earth the voyager sees—this curious cone is

a very interesting object—a pleasant break in the voyage, and well worth the trouble of rising an hour or two earlier to behold it. The Orwell, however, soon scudded past it—and once more the eyes of the passengers found no resting place from the boundless expanse of sea and sky.

CHAPTER IX.

“ He said, that a sparrow couldn’t founder, d’ye see
Without orders that come down below,
And many fine things that proved clearly to me,
That PROVIDENCE takes us in tow.”

DIBDEN.

“ And those who from the demon’s dart,
He, in His wisdom spared,
Oh ! may they bear a thankful heart
Thus saved, if unprepared,
And while they draw the vital breath
Let each brave soldier try,
To live—if never fearing death,
Yet ever fit to die !”

LOSS OF THE TIGRIS.

MEANTIME, the attachment between Adelaide
and Horace, encreased daily. His kind feeling

and good taste led him frequently to play with and amuse her, partly indeed, won by her evident happiness in his society—but also, to relieve her parents from anxiety on her account.

The total change of air and scene, and the altered mode of living had done much towards restoring Horace to his usually joyous tone of mind—nor was there any particularity in his conduct that could indicate “a disappointment” except that he carefully avoided forming an acquaintance with any lady on board, except Mrs. Rostrevor.

Shunning the female part of the passengers, and being naturally very active, he had great delight in entering into all the fun and mischief of the junior officers of the ship, and had already attained great dexterity in running up the shrouds, and about the rigging of the vessel; feats for which he was better adapted than his long friend, Roehampton.

It was one of the loveliest morning ever seen in the tropics ; a faint breeze was coquetting with the sails, and only just served to keep the vessel in motion ; the sky was, like the ocean, brightly, beautifully blue, not one fleecy cloud, not one tiny wave broke the calm and deep repose. There was nothing on which the eye could rest save the vast azure expanse above and below—the little company lay alone on the water. The breeze though it did not suffice to fill the sails, which flapped lazily against the mast, yet kept the temperature of the vessel from becoming oppressively hot ; one quarter-master stood alone at the wheel, and even he, (if you might judge from the long yarn he was spinning to one of the passengers who sat beneath the awning,) had scarcely sufficient employment.

Here and there one of the men was rearranging *à loisir*, the coil of a rope, tightening a belaying-pin, or picking up a bundle of

shakings, but there was evidently a general spirit of happy idleness spread through the ship. All looked ready for a bit of "sky-larking," except the old sail-maker, who scarcely raised his head from his work to gaze in wonder at his lazy ship-mates.

Presently, one of the junior officers proposed a game at "Follow my leader," the idea was eagerly caught at, and they began the sport in good earnest.

Adelaide was standing on the poop, watching the game with childish glee, when she saw Horace, to her great amazement, climb along the yard-arm exultingly, at the head of the merry troop, daring his companions to follow.

His hold was somewhat relaxed, as he was in the act of cheering on his comrades; at that instant the ship gave a sudden lurch, and he fell instantly into the water.

The others looked on, horror-struck at the

catastrophe; but life is a precious thing, and none dare risk his in a sea known to abound with the sailors' most dreaded and dreadful enemy—the shark. The captain was on the spot a moment after the cry of “a man overboard!” rung on his ear, he ordered the boat to be lowered, but before it was prepared, Rostrevor was seen rushing up the companion ladder, and pausing for a moment to disengage himself from his heavy boots, he sprang fearlessly into the ocean.

Poor Horace had once risen to the surface, and cast an anxious look at the vessel—but he had immediately sunk again—and now was nowhere visible—Rostrevor turned an enquiring glance to the spectators, and one indicating the spot where Rawdon had been last seen, swam towards it, while the boat followed in the same direction, and a crowd of anxious faces were assembled on that side of the ship, watching with intense eagerness the movements of Rostrevor.

He dived ! a full minute elapsed, and still he did not return to the surface ! What an age ! Almost another—and still both Rawdon and Rostrevor were beneath the waves, and the men in the boat were rowing to and fro, unable to see the object of their pursuit.

The spectators could hardly breathe !

“ They must have both sunk,” exclaimed one of the crew. At that instant a wild cry of joy burst from every lid. “ He has him !” and then every heart and voice joined in the reverent, though instantaneous thanksgiving, “ Thank God ! they are safe !”

This was not yet however the case. Rawdon was evidently in a state of unconsciousness, and powerful as Rostrevor was, it required his utmost strength to grasp him with one hand as he swam towards the boat with the other.

At length he reached it. The men raised Rawdon, and placed him in it, and Rostrevor was about to follow when the cry of “ a shark”

was heard. One glance showed him that one of those savage monsters was close to him—to every one his destruction appeared inevitable—and it had been so, but that his well-regulated mind was calm, and self-collected even in that hour of danger, and he saw that there was one, and but one chance of safety.

Quick as lightning he made one rapid dive, which obliged the foe to dive also, (for a shark can only seize prey which is above him;) this manœuvre enabled Rostrevor to gain the boat, which he had no sooner done than, overcome by his exertions, he sank down senseless.

A loud cry of joy burst from every lip, when the boat once more made for the vessel, although as yet there was great doubt whether, in one of the parties, at least, life was not extinct.

All crowded round to assist in administering remedies—but the captain dismissed those whose services were not absolutely required,

while he, aided by one or two efficient assistants, and the surgeon, proceeded to take proper means for their restoration.

Rostrevor soon returned to life, although so much weakened that the doctor forbid him to rise. His first enquiry was after Horace. He was told that hope was not yet abandoned, but there were no signs of recovery. On hearing this he would instantly have risen, but he found himself unable—he sent, therefore, for Roehampton, and suggested other remedies, saying, he would himself be with them as soon as possible.

Another hour elapsed, during which messengers brought the same unfavorable report of Horace; at the end of that time Rostrevor, with great difficulty, rose from his couch, and hastened to the cabin of his young friend.

Poor boy! There he lay, in all his youthful beauty—but it appeared too evidently the calm beauty of death! His countenance, lately so radiant with life and joy was as passionless as

marble. His thick, clustering curls still shaded his brow, but by their contrast, they made it appear yet more death-like. His limbs appeared rigid, and for a moment, a terrible fear came over the mind of Rostrevor.

Poor Roehampton was standing beside his friend, and though he spoke not a word, the contraction of his brow, and his quivering lip betrayed the intensity of his grief.

“He is not gone! It surely cannot be,” said Rostrevor, in a low anxious whisper, to the doctor, as he entered.

“We must not despair even yet; but there is no appearance of life.”

“Oh! but there is life itself!” said the Major in a joyous tone, after a few minutes passed in kneeling beside the couch, and holding the cold hand of his youthful friend in his. “Surely, I feel his pulse! I cannot be mistaken! Oh, yes! there is hope indeed!”

Fresh remedies were promptly applied—while Rostrevor still retained the wrist he held.

"His pulse is far stronger—he is becoming warmer too—he will, thank God, he will recover!"

At this moment Horace opened his eyes, and cast a vague glance around. He bore the appearance of a person awaking from some fearful dream—his lips moved—Rostrevor bent his head down, and caught the words, "My mother! Catherine!"

"Poor boy! He fancies himself at home," he observed.

"He *will* live now?" asked Roehampton, in a husky voice of the Major.

"By God's mercy, I believe he will!" he replied in a tone of heart-felt gratitude.

"Thank God! Oh, how much! how very much do I owe you!"

"Nothing—nothing, my dear boy! What have I done more for a friend than would have been my duty to do for an entire stranger? Most grateful should we both be, that my efforts have been successful."

Restoratives were now given to Horace, and before long he was pronounced out of danger, although still requiring very great care.

Roehampton remained with his friend ; while Rostrevor went to communicate the happy tidings to his wife and Adelaide.

His heart was full of gratitude to God for the wonderful preservation of Rawdon and himself, and he knew that Mrs. Rostrevor and his darling child would warmly sympathise with him.

“ He has recovered, my love ; and is out of danger,” he said to his wife—then turning to Adelaide he caught her in his arms and said—“ Horace will be glad to hear that it was his little darling who was so thoughtful as to call me. My daughter has made me happy !”

“ Oh, Papa ! I am so very very glad you are both safe,” said poor Adelaide, clinging to her father and clasping her arms tightly round his neck, as if she feared to be parted from him again. “ I was so frightened when I knew you

were in the sea—I thought it was my fault—still I knew that you would be glad to help poor Horace—and I felt certain you could.”

“And now, Adelaide, tell me how it all happened.”

She then related what the reader is already acquainted with, up to the moment when Rawdon fell from the yard-arm. “And then, papa,” she continued, “I ran down to call you: I knew how well you could swim, and I am so very glad I remembered.”

“And I am very grateful to God for it, and so glad, Adelaide, to find that my darling is really a soldier’s daughter. If you had not remembered, dear Horace might have been lost!”

“Dear Horace! How sorry we should all have been!” said Adelaide, bursting into tears. “Dearest papa! I am so glad you try to teach me to be thoughtful—as a soldier’s daughter ought to be! I think I never *can* be careless and forgetful again!”

“Heaven bless you, my darling, and make you all I could wish to see you,” said the Major in a low tone, laying his hand on the long, soft tresses of his child.

There was a pause for some minutes, and then Adelaide raised her head, the tears still swimming in her eyes, and said, “I don’t think, papa, I ever was so happy before. You are safe—and Horace will soon be well—we seem to have nothing to do but to be very glad.”

“We are very happy, dearest, for your dear mamma is better too—but now, I must go and see how Horace is.”

He found a great improvement had already taken place in the appearance of Rawdon. He felt much better, although of course, very much reduced: he had also become perfectly collected; and Roehampton having informed him of the particulars of his escape, he looked, as well as spoke his gratitude when Rostrevor entered the cabin.

“Thank God, my dear boy,” said the Major,

"I am *well* repaid ; it is a day in my life to be marked with a white stone : well, if you *will* thank, you must do so to Adelaide, for it was she who saw your accident, and brought me up just in time."

"Dear child !" said Horace, "so she is my guardian angel—may I not see and kiss her?"

"Yes, yes ! I will bring her by and bye—when you are a little stronger ; meantime, you know, you must keep very quiet."

Some days elapsed before Horace was sufficiently recovered from the effects of his accident to leave his cabin. Rostrevor, anxious to be of service to him, spent much time by his side, reading and talking to him. Under the influence of his conversation, Horace attained a very different standard of right and wrong to any he had hitherto possessed. In his own home, indeed, he had seen only the purest morality ; and actions dictated by genuine benevolence, and high honour—but Rostrevor's conduct sprung, he saw, from a higher source.

His lofty courage was unquestionable, and had claimed his deepest respect, while his exertions for him had won his deepest regard—he listened with almost the reverence that would have been paid, in days of yore, to an oracle, while Rostrevor developed, in the course of conversation, those high principles of action which had guided his life, and wondered most when he discovered that Rostrevor was more solicitous to approve himself to God and his own conscience, than to his fellow creatures; he admired him not the less that he thought it impossible to imitate him.

But although serious topics had their due place in the conversation of men who had so recently and wonderfully been preserved from death, they did not exclude all others. Rostrevor was not one of those irreverent fanatics who drag sacred subjects into every scene *à propos* of any thing or nothing. The leading feature in his conversation was that every talent, every power was regulated by religion—ever in his heart, it influenced al^l

that proceeded *from* his heart—it flowed without an effort, and left on your mind a full conviction of its reality, while yet, perhaps you would find it difficult to mention your reasons for your confidence. Even those who themselves scoffed at all religion have yet been known to exclaim of him—“That man is certainly a christian!”

Rostrevor’s knowledge seemed to extend to all subjects. He passed with ease from politics to literature—from the derivation of a language to the graces of a poem—and was equally acquainted with celebrated public and private characters. He possessed an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and his lively manner, and slight Irish accent added to his charms as a *raconteur*.

“One would really think, Major,” said Horace one evening, “that you had been Tale-teller-general at some Native Prince’s court.”

“Not exactly that,” replied he laughing, “but substitute *camp* for *court* and you have exactly my office—no sinecure I can assure

you. In this case, as in all others, ‘practice makes perfect.’ When we were in Nepaul, and it was necessary to watch for many nights together, I used to keep my men awake all night by *telling them tales*: and I do not believe any one ever had a more attentive audience. I assure you, my services in that line were in no little request.”

“ Well,” said Horace, “ India certainly astonishes me more and more. In England we should have thought it compromising our dignity.”

“ Yes: but in India, *nous avons changé tout cela*. They have a keen insight into character, and their own is very different from the European, therefore, a line of conduct on our part which would be quite preposterous at home, is judicious among them. I do not mean that I ever treated them with familiarity, but always with kindness. I have also observed that the *personal* character of their officers is the principal thing that influences them. I

believe I am not considered a severe officer, but my displeasure is greatly dreaded by them, as I always punish by solitary confinement, in preference to flogging, which I detest. It is surprising how much more effect it has, and how much more the infliction is feared."

"Are they allowed any books?"

"None except a Bible. The punishment, however, never lasts long enough to be injurious to their minds as protracted solitary confinement must be."

"I wish I had a Bible," observed Horace. "They have forgotten to put one among my books."

"Is it possible? I will supply that deficiency immediately—and, Horace, if indeed you think you owe me any gratitude, or feel for me any regard, prove it by promising me that you will daily study that Holy Book. If your character be founded on it—if you take its precepts for the standard of your action, rely upon it you will find a happiness you could not

have imagined. It will increase every joy, and support you in every sorrow. No Bible!" he continued—thinking aloud, rather than addressing his companion. "No Bible! surely a soldier without his sword—a seaman without his compass—are things more in character, more consistent, than a Christian without his Bible!"

CHAPTER X.

"We talked with open heart and tongue
Affectionate and true ;
A pair of friends—though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two."

WORDSWORTH.

"Friendship's the wine of life,
Oh, for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit of a friend."

YOUNG.

THE incident which we related in our last chapter, served in no slight degree to augment the friendship that had previously existed between Horace and Rostrevor. The young

cornet, indeed was so welcome a guest in Rostrevor's cabin, that he usually spent many hours in the day there.

Nothing could equal Adelaide's delight when he was once more able to play with her; she appeared to have allowed him to monopolize all the regard not given to her parents. Although, as the only child on board, she received great kindness and attention from most of the passengers—she would make her escape from all the moment Horace appeared, and from him she always received a welcome.

Every day an hour or two was devoted by Rawdon and Roehampton to the acquisition of Hindoostanee, under the Major's guidance, and the evening was spent in chess or draughts—reading works of taste and imagination, and listening to Mrs. Rostrevor's music. Horace was passionately fond of music, and an excellent performer on the flute—such evenings were therefore a great treat to him, and far pre-

ferable to any amusement the Cuddy could afford.

Rostrevor perceived this taste with great satisfaction, and encouraged it to the utmost of his power, aware that many of the passengers played very high, and would be by no means sorry to have a boy like Rawdon in their hands; he was happy therefore to see that neither of his young friends entered into so dangerous a species of excitement.

In the course of their conversations Horace had entered into a full account of his family. On one subject only did he evince any reserve. Like most people of a sensitive temper, he had a constitutional horror of being laughed at: he could endure to be blamed, even though severely, but he was not proof against ridicule, "the world's dread laugh" held him in perpetual awe, and he feared to lose a portion of the good opinion of his friend, so that earnestly as he desired to converse on the subject that

was ever nearest his heart, he could not summon resolution.

Accident, at length, broke the ice. Major Rostrevor inquired one day, after they had been conversing about his family. "Which of your sisters is called Catherine?"

"Catherine!" said Horace, colouring violently, "where did you hear of her?"

"When you were recovering from your illness—the first words you uttered were 'my mother,' 'Catherine.'"

"I must, indeed, have been in a dream when I mentioned *her* name," said Horace, a deep shade of sorrow coming over his countenance, "but I have long wished to speak to you of that affair."

Horace stole an anxious glance at his friend's countenance when he finished his recital—half fearing to trace on his expressive features, some feeling of contempt, but there was nothing of that kind visible; on the contrary—he seemed to sympathize sincerely with the disappoint-

ment of so warm and ardent a spirit, and to be indignant at Miss Carlton's heartless conduct.

There are some situations of great excitement in which a few moments appear to possess the length and consequence of years—and although the present was not quite one of those endless periods, still it was sufficiently long to render the suspense most painful.

They still continued to pace the deck, mechanically turning at the extremities—Rostrevor lost in thought—Horace eager to hear him speak, yet not venturing to break the silence—feeling as if life or death hung, (he knew not why,) on the next words his friend should utter, yet, as if under the influence of a spell, unable to resume the conversation.

Rostrevor, at length, awoke from his reverie, and perceived the intense earnestness with which Horace's eyes were fixed on his countenance. He read his feeling, and said—“What a singular thing it is that our thoughts will wander back on the past, or lose themselves in

the mazes of futurity—dwelling on, or passing through the events of years in a few moments, without our power of control. How wonderfully are our minds constituted; I was picturing to myself the perfect indifference you would feel should you ever again be thrown into her society.”

“Indifference! Indifference to *her*! ah, Major, you mistake me sadly! I wish I could cherish the hope that I may ever be able to think of—much less see her without the deepest emotion—but I have loved her ever since I can remember, and I fear I always shall!”

“Now, my dear boy, the world in general would laugh at your feelings, and tell you, perhaps truly, that they seldom stand the test of time. ‘Pooh! Constancy, good friend, there’s no such thing!’ is their creed—I am foolish enough to believe that there is—but then I hold it absolutely requisite that the being who inspires constancy shall be worthy of it: which it is very evident Catherine was not!

You loved her, because you imagined that you saw in her qualities worthy of your love—you have discovered her to be a heartless coquette, without a grain of affection for any one excepting herself—breaking the most solemn bonds in order to gratify her ambition—and sacrificing, by her treachery, two noble hearts—the lover whom she marries, and the one whom she rejects.”

“Sacrificing two! surely you are severe! *he*, at least, must be a happy man!”

“I should not envy him his bliss, at all events; has she acted honourably to *him*, in giving him an indifferent, or at least, a divided heart? Do you think no consideration is due to a man who offers his heart and hand and fortune to a woman? The world, I know, calls it *prudence* in a portionless girl to accept such an offer—I call it *perjury*. A career so commenced promises but ill for the conclusion of the drama—and I should be far more sorry to be in the place of Sir Edward Brooke than in

yours—(nay! you must not contradict me)—
I have too high an opinion of your judgment
—(to say nothing of your principles)—to
imagine you could long entertain affection for
such a being, especially knowing her to be
another's. No, no! you will soon forget all
this early nonsense, and marry some one worthy
of you, whose virtues will render married life
as happy a state as God designed it should be."

"Ah! if I could find any one like Mrs.
Rostrevor!"

"Not an easy task, certainly; in her
husband's eyes there is no one like her—her
beauty may at first have charmed me, but you
must feel that only excellence and amiability
can retain deep regard through a series of
years. Rather than marry a wife who has
nothing to recommend her but her pretty face,
I would have an excellent likeness of some
very great beauty, in a very fine frame, and
hang it up in my dressing-room. As far as
mere beauty would contribute to domestic

comfort, the picture would do quite as well as the reality—perhaps the canvas lady the better of the two since her fine features would never be disfigured by anger or sullenness. If you expect happiness in the marriage state, you must have perfect confidence in your wife's principles, as well as an assurance that she loves you better than any other person in the world. I need not say that you must deserve her love and confidence in return. Then, indeed, marriage is almost heaven upon earth! You smile at my description, but you must remember I sketch *con amore*—I experience such a blessing daily!”

“Then you really think that love—true, passionate love, is dependant on esteem. I must confess that is to me a new view of the case—on the contrary, I have always classed those two feelings in my own mind as things perfectly distinct—not to say incompatible.”

“I do not mean to say,” replied the Major,

“ that you must necessarily love every person you esteem, far less, that you must esteem every person whom you admire—but I cannot, for a moment, admit that you could retain deep and sincere *love* for a person who had forfeited your esteem. I do not expect to find perfection in any one—but there are some things which indicate—not the frailty common to all the sons and daughters of Adam, but positive depravity of heart! A woman who can, in early youth, accept a man for whom she has no love whatever, simply for his rank or fortune, will not, in after life, hesitate to commit *any* crime which promises to gratify the same ambition. That is a fearful passion to be seen in youth—and if it be one ‘ by which the Angels fell—How can man, the image of his Maker, expect to profit by it?’ ”

“ And yet,” said Horace, thoughtfully, “ it is not usually considered so deep a crime, in man or woman as many others.”

"It is not, although perhaps more disastrous in its effects on the peace of families, than any other. On this account, especially, I consider those happy who are placed in such a station of life, or in such equality, as to ensure their being loved for themselves alone. We may find *pleasure* and *applause* in the world—but *HAPPINESS* belongs to the domestic circle."

"Horace ought to know something about that," observed Roehampton, catching Rostrevor's last words as he joined them. "By Jove! he's the happiest fellow I know in his own home! Such a mother, such sweet sisters, and a father who is kindness itself! I never cared much about leaving any place in my life before, but it was devilish hard to bid farewell to the inhabitants of Rawdon Court!"

Just at that moment, one of the officers came up to them, and said, "I think, gentlemen, if you have any letters for England, you had better prepare them. There is a vessel in the distance, and we hope to speak her."

They hastened to their cabins—Horace had a letter to finish—we will peep over his shoulder, and read the conclusion of it.

“ I have had a most narrow escape from destruction. I fell overboard, and must have been drowned, but for the bravery of Rostrevor, whom I have mentioned to you before. He jumped over after me, and succeeded, with great difficulty, in getting me safely to the boat. At that instant, he was himself threatened with a more terrible death from a shark who was pursuing him, but fortunately, he is a most excellent swimmer—he dived, and managed to elude the enemy. He was very much exhausted after such great exertion—but, I was told, thought much less of himself than of me. I had been longer in the water, and was ill for a few days afterwards, but am now quite recovered; and Rostrevor is, thank God, no worse. Had anything happened to him I could never have forgiven myself, for being, even unwillingly, the cause—as he has a beau-

tiful wife and child, who both perfectly idolize him.

"To the child I owe my escape in a great measure, for while every one else was staring at the water, too much startled to be capable of thought, she alone had presence of mind to recollect that her papa was a good swimmer, and to run down for him. I need not, after this, tell you that little Adelaide is no ordinary child.

Major Rostrevor is kindness itself to us—more like an elder brother than any thing else. He is a very distinguished man, both as a soldier and a scholar, (I cannot tell you how many languages he understands,) and is so good a specimen of his country that I quite agree in our Sovereign's remark that "an Irish gentleman is the finest gentleman in the world." We have different amusements in his cabin every night, so that I do not see very much of the other passengers, nor do I need their society. Rostrevor is just the man you would have

chosen yourself for my friend—he is as kind to Rowey as he is to me, so that those who love quizzing bestow on us the soubriquet of “the inseparables,” and “the three black graces.” For the justice of the latter term I cannot answer, but long may we deserve the first, say I.

We have been frequently becalmed lately—which is I suppose usually the case near the line—we crossed it yesterday. You would have been much amused at the whole scene, although there was at one time considerable fear of an uproar; one of the cadets declaring that he would not allow himself to be shaved; he actually locked himself up in his cabin, and announced his resolution to shoot the first person who offered to approach him; however, the captain soon settled the affair, by placing a sentry at his door and desiring that he should remain unmolested—so he gained nothing but the ridicule of every one on board.

The ceremony begins on the previous night

by a boat being put off, from which a noise is heard, as at a distance, asking the name of the vessel, captain, and so on, from his watery Majesty, Neptune; which being answered in the courteous style due to a sovereign, the captain invites him to honour the ship with a visit on the ensuing day.

A tar-barrel with a lighted candle stuck in it, is then lowered, and is whirled along the watery waste. This is intended for Neptune's boat, and as it recedes from sight looks extremely well.

The next day Neptune and Amphitrite came on board, attended by their hopeful son, and various sea monsters. They really, with their suite, made a very respectable appearance.

Every one who had not already crossed the line, was called on to submit to the operation of shaving, which is certainly performed rather roughly—a piece of rusty iron serving instead of a razor, and tar doing duty for soap. Disci-

pline was for the time forgotten—nothing but fun to be seen or heard any where. At length all was once more restored to cleanliness and order, and the quarter-deck resumed its exclusive privileges.

One of the lady passengers caused as much merriment as any one else, by her extravagant anxiety to “*see the line!*” she repeated her request so often that the Captain who likes a joke well, promised to gratify her curiosity. Accordingly he handed her the telescope, and she declared she saw the equator quite distinctly!

The captain confessed privately that he had been willing to see how far credulity would lead a person—and that he had therefore placed a fine thread between the lenses of the glass. Of course the victim is dubbed for life, “*The lady who has seen the line!*”

She is really a useful personage on boardship, affording as she does, a never-failing fund

of amusement ; only a very short time before she had occasioned an equally ludicrous scene.

A discussion took place at the dinner-table, on the question whether or not the moon was inhabited? This personage very positively asserted that it was not—and on being asked to give her reason, replied that “if there were any inhabitants they would be so much distressed for want of space when there was a new moon, that they would certainly die of suffocation.”

I wish there had been a Hogarth at table, to paint the faces of the company. The coughs that assailed some—the sneezing that effected others—the resolute fixing of their eyes on the ground, in the vain effort to do the polite—until two pairs of eyes unluckily meeting, their owners burst out into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, which spread like wild-fire, until every person, except the unlucky being who

caused the mirth, was in a roar of laughter. It was capital.

* * * * *

“Rostrevor will be returning home in the course of a few years, and I hope you will then become acquainted, for to say nothing of such obligations as we can never return, he is a glorious fellow.

“Roehampton is writing to you himself—so I need not say any thing on his account—I am heartily glad we enter life together. I hope to let you hear such things of your son, that you shall feel your heart glow with pleasure at the recital.”

What an interesting scene is the meeting of two vessels of the same country, in the midst of the ocean. With what joyous feelings we hail the first strange voices we have heard, it may be for months. Circumstances give to the strangers all the value of brothers, in our eyes, and when we again separate, the “fare-

wells" the mutual kind wishes are uttered with tones as faltering, and hearts as loudly beating as if we had been years, instead of minutes acquainted.

The vessels hailed each other, shortened sail, and drew near. Packets were made up on board the Orwell, and despatched, with a few English newspapers, to the other ship which proved to be the Combermere, from Calcutta. In return, the Orwell took charge of letters for India, and heard news from Calcutta. Health and a speedy voyage were drunk by each party to the other, and then they parted, never more perhaps to meet in this world.

The course of vessels outward-bound, is very different from the track pursued by those that are returning home—in the former case, ships now never touch at St. Helena, rarely at the Cape, so that there was no stoppage to the Orwell, nor any land visible (save a cloudy glimpse of Tristan D'Acunha,) until early in October the hills in the neighbourhood of Madras appeared in sight.

To many the cry of "Land," was one of unqualified delight, even those who had most enjoyed the voyage were glad of the change, and now the old Indian residents, with their knowledge of localities and customs, found themselves personages of no slight importance; the strangers, or *Griffins*, as they are termed, asking multitudes of questions, "quick, close, and heavy, like a hail-storm," without waiting to allow any one of their queries to be answered.

For a day or two previously, the passengers had expatiated with rapture on the spicy breezes of Ceylon, which they thought they inhaled—quite unconscious that they were imposed upon by the sailors, who had rubbed a little cinnamon oil on the gang-way, and various parts of the vessel.

Now a faint line was visible along the horizon which was recognised as an Indian range of hills—the vessel glided on, and as the shades of night descended the breeze freshened—the

gallant barque scudded on at nine or ten knots an hour; before midnight a faint light was descried—was it a star, or the light-house? The look-out-man pronounced it to be a light-house. The event proved that he was correct—before dawn the Orwell was safely anchored in the Madras Roads.

CHAPTER XI.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle,
Are emblems of deed that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime,
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the heavens ever shine,
Where the light wings of zephyr oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute,
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour tho' varied, in beauty may vie,
'Tis the clime of the East, 'tis the land of the sun.

BYRON.

With very thin clothing, and but little of it.

MOORE.

To those who have hitherto seen only the hi
and valleys—the woods, fields, and garden

the villages, towns, and cities of our own British Isles; who have inhaled only the foggy chilly atmosphere of a northern climate, and mixed only with "cool, imperturbable," conventional English Society, where it takes a life time to become acquainted, and when you are left in doubt at last whether the acquisition be worth the trouble taken in acquiring it, perhaps a greater, or stranger change can hardly be presented than salutes every sense of a young traveller, when without having landed on any intermediate spot, he has traversed the waste of waters, and finds himself fairly at anchor in the Madras Roads.

When the Orwell reached India, the monsoon was at hand, the heat not oppressively great—our young friends were in the enjoyment of excellent health, and capital spirits—disposed to see all that was to be seen, and be pleased with all they saw—the great secret, after all of a pleasant excursion.

They rose early in the morning, prepared for any scheme of pleasure that might present itself—and intending to land with the first boat; but when they reached the deck, they found so much that was new and strange that they were by no means sorry to delay their departure for an hour or two.

The vessel was anchored at a considerable distance from the shore, but as there was no fog, no dense atmosphere to obstruct their view, they could with the help of a glass distinguish not only the general features of the landscape, but even its minute details.

“ Those hills to south are the Palaveram range, on which the Company have a cantonment—I believe they derive their name from government having been *palavered* into building on the land-ward side of the hill—which of course renders the station most oppressively hot and unhealthy. That smaller isolated elevation is St. Thomas’ mount

where the apostle is said to have been martyred and where his footstep is seen, (as the guide gravely assures you) to this day. The village which adjoins it, facing the sea, is called St. Thomé—or in the native language Milapoor, (the city of the Peacocks.) It is the *sanitarium* of Madras. Do you see that grove of tall, branchless, stately trees, with a cluster of feathery, waving leaves on the top—those are the far-famed cocoa-nut trees, the most striking feature in an Eastern landscape.”

Immediately opposite the vessel lay the Black Town, with its motley intermixture of vast mansions and mud cottages—its Mosques, Pagodas, and Christian Churches, its narrow streets, and filthy bazaars—its idolatrous processions—and its thousand other things—each more strange—more outlandish than the preceding.

The *eyes* of those who love variety are certain to be gratified in the Black Town of

Madras—but it is very questionable whether the *curious* would not do well to have all other organs of sense behind them, when they set out on what Mrs. Malaprop calls an *exploding* expedition. The noise of the tom-toms and drums, and the vociferations of the people being nearly as distressing to the *ears*, as the scents which pervade the bazaars are to the olfactory nerves.

None of these drawbacks are however discernible from the roads, on the contrary, Black Town presents rather an imposing appearance.

The houses on the beach are chiefly public buildings. The Custom House, the Master Attendant's office, two or three Agents' offices, with their deep verandahs supported on pillars, something resembling marble, make a handsome show.

Adjoining the Black Town, is Fort St. George. It is said to be a strong fortress, being defended on one side by the sea and its

impassable surf, and on the others, by a wide, deep *fossé*, ramparts, and bastions.

But great as is the pleasure of seeing so different a country, the natives decidedly form the greatest object of interest to a stranger.

"We'll talk of that anon."

The gentlemen assembled on the poop were watching the scene with great pleasure. The roads, thronged with vessels of every size and build, from the stately, graceful frigate, and the capacious, taut merchantman, to the clumsy Arab Dhôw and country Dhonee—the boats putting off from the shore, and the busy crowds on the beach alternately engaged their attention, or excited their comments, when Adelaide startled them by exclaiming in accents of terror and amazement, "Oh, Papa ! Papa ! there are some men, black men, walking on the water."

"Yes, Major ; Addie is quite right ! just look ! Some are kneeling, some standing on the sea ; there is not a boat visible—and the

fellows seem quite at their ease—far more so, than I should be, were I tossing in that way on a heavy surf.”

Laughter for a moment prevented the Major from replying. He then said, “ You need not alarm yourselves; the men are very safe in their boats. See ! here is one coming for the ship’s papers—now you can see his boat—it is the safest sea-conveyance going, as it is of too light a construction ever to sink. In very rough weather the man ties himself to his little bark, and will thus brave the roughest surf ever known even upon this coast. They are composed simply of three pieces of wood fastened together—the middle and longest one being about six feet—they are the well-known catamarans.”

At this moment, one approached the gangway—the man jumped on board, and after making a very low inclination of the head, with joined hands, to the Sahibs, removed the small

cere-cloth cap which he wore, (a thing very much in the shape of the paper boats children make) and taking out of it some letters, presented them to the Captain.

With the exception of this cap, he was guiltless of any clothing whatsoever, and with his hard, weather-beaten features, was certainly no very prepossessing specimen of a Hindoo.

Boat after boat now arrived bringing fresh provisions of every kind—all excellent, except the bread. And these boats conveyed letters from the passengers to their friends or agents on shore. Masulah boats had added to their cargoes servants of all kinds, and grades, each bearing in his hand written testimonials of his character, from his former employers. These certificates amused our Englishmen not a little, some setting forth that “Ramasawmy was the greatest thief in India”—another that “Abdullah was the most extravagant Khansaman to be found in the Carnatic,” a third assuring you

that Anachellum was a good waiter, and an excellent servant, having only one trifling defect—that in the course of his life he had never been known to utter a word of truth.

These, and similar evidences of capability were presented by their respective owners with the utmost gravity, “*a kraeter*,” being “a kracter” with them—whether good or bad was a secondary consideration—or rather than not any at all.

They crowded round the gentlemen, chattering Tanuel, Teloogoo, Hindcostanee, and broken English—assuring them that they were the best khansamans (butlers,) kitmutgars, (footmen,) ’dubashes (valets,) gora-wallahs (horsekeepers,) coachmen, and a hundred other things, that were to be found in the Presidency.

They set about their business of procuring engagements with a tact and *savoir faire* truly amusing. One tall fellow, upwards of six feet high, walked up to Roehampton, and *salaaming*

profoundly before him, assured him he would not "get another Dubash in all Madras who could assist him in dressing." While a horse-dealer, quite equalling his white brethren in roguery, told Horace "he had a splendid Arabian to dispose of, which he had kept on purpose for him, as it was the finest horse in all Madras, and he thought it ought to be mounted by the best rider and the handsomest gentleman in the place."

Rostrevor, however, prevented his young friend from being imposed upon, and in spite of the attractions set forth by these gentry, they elbowed their way into the cuddy, and sat down to breakfast.

The table was well supplied with Indian luxuries. Kid chops were thought superior to lamb—the delicious pomfret-fish was universally approved of; the large infant-lobster-like prawns were pronounced excellent—the fruit capital—all was enjoyment!

“What hotel do you propose to patronize, Major?” said Horace.

“Hotel! my good fellow, you are not in England! Pray do not affront Indian hospitality by even talking of such places, if you do, it will be ‘*coupe la gorge* for that!’ I believe that there *is* some place of that kind, but as to a *gentleman* being at it, the thing was never heard of. Excuse my mirth, but to an old Indian, the idea of going to an hotel presents a picture that is quite too absurd.”

“But we must, you know—we are entire strangers.”

“That has nothing to do with it—I have already written to a friend to say that we shall be happy to pay him a visit, if he can receive us—and if not, he will hand us over to some one else, but wherever we go, we are quite certain of a warm welcome.”

“But you are well known, Major,” observed Roehampton, “and that makes all the differ-

ence. We, as entire strangers, could not think of intruding uninvited into any gentleman's house; you must, therefore, excuse us."

"Indeed I shall not; therefore prepare to land with us: you will soon discover that you are welcome."

At this moment a man approached, very superior in appearance to any native they had yet seen. His figure was tall, and well-proportioned, and his countenance prepossessing. His nose was aquiline, his eyes large and black, a clear forehead, a well-formed mouth, the upper lip being graced with a moustache that would have killed half the dandies in London of sheer envy, a love-lock hung on each side of his face, and he wore earrings. His dress consisted of pantaloons, large and full, made of kincob silk, a white muslin tunic, the body of which fitted tightly to the shape, while from the waist it was full; it reached to the knees, and as the material was clear muslin, of course the dark

skin was visible through it. The tunic was confined on the hips by a sash or cummer bund of bright scarlet muslin, and the turban was formed of the same material: a narrow tiger-skin belt, edged with silver lace, was placed over the right shoulder, and fell, crossing the chest, to the right knee, an engraved silver badge attached to this, and resting on the breast, informed you in English and Teloo goo that he was a *daloyet* or *peon* in the service of one of the members of council: his costume was complete, by a long silver stick which he held in his hand.

Leaving his slippers at the entrance of the cuddy, he advanced with bare feet and many salaams, enquired for "Rostrevor Sahib," placed a chit in his hand, and again salaaming profoundly, withdrew to the quarter-deck.

"Are you satisfied now?" said the Major when Roehampton returned him the note he

had given him to read. It was from his friend Mr. Turton.

MY DEAR ROSTREVOE,

We shall be delighted to see you and your party, if the young men will accept the accommodation of a tent, until some of our present guests have departed, I send a carriage down for you.

In haste, yours truly,

H. T.

"Well!" said Horace, laughing as he perused the *billet*, "this certainly is not to be classed as a method of proceeding, 'cool and quite English.' How our friends at home would wonder at such a thing. Ten years acquaintance would not have justified the intrusion; however, we have only to thank you, and enjoy our good fortune."

"Make haste then, for we must land

directly, and not keep the horses standing in the sun."

In ten minutes more they were in the boat which was to convey them to the shore. Their boat attracted their attention, as being so different to any thing they had seen before. It was large and high—the planks that formed it being sewed together with coir ropes, and the interstices filled up with the same material; at the stern there was a deck, and on raised seats, protected from the sun by an awning, sat the party, watching (infinitely to their amusement)—the movements of the dandies, or boatmen, who were rowing with very long shovel-like oars, and keeping time by singing in a very peculiar manner, the maistree sat at the head steering with a long pole. Two catamarans attended the boat, in case of an accident.

At length they neared the first of the much dreaded surfs—when the men demanded a present by vociferating "Bucshish!" "Ahm,

ahm," (yes, yes) responded Rostrevor, and the boat flew to the summit of the tremendous, foaming surge, and down again, amidst the shouting, screaming and singing of the men, and the alarm of the passengers. Another and another surf was thus passed, and the boat struck against the ground, and two natives wading up to it, brought a chair fastened on poles, on which the travellers were, one by one, conveyed to the shore in safety, Rostrevor having first performed his promise by giving a pagoda, to be divided among the men, above the regular government price of their services.*

It may probably not be known to the majority of English readers, that it is a part of "the system" of John Company to fix an arbitrary price on the services of Natives, in almost every department. Thus, the well known political maxim that the supply (whether of labour or of goods) is commensurate with the demand, does not obtain in India; in other words a native is not allowed to derive the advantage which ought to result, and in any other country would result, from any casual scarcity of competitors in his branch of labour—the end doubtless is obtained—the Native nominally free, is held in a state of bondage, and having no hope of improving his condition, no end for which to toil, no reward to look forward to, he becomes a reckless man, who spends what he gains on the instant, with-

A handsome barouche was waiting for them, they entered it, and were driven off, the peon

out attempting any provision for the future. Like another race—to be found in our own country—it may be said of the Hindoo—

“ Creature, tho’ oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blessed to-day unmindful of to-morrow.”

Doubtless were things differently arranged the Company would no longer derive a revenue of six lacs annually from the sale of arrack within the limits of the Supreme Court, and it may be fairly questioned whether the police reports would still prove that one half the population of Black Town, and the suburban villages, is in a state of intoxication every night, but then perhaps a greater revenue would be derived from articles of European produce, which would be eagerly consumed by the natives if their circumstances were less degraded; to say nothing of the satisfaction to be derived by the consciousness of promoting industry and increasing happiness, instead of encouraging vice and misery. But that is an inducement to upright conduct which it would perhaps be ridiculous to expect to influence ‘our honorable masters;’ we need not therefore dwell upon it.

The working of the system is amusing enough. If you want a set of bearers to take you to Hyderabad, you apply to the Police Office, ditto, for coolies to carry your luggage, ditto for a man to fetch you a patarra of potatoes from Nundidroog and the price of their services is kindly fixed by Government at the rate of a quarter of a rupee, (6d.) for every ten miles. No wonder a police officer enters your compound every morning to enquire if any robbery has been committed in it during the night!

standing footman-like behind, while a groom ran by the side of each horse, brushing the mosquitoes off the animal, and fanning it with a chowrie he held in his hand.

As they drove rapidly along, the Major acted as guide to the strangers. "This is the Black Town on our right hand, and the fort on the opposite side ; we must visit it some day."

"There," said he, pointing to a very delapidated lavender coloured building at the corner of one of the streets, "there is *the* Hotel of Madras—the Clarendon—I hope you like its appearance."

"Not particularly—it is not exactly what the advertisements call a 'well-accustomed inn,' but still—"

"But *still*, Horace, if you will act the stiff English gentleman in India, you will lose much pleasure and many friends. Look at the fort, does it not present a noble appearance? and these *glacis* render the air pure and healthy.

Now this building is the General Hospital for European soldiers—here we are at the walls, this is the Hospital gate. Now we are without the barriers!”

The high ramparts of the Black Town had hitherto concealed every vestige of ‘the country’ from their sight, but now a scene burst on their astonished gaze, so new, so wonderfully beautiful that they were at once bewildered and astonished. The open sea, in all its glorious majesty, lay on their left, while before them, mud huts and princely mansions—the cupola of a pagoda, and the spire of a church, appeared here and there amidst groves of trees so different from any thing English, that they far more resembled the creations of fairy—or rather, *giant* land, than any thing they had imagined was to be found on earth. The size of the trees was as much a matter of surprise as the very peculiar character of their foliage.

Groves of cocoa and palmyra trees, mingled with mango and tamarind topes; and in the diversity of their form and shade contrasted admirably with each other—while the picturesque effect was greatly heightened by the groups of black and nearly naked natives, engaged in every imaginable occupation in the open air.

“ See !” said Major Rostrevor, as they crossed the bridge, “ those two camels lying down near the water are waiting there in readiness to carry Government expresses. They are the most rapid couriers of the country. That large open space which you see railed in is called ‘ The Island :’ on certain evenings in the week the band plays there, that corner, where the carriages stop, that their fair occupants may listen to the music, is the favorite spot *par excellence*, for flirtation. Now we are on the Mount Road—what do you think of it ?”

“ That it is, decidedly, the finest I ever saw in the world !”

“ You are quite right: it is unrivalled—look at the spacious avenue on either side, for foot-passengers, formed by those banyan trees, the branches of which, you see, descend again to the earth and take root.”

“ Is *that* the banyan tree? I thought its leaves had been large and broad?” .

“ Ah! you got that idea from Milton, I suppose; but the immortal has made an error there, just, I suppose, to prove that even the glorious ‘ Paradise Lost’ could not be quite perfect. Who would quarrel with him, though, for so slight an error. The plantain, you will see, bears just such leaves as he describes.”

Thus “ talk of various kinds beguile the road.” Rostrevor pointed out, as they passed them, St. George’s Church—the Nawaub’s gloomy-looking palace, and various other objects of interest. The gentlemens’ houses were all enclosed in gardens or small parks—compounds, as they are called—and our travellers drove

about three miles before they came to the gate of one at which the sentries standing indicated that it was the residence of a Member of the Council.

The carriage turned rapidly up an avenue of noble Casarina trees, and at length stopped before the door of a splendid mansion. It was a long building, two stories high, in the front of which ran a deep verandah—into this verandah the rooms opened by large folding doors—and it was supported in front by elegant white pillars; the pavement of the verandah was of black and white marble, and, at this hour of the day, large, heavy, green blinds were drawn down along the whole front, completely excluding the rays of the sun, and rendering it, in the hottest weather, a cool and pleasant promenade. A broad flight of steps formed the ascent to the verandah, where a most dignified-looking personage, dressed completely in white muslin, ushered them into the hall, or

drawing-room. Here he left them, while he went to inform Mr. Turton of their arrival.

The new comers by no means regretted having a few minutes to make their observations.

The room into which they were conducted occupied the whole width of the house, opening at one extremity into the front verandah and into the back verandah at the other. It was between forty and fifty feet long, and extremely lofty. The bare walls were polished like marble, and were destitute of any ornament except glass lamp shades on silver brackets. From the ceiling were depended large globe lamps, and also a punkah, near as long as the room. The furniture was equally simple and expensive—designed, as always the case in India, for luxury and comfort, rather than ornament. Four large damask sofas, and lounging chairs of every possible form, and of all materials, from ebony and

cane-work to black wood and Russia leather, formed the accommodation. On the tables stood various large china vases and bowls, filled with roses and other flowers, swimming, in true native style, stalkless, on the water. Book-cases completed the furniture.

"Welcome to India!" exclaimed a tall gentleman-like personage, entering the room. His jacket and pantaloons of white jean were such as all wear in undress in the East—his fancy waistcoat, silk stockings and pumps—the envied luxuries denied to the military—proclaimed him a civilian. "Mrs. Rostrevor! delighted to see you back—well, I hope. Rostrevor, very glad to have you amongst us again. And is this my little friend, Adelaide—little no longer, I am afraid. What a lovely creature. By Heaven those blooming cheeks and sparkling eyes do credit to English air—I must have a kiss."

Rostrevor now introduced Rawdon and Roe-

hampton to their host—and they were most kindly welcomed. “I am sorry, gentlemen,” said Mr. Turton, as soon as the first conventional civilities were over, “that we have only a tent to offer you at present—but in a day or two we shall be able to make you more comfortable.”

“Never mind apology,” said Rostrevor, “they are soldiers and will not mind beginning campaigning thus early—besides, to tell you the truth, they owe you a very handsome *amende* for their incredulity. I could only, with the greatest difficulty, prevent them from going to Clarendon.”

“Oh, oh!” said Turton, much amused, “I suppose they were scrupulous on the score of previous acquaintance *N’importe*—‘Live and learn.’ By the bye, you are just in time for a wedding! Miss Saville, who is staying with us, is to be married to-morrow evening to Edward Brereton. The ceremony is to be per-

formed here, and the ladies are very busy making preparations—which is, I suppose, the reason Mrs. Turton has not made her appearance. You know the trouble of preparing a *trousseau*. But, gentlemen, I dare say your rooms are ready, and you would like to prepare for tiffin. Boy!” said he, turning to a grey-bearded old man, who was standing in the verandah, “show these gentlemen to their tent. These rooms, I believe, Rostrevor, are destined for you,” he continued, throwing open a half door of crimson silk, and leading the way into a suite of apartments, furnished with every luxury.

“You must get us some servants directly,” said Major Rostrevor, to the Khansaman, “we shall require them for about a week.”

“Very good, Sahib, I know dubash, kitmutgar, too much good servant! Chota Sahibs want dubash?”

“Yes, certainly!”

“Beebee, ChotaBeebee want Ayah? Know one too much clever woman—she dress lady’s hair—everything understand.”

“No, thank you—the Beebee has brought English Ayah.” The Khansaman salaamed, and withdrew.

Having seen his wife comfortably settled on a sofa, Rostrevor took his way to the tent of his young friends.

It was pitched on an open lawn behind the house, and was a large, comfortable abode, containing a spacious bed-room, two dressing and bath rooms. They were carpetted, and furnished with every comfort. The beds were placed in the centre of the room—and the only difference they found between their tent and the house was that the breeze blew more fresh and cool through canvas Khanauts than stone walls, or wooden doors.

“I have told the butler to procure you servants immediately,” said Rostrevor. “I

‘ suppose I have done right—you will only need one each.’

“Perfectly right, and we are very much obliged to you—but is there any necessity to engage servants for one week?”

“Indeed there is, unless you have made up your minds to starve for that week—for not one of Mr. Turton’s servants would consider it as his duty to hand your plate at dinner; and remember, when you go out, you must mention the same to your boy, who will of course attend you. Shall we return to the house?”

They re-entered the hall, when they found Mrs. Turton, the bride elect, Miss Saville—and one or two other ladies: several gentlemen arrived, in various conveyances, and some, who were guests in the house, came over from their bungalows. Miss Saville, however, still had her eyes fixed on the verandah; at length a buggy drove up to the door, and a tall, handsome young man in staff uniform, entered the hall. He was introduced to the strangers as

Captain Brereton, and soon after his arrival, the party adjourned to the dining-room to tiffin.

About five o'clock they all went out to drive or ride; the *fiancés*, as is usual on such occasions, driving alone together. About seven o'clock they returned to dress for dinner—when a few ladies, and a number of gentlemen joined the circle. The ladies retired to the hall after dinner, where they were speedily followed by the gentlemen.

Miss Saville looked very happy, but not a little embarrassed at the various allusions made to the expected events of the ensuing day. At length, Captain Brereton and she discovered that the evening was an uncommonly brilliant one, and that the fireflies gave a pleasanter light, than the lamps in the interior—an opinion in which it may be presumed no one else agreed, as they retained undisputed possession of the verandah.

When the party separated for the night, Mr.

Turton courteously accompanied his young guests to their tent, staid, and chatted with them of their voyage, and prospects—spoke of their gallant regiment as one to which it was an honour to belong, and concluded, by observing as he bade them “good night.” “If you hear a noise, do not be alarmed—it is only the frogs!”

CHAPTER XII.

“ And he the destroyer, false as cruel,
What is the doom of his dastard sin,
Nobles they scorn, high dames they shun him ?
Unbar yon palace, and gaze within !
A mother would give him her stainless daughters,
Men of high honour salute him ‘ friend,’
Skies, oh where are thy cleansing waters ?
World, oh where will thy wonders end ?”

BARRY CORNWALL.

“ I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands,
organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the
same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same
diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the
same summer and winter as a Christian is ? If you prick us,
do we not bleed ? if you tickle us do we not laugh ? if you
poison us, do we not die ? and if you wrong us, shall we not
revenge ? If we are like you in the rest we will resemble you
in that. * * *

The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go
hard but I will better the instruction.”

SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT a blessed thing it is to be independent
of all rule and order ! Not only to be a wan-

derer myself, but to be the cause of wandering in others; to take the fair and noble of the land, and guide them—they knew not whither—from one scene or set of characters to another, without warning and without apology! To be free as thought itself! bound by no ties—no laws whatever save my own most capricious will!

We talk much of the fickleness of women, and I am loath to dispute a theory which proves so convenient a topic of abuse to many of my brethren of the quill, only as *I* have never *myself* been a martyr to it—as *I* have never been driven by the imputed fickleness of “the sex” to try the efficacy of the elder Mr. Weller’s recipe for a person so afflicted, “*poison yourself out of hand,*” *I* cannot speak *ex-cathedra* of its existence—but certainly we Lords of the Creation (to give us our due) possess much of the stability of the wind, and the firmness and consistency of a snowdrift—

and authors, in their peculiar domain, especially writers of fiction, are the most variable even among the variable. Gentle reader, this exordium is intended to induce you graciously to accompany me in my wandering, and to suffer me to introduce you to a scene which was enacted at no very great distance from Mr. Turton's residence, in that district of Madras called "the Adyah" from the river which there flows into the ocean.

Enclosed in one of the most extensive and elegant compounds of that lovely spot, stood a bungalow of unusually tasteful exterior. Its dimensions were not great, but it was thoroughly adapted for Eastern comfort. All the apartments were on the ground-floor, the public rooms opening into each other in the centre, while a suite of private apartments occupied each wing.

A garden, rich with all the gorgeous shrubs and flowers of the East surrounded the build-

ing, and combining a rare salubrity with great beauty of situation, it was considered one of the most agreeable abodes in the Presidency.

On a sofa, in one of the dressing-rooms, reclined a young man about five and twenty years of age, of handsome countenance, and general prepossessing exterior. He appeared absorbed in thought—but presently rose, and entered into a complete survey of the house to satisfy himself that all his instructions had been obeyed in the preparations made for no lighter occasion than the reception of his bride.

Occasionally he addressed his Khansaman, in that irritable tone which people sometimes use when they are not at peace with themselves. It was the day of his marriage, and had you asked him whether he was happy, he would have replied, “perfectly so” though there was a gloom on his brow, (ill-befitting a young bridegroom,) which would have contradicted the assertion.

When he returned to his dressing-room, and again flung himself on the couch, the gloom increased until it almost amounted to agony, and he closed his eyes with an expression of pain, as if to banish some vision which appeared before him, and filled his mind with anguish.

“At least,” thought he, “it is well that I have chosen the other side of the house for my future abode. I do not think I should like to inhabit these rooms again. Well! I am sorry for it, Heaven knows! but it cannot be avoided. I have only acted as almost every one else acts, and in the end, have behaved far more liberally than most. So, why should I reproach myself? And yet I pity her, poor girl! for I really believe she loves me deeply, and if she had but been English, I would have married her without hesitation. But then one cannot produce a black wife! She thinks, I dare say that I need not have made any alteration, or turned Benedick at all; but then she does not under-

stand our customs, and cannot enter into my feelings. Besides, after all, no woman ever was constant—she will soon either grow indifferent and be quite happy, or reconcile herself to the plan I have proposed. Perhaps she will love—” But even in thought he could not so wrong her as to consider her capable of occupying the same position with another.

What trouble do we not sometimes take, to carry on a system of self-deception! Did Edward Brereton really believe that she who then occupied his mind would soon forget him? On the contrary, so firmly was he assured that her constancy was only to be destroyed by death itself, that his best and dearest friend would have risked a quarrel with him by even hinting at the possibility of such a change! But he had a slight glimmering perception of the villany of his own conduct, and wished to palliate it to himself by trying to feel persuaded that she might at some future time, be unfaith-

ful, not to himself but to his memory—to the recollection of one who had himself broken every tie, and cast her from him.

How little does proud man know of woman's heart. With all our much boasted wisdom, our vaunted superiority of intellect, we cannot comprehend that most precious, most beautiful, most *unearthly* of all earthly things, the love of woman!

Edward started from his reverie as the door opened; a young woman entered the room, seated herself opposite to him, and folding her arms on her bosom, fixed her eyes on his countenance with a gaze of keen and withering scrutiny. Neither uttered a word, but the changing hues of his cheek proved that at least he was not quite dead to feeling. He writhed beneath her glance, yet, fascinated as if by enchantment, had no power to turn away from it.

'Tis an old tale and often told! a tale of

“woman’s” credulity, and “her master’s” inconstancy! Inconstancy! What a misnomer, surely it ought to be written *constancy*—constancy of faithlessness.

Alas! can no tie bind us but a vow pronounced at the altar? Even that is not always effectual, as every daily paper informs—as the pages of “Debrett” too surely prove. What a large proportion of marriages are “dissolved by act of parliament,” what a vast majority would be if woman could plead the same causes for a divorce.

Could ardent love, unequalled constancy, and unrivalled beauty have secured to woman the affection of her lover, Edward Brereton would never have wasted even one moment’s thought on any save the being who sat before him. Could the deepest obligations bestowed without a hope of return, could the relinquishment for his sake of all that woman holds dear, have availed to bind the wandering heart of

man, or to enforce eternal claims of gratitude and love, he would have cherished that young creature as his life, so long as life itself endured. Let us throw a hasty glance backwards.

Three years before, he was travelling in an unfrequented part of India, with no European companion, and in advance of all his servants except the bearers of his palanquin.

Towards midnight as they were slowly ascending one of the narrow passes of the Ghauts, they were attacked by a band of mountain robbers—*saue qui peut* was as usual the watch-word of the bearers—and Brereton, deserted, severely wounded, disarmed, and in his travelling undress—*i. e. en chemise et les pieds nus*, was dragged by his captors into the interior of their wild country.

Here he was detained a prisoner, without the power of informing his friends of his situation, and deprived of every resource that could aid in giving wings to the lonely hours of a captive.

In moody sorrow he for some time refused every advance made towards an acquaintance by the chief's son, the only person who appeared to pity him—and who, actuated partly by a feeling of curiosity, but principally by compassion, paid him all the attention that lay in his power; he continually brought him fresh fruits and rare flowers—and endeavoured by every means in his power, to prove his kindly feeling. At length, his winning attention attracted Edward's regard, and they became warm friends.

Brereton having already acquired something of the Canarese language, there was little difficulty in communicating their thoughts, and in the absence of all other occupation it became a great source of pleasure to both to give and receive lessons in the different languages. Saadût, (such was the youth's name) was exceedingly charmed with his new acquisition, and flattered himself on the purity of his

English; whether with justice or not, the reader shall determine, as we subjoin a specimen, explaining at the same time, that as it may prove with all its accuracy, not quite intelligible to English ears, we shall afterwards take the liberty of resorting to a translation of his really elegant Canarese.

“What for you no happy here?” said Saadût one day, observing an unusual depth of gloom on the countenance of his friend. “Plenty rice—plenty karee—sun no too much hot—Saadût your broder—what for you want go?”

“Yes, Saadût, but I am far from all my friends, I know not even whether my family are alive—they are mourning for me as lost—I am absent from all my duties. Even your kindness cannot make me forget that I am a stranger and a prisoner.”

“Me too much love you—you not love Saadût one little bit, my father has much

quarrel with your people, he not send you away, you make happy here—love Saadût—not want go.”

“But what must my friends think, Saadût? they will say I am dead!”

Brereton saw that help from this quarter was not to be expected, and he ceased to urge it; but the feeling of desolation, the yearning after home with which it is so difficult to combat, preyed on his mind, and he became seriously ill. Fever produced delirium, and he was reduced to the verge of the grave: but when he had in some measure recovered, and he began to reflect on the past, he was still haunted by a glimmering remembrance of a lovely girl visiting his sick couch, ministering to his wants, and bending over him with affectionate gentleness and sorrow. He pondered over this, but knowing the habits of seclusion which prevail among Eastern nations, he was convinced that he had been deceived by some vision of the excited brain.

Several times he mentioned it to Saadût, but the boy eagerly reminded him how impossible it was, and assured him he had himself been his chief attendant.

One day while Brereton was slowly recovering from his attack, Saadût entered the room with a magnificent bouquet in his hand, offering to instruct him in that science so well known among Oriental nations—the language of flowers.

The gentle sentiment of the study just accorded with the feelings of the invalid, and he eagerly accepted the proposal.

Feathers, fruit, and flowers became the subjects of their lectures. Saadût smiled at the eagerness and amazement of his friend, when he discovered that it was scarcely possible to imagine a wish, an enquiry, a feeling of any sort, which you could not express by means of these silent and eloquent productions of nature. He soon became familiar with them, and passed

his weary captive hours in combining them so as to form letters of love and friendship.

One day, Saadūt appeared with a bouquet which he did not present to his pupil, as usual, immediately upon entering the room, but placed it in his hands on leaving him, saying significantly, "You have learnt to read and write with these—study this, and try to answer it."

Struck with Saadūt's mysterious manner Brereton eagerly seized the blooming letter, and applied himself to decypher it. He examined it more than once before he could persuade himself that he was not dreaming.

The flowers told him that the donor lamented his captivity, but still more her want of power to soothe it—but the gûl (rose) predominated over all other flowers, and every petal spoke of LOVE!

Brereton's thoughts reverted to the vision seen in his illness—he felt assured that sepa-

rated as he was from all his own family, there had been one loving woman's eye bent on him.

His young heart bounded with ecstasy at the thought—friends, home, profession, every thing was forgotten, in the wild delirium of joy, except the one blessed fact that he was the object of faithful love, and that he loved in return. For a moment indeed he feared lest the whole should only be some idle medium of passing the dull hours of the Zenana, but he dismissed a thought which it was agony to allow, and waited with anxiety for a reply.

It came that evening; Saadût brought him a basket containing both fruit and flowers, each of which comprised the former words of the incognita, and when, with a wild thrill of pleasure Brereton had perused his letter, he earnestly entreated to be informed of the name of her who had so blessed him.

Saadût hesitated—the colour mounted into

his dark cheek—he bent his eyes on the ground in embarrassed silence, but after a pause replied, “ These letters have come from my only, and twin sister. Alas! that I should live to say so—but she is very dear to me, and I cannot refuse to obey her wishes. She had heard from me of your captivity with the deepest commiseration; and when you were ill, insisted that I should permit her, disguised in the dress of one of the old slaves, to attend your couch, and share with me the duties of a nurse. She was constantly with you—restored you to life—almost to health, and in doing so destroyed her own happiness for ever. Urged by her, I have made earnest entreaty to our father for your liberty, and it will soon be accomplished; but in giving you freedom, she gives a final blow to her own peace—she loses the only happiness she can enjoy—that of being near you, although separated. On this subject I have still a letter for you;” and as he spoke he

placed a small silver filigree box in Brereton's hand. He pressed it to his lips—then read.

“ I have loved you better than my life—for I have assisted you to escape, although I shall never be happy again after your departure. Mine is no selfish love, for it leads me to seek your happiness though I destroy my own. If I had been the happy being to have lived ever near you—to have cherished as well as loved you, I should have forgotten there was another heaven finding one on earth.”

Brereton entreated, prayed for one, at least one, interview with Saadût's lovely sister.

“ To what purpose? Know you not that you would bring ruin on her head as well as on your own and mine, were it discovered? And why add to the pangs your departure already causes her, by seeing her, and avowing a mutual and hopeless passion? Would it not render you both more wretched? No, you have but two nights more to pass within these walls. Endure them with fortitude.”

But who ever loved, and yet was wise? However true Saadût's assertion might be, he could not induce the lovers to think it so—and besieged on both sides by prayers, and by tears on at least one, he at length agreed to arrange an interview.

In the dead of night, when all eyes, save those of love and friendship were shut, Saadût arose, joined his sister Veerah, and with cautious steps conducted her to the apartment of Brereton.

Even by the dim light of the lamp, the lover recognised the same angelic countenance that had charmed him even when unconscious of any other object.

He sprang forward to meet her; she drew back timidly, but he folded her to his heart and rapturously kissed her. They sat together with Saadût on the mat. Veerah's hand was linked in that of Brereton—her dark, soft eyes were half withdrawn from his ardent gaze, yet

now and then were raised to catch a glance of her lover's countenance. She felt, she heard the wild throbbing of his heart, and knew that she was beloved—and he too, in her trembling frame, her speaking eye, and the radiance of her countenance, saw her unspeakable happiness.

“And yet,” exclaimed Saadüt, sadly, breaking the deep silence, “you will forget us!”

“Never, never! It is even a misery to me now that my captivity is over. I know not how to leave you.”

“But we shall hear of you?” said Veerah, gently, her eyes filling with tears.

Brereton drew her nearer to him—and kissed her fervently over and over again, as he replied, “Oh, yes, lovely and dear one! so surely as this heart beats—so surely as I live and breathe you shall hear of me!”

“Alas!” exclaimed the dejected girl, “when we have you no longer with us, what hope can

be ours? what hope can be mine? Oh! can you—will you—must you depart?”

“Dearest, dearest Veerah! what can I do? I must not desert my duties—I must not relinquish my post—and yet, how dreadful is the struggle! how shall I leave you? Pronounce for me yourself—think my life, my honour, my freedom in your hands, and say—what shall I do?”

“*This* must you do,” said Saadût, “you must part instantly. See, the sun will rise in a few minutes! Remember, your staying here could avail her nothing, and would bring certain destruction on yourself.”

Brereton had held Veerah's hand in his during all this time. He now, once more, folded her closely to his heart, and she no longer shrunk from his caress. In the bitter moment of parting, she could not hide the feelings of her heart. He clasped her slender form, as if he could not suffer her to leave him, imprinting a thousand wild kisses on her lips, then, by a

strong effort released her, and buried his fevered brow in his hands, as Saadût had drew, half-carried the exhausted girl from the apartment.

Brereton then passed up and down the narrow room which was now consecrated by her presence, cursing the fate that had placed such insurmountable barriers between them.

When Saadût returned, Brereton pressed on his acceptance one of the two rings which he wore—the only valuables he had saved from his plunderers.

“ I will keep it in remembrance of you,” replied his young friend, “ if you will also make me happy by receiving my gift,” and he displayed a pair of magnificent shawls, adding, “ friends in parting exchange gifts, although they need no token to remind them of the absent.”

“ And will you,” said Edward, on tending the other ring, “ give this to Veerah for me, dear Saadût, and entreat of her to wear it for my sake ?”

"Impossible!" said the youth, "all would be detected if she wore it but for a day! Look she has sent you a token which can be worn without observation. Present *her* with a similar one, and deeply, deeply will she prize it!"

Saadût took from his ammerbeard a small silk bag, from which he withdrew a long wavy tress, fastened with rose-coloured ribbon. "A lock of hair from the head of your love is a charm against all sorrow: as such she sends you this; and see! how well the bright hues of the ribbon contrast with the ringlet's sombre tint! Does it not bid you look forward to love and hope, although clouds may darken your present prospects."

"And with hope I *will* yet look forward to love," replied Brereton, reverently, impressing a kiss on the sacred emblem. "Yes, '*Espérance*' be thou my motto, and may I lose life itself when I lose my love for Veerah!"

Before the friends parted, Saadût received a like token of remembrance from Brereton, for

Veerah, and the young lover, escorted by a party of irregular horse, turned with reluctant steps to a freedom that now appeared dreadful, and was soon upon the road to the nearest British cantonment.

Immediately upon arriving he forwarded a brace of superb pistols to Saadût, with various gifts to his father, and some European trinkets to "the ladies of the family," in the hope that some trifle would be accepted by Veerah—but months passed away, and he received no acknowledgment of his presents: he wrote again, but no answer came, and his anxiety was extreme. Was the dream of passion so soon over? Had both Saadût and Veerah forgotten him? There was agony in the thought! But it was almost more dreadful to reflect on the possibility that his intercourse with a member of the Zenana had been discovered, and that upon *her* and her loved brother, the hand of vengeance had fallen.

He was sitting in his tent one evening mus-

sing, with an aching heart, on the cause of Saadût's silence, when a figure, muffled in shawls, suddenly made its appearance before him. It was dusk, and, for a moment, he could not recognise the intruder, but in another, Veerah, in all her radiant loveliness stood before him! He sprang to her embrace, as the heart springs from agony to bliss, and lost, in the rapture of a re-union with her, every other recollection.

"My life!" he exclaimed at last, "my only and ever dearest! Is this, indeed, thine own sweet self! But where is Saadût?"

Even in the thrilling ecstasy of that moment, he felt a convulsive shudder ran through her frame. She lifted her tearful eyes to his, and murmured at length—

"Saadût is with his God! And when *he* was gone, I felt alone upon the earth! I endured until I could endure no more! I fled, and I am *here*! Oh, say that you can pardon me— Oh, say that I am forgiven!"

"Forgiven! my own, my beautiful one! say rather, *worshipped* with the heart's fervent affection, for ever!"

"Alas!" she said, "I fear, I fear I have done wrong! My father, my deserted father and then she wept bitterly, and even Brereton's caresses could not quite heal the bitterness of filial self-reproach."

"My own dearest!" said her lover, "be firm—be calm—be happy! Am not I with you? Are not these arms your haven and your fortress? Will I not console, cherish, defend you with heart and soul?"

She raised her head as he spoke, and looked with such an expression of confiding love, of sweetness and sorrow, in his countenance, as mortal eyes have seldom seen upon a mortal face! Again her head sank on his shoulder, but she said—

"I have dreaded the betrayal of my passion to my father—I have dreaded *his* vengeance

"On you more than I have dreaded to heap
throw upon him ! As I fled from his halls, I
trew my *chowdar* on the bank, and left it
floating. They will think me drowned, and
there will be wailing for the fancied dead,
instead of wrath and chase after the fugitive
living ! Brereton, you are now *my all*. You
do love me ?"

"Better than life, my Veerah ! Never,
never shall you have cause to regret your con-
fidence in me ! Oh, I should be undeserving
of the name of a man, if I could cease to love
the angel that has thus blessed me !"

He folded her passionately in his arms as he
spoke—he felt then, and for more than two
years afterwards, that she was the first object
in his existence, and he loved her with the
entire heart-worship that could alone ade-
quately repay such a nature as her's for the
sacrifices she had made for his sake.

On her part, she would not admit those sacri-
fices to be as great as he knew they were. The

mortal wrong, the illegal love, which would form a perpetual subject of self-reproach to the mind of a Christian, were utterly unknown to her. The love of a heretic—the abandonment of home, were, to her “the very head and front of her offending.”

And thus together they lived and loved—and Veerah was perfectly happy. Her musulmanee habits induced her still to remain in seclusion, and she never wandered beyond the precincts of their own compound; all Brereton's leisure hours were spent with her, he took great delight in improving her, and the willing and equally delighted pupil learnt rapidly all that he could teach; and practised, with winning grace, that knowledge which woman, loving woman, acquires so intuitively—the knowledge how best to minister to the happiness of the beloved; and thus the hours fled joyously away, and her heart, in its pure simplicity, felt no compunction or reproach in reflecting on her position.

Not so Brereton. He well knew his error, and his conscience sometimes painfully accused him; but he never attempted to rectify his conduct until chance threw him into the society of the lovely Miss Saville; and her reputation as the belle of Madras, her accomplishments, and the preference he fancied she showed for his society, combined together to create a feeling which in the absence of the *genuine* sentiment, passes current in the world under the denomination of LOVE.

The tide of passion once turned, he began even to blame the devoted, the self-sacrificing Veerah, for her position with him. True, he was aware that her religion sanctioned such unions. That in her it was no crime—but (for why delay, or gloss over the the truth?) he was tired of her, her very constancy was now disagreeable to him, and he had resolved on marrying.

He could not, however, summon courage to speak to her on the subject—to encounter her

reproaches, or witness her anguish, but what he dared not *spea*k he *wrote*, and in the gentlest and smoothest manner, conveyed his wish to “form a separate establishment for her.”

A separate establishment for HER! for her who had so loved him—who still so loved him—who had sacrificed *all* for *his* love—to whom he owed health, and life, and liberty! How was she to receive, how was she to *endure* the proposal?

To show that, we return to the dropped link of our narrative—to the moment when the changed pair sat confronting each other, as described before this retrospection.

Yes, she confronted him in that room which had ever been her favorite apartment—the scene of their study—of their love, as gloriously beautiful a creature as this world ever held. She was above the middle size, might almost have been considered too tall, but that the perfect symmetry and roundness of her form took from the appearance of undue height. Her

air and carriage were marked by grace and dignity, and as the loveliness of her face fully agreed with the beauty of her person, she more resembled the creations of fancy than living and breathing reality. Her fine form was shrouded, not disfigured, by a robe of that peculiar, brilliant scarlet, seen only in the East. Its rich tints harmonised well with her dark, yet glowing complexion. Her dress was composed of many yards of that bright scarlet muslin, which being thrown round and round her figure fell in rich and graceful folds, while the end, disposed scarf-wise over the right shoulder, crossed her chest, and covered her splendid bust. Her hands, arms, and feet were perfectly bare, and of the most symmetrical proportions. Her wrists and ankles were covered with gold bracelets and bangles set with rich gems, and her nails, and the palms of her hands were tinged with *henna*. A *choudar*, or *cymar* of the finest Dacca muslin

enveloped her head when she entered the room but she threw it on the table, and disclosed features quite as perfect as her form. Her complexion was a few shades darker than that of a native of southern Italy; her glossy, and luxuriant jet black hair was carefully arranged after the fashion of her country, and by its style exhibited to the greatest advantage her small graceful head, and magnificent profile. A star-like golden ornament, radiant with gems, rested on her clear forehead. Her eyes, long and lustrous, with their antimony-tinted eyelids, were equally capable of expressing every feeling of love, contempt, rage, anguish, that could agitate the bosom of "Daughter of the Sun." Her Grecian nose, smooth cheek, and short, upper lip, the form of which might have rivalled Cupid's bow, were all in perfect harmony. Each ear was graced with three earrings, and from her neck depended two or three necklaces and chains.

Alas, that the TALI, that simple, but sacred symbol of marriage, should not be found amongst them! Her age, at that period of her history, was nineteen years, but she might have been supposed even younger.

"Veerah!" exclaimed Brereton at last breaking a long and painful pause, "Veerah, I did not expect to see you here."

"No, nor wish it," she replied, "but did you indeed suppose I should seek no explanation of your letter? Much and dreadfully it needs one, and a lover's *first* letter is not often an unwelcome subject of conversation."

The bitterness of her tone was something new to Brereton. He had hitherto known only her gentleness, and her love, and this was a new leaf in her character, and one which he could by no means understand.

"Veerah!" said he, "come hither like a dear girl, and do not be angry without reason. You know I would not grieve or injure you for all the world."

Veerah, however, kept her seat, and contented herself with coldly replying "Indeed do *not* know any thing of the kind; it is *that* which I am come here, (for the *first* time believe, an intruder) to endeavour to ascertain she paused a single instant, and then, as with an effort, and yet firmly, said, "Tell me—you going to be married?"

The question thus abruptly put startled and confused Brereton so much that for some minutes he could not reply: at length he gained courage to say, "supposing it so, Veerah, I know that according to the ideas of your country, it would be quite right, neither should I be doing any violence to your affection! I might not, indeed, be so constant with you, but my marriage would neither change *your* position, nor *my* love, which must be ever, ever yours. Having a separate establishment will only render you more independent!"

"Independent!" she cried indignantly

“who wishes to be independent of him to whose fate she has bound herself! Is *woman*, think you, formed to stand alone in the world—to be independent! And what have I to do with my country and its customs? I asked you nothing about *them*; I know them, and as you know, I have no more to do with them; but I am not ignorant of *yours*, I am well aware that you are not permitted to have two wives; answer me (and truly, if you can) would you not henceforth look upon me as a disgrace to you? Would you not avoid all mention of my name? Would you permit your Bride, your *English wife*, to know of my existence? No answer! I can reply to myself. I will not say any thing of what my love for you was, or is—I will not remind you of all I have risked and lost, from pure, disinterested regard—I will not reproach you with the remembrance of your own protestations—your own *broken* vows of fidelity! It is suffi-

cient for me to know that you love me not, as misery enough that I do know it and live."

She paused—and tears of uncontrollable anguish burst from her eyes—her whole frame quivered with an agony she could not suppress.

"Veerah! Veerah!" exclaimed Edward, starting up and moving towards her, while his early love once more awakened in his bosom. "I do—by Heaven I do, love you better than all the world besides."

"*Love!*" she repeated in a tone of bitter scorn, recovering at the sound of his voice her self-possession. "*Love!*" she again exclaimed, as her eyes flashed with indignation and her figure dilated as she drew back majestically from his grasp. "Call you this poor weak, ebbing and flowing feeling, *Love*? It was not *my* love, when, through all difficulties and all danger, restless by day, sleepless at night, I attended your sick couch! Such is not *my* love when I left my country, my father's

and friends, my home, family, and rank, in the poor hope of meeting you once more! *Hatred* would be better than such love as yours!"

"I have committed a fearful error," said he, in a tone of deep grief, "but alas, it is no longer in my power to remedy it; it is too late for that, but if any arrangement—"

"Arrangement!" she again exclaimed, "what can restore the past? Nothing! What hope is left me for the future? None!" Then retreating towards the door, without any traces of softer feeling than indignant contempt on her countenance, she turned for a moment, and added—"Man! you have driven to desperation the heart that doated on you! Now, go! turn to your *new* victim, and rejoice in the ruin of the *old*!"

The next instant Brereton was alone! For some minutes he was too completely stupified to recal the last words, or comprehend her meaning. And when, at length, they struck on his ear, as the remembrance of some dread-

ful dream, and he found that she was actually *gone*, he started up, and despatching the servants in all directions, to seek her, ordered them on no consideration to return without her. But his orders came too late: the messengers could not learn any tidings of her—she was gone indeed, but none knew whither.

CHAPTER XIII

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it,
The sea-breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky.
Looked pure as the spirit that made it.

JAMES.

If God hath made this earth so fair,
Where Sin and Death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found.

MOORE.

It was yet quite dark when a domestic entered the room of Rawdon and Roehampton, and informed them that horses were already at the door if they would like to ride. They sprung

up with alacrity, and having dressed, and hastily swallowed a cup of coffee which a servant was standing ready to present, they hastened to the verandah, before which the horses and their grooms were standing.

Rostrevor was the only person except themselves who proposed to ride, and they set out in great glee.

“How did you sleep last night?” asked the Major.

“Sleep!” echoed his young friends at once, “I wonder who could sleep in such an infernal din as there was until almost morning.”

“For my part,” added Rawdon, “I believe I had only just consigned myself to Morpheus, when I was aroused by the servant.”

“Why? what was the matter?”

“In the first place a noise like a huge army of frogs, all hurraing together; every now and then varied by a much sharper squall, like an execution among them.”

“You have a fine ear at all events,” returned

the Major, "that noise was made by some unlucky frog pursued and taken prisoner by a snake—any thing else?"

"Oh yes! whole troops of children crying, and more in the distance a growl like that of a young tiger."

"Only jackals and cheetahs—what is your next grievance?"

"There was a man shouting out some uncouth gibberish every few minutes."

"No doubt you would have the Chokedars speak plain English, would you not? It would be a second edition of the story of that countryman of mine in France, who requested the loan of a gridiron—any more miseries?"

"Why yes. It is so very difficult to sleep on dry land, and in a standing bed-place after being accustomed to a swing-cot, and a rolling sea—did you not find it so?"

"I cannot say that I do; but poor Addie has just been complaining of the same feeling: she has scarcely slept all night."

They had hitherto been riding down the Mount Road—the moon-light hardly penetrating through the thick foliage of the banyan trees on either side of them, but now they had arrived in the open space near the bridge before mentioned, and every object was distinctly visible.

Before them lay the fort, bristling with cannon—the moon-beams reflected on its white walls, and buildings, throwing into strong contrast the dark shadows of those angles where it could not penetrate, and giving a rare brilliancy to its appearance. They crossed the bridge, and following the winding of the river, arrived at a long, wide road, close to and running parallel with the sea. Involuntarily they stopped their horses, and gazed with wonder and delight on a scene of beauty that had never before found a place even in their imaginations.

The dark blue vault that canopied this

earthly paradise, was studded with the most brilliant stars, which shone so clearly, so brightly, that it seemed as if those might well be excused, who, being ignorant of the true God, had chosen such objects for worship. The Queen of Heaven was, herself, shining in full glory, and though about to resign for a few short hours her empire, seemed resolved, like some great potentate, to retain all her magnificence up to the very moment of resignation. The light she afforded was abundantly sufficient to render every object distinctly visible. The broad expanse of ocean lay to the left, calm and placid in the distance, but bubbling and roaring, foam-crested and glittering in shore, while a bright line of liquid gold across the trackless deep, showed, as in a mirror, the reflection of the monarch's face; one might almost imagine the waves, in their sparkling beauty, were rejoicing in paying homage, as courtiers, to their sovereign lady.

Before our party lay the gardens of Government House, and the Marine Villa, shaded by gigantic trees: palms of various kinds, with their dark funereal plumage, and straight lofty trunks, formed a striking contrast to the light foliage of the graceful casarina tree, and the delicate and waving bamboo. These last were planted in clumps, and their slender stems, rising frequently to upwards of a hundred feet, their little silvery leaves, which waved and bent with the slightest breath of air, together with the delicate fire-flies that delight to sport beneath their shade, and mimic the stars themselves in brightness, rendered them one of the greatest, and most characteristic ornaments in the scene of loveliness.

The lofty tower of the Scotch Kirk was visible in the distance, and reminded them of home—but the vision was dispelled as their eyes next rested on a part of a regiment encamped on the Island. The white tents glit-

tered in the moon-light, and the groups of elephants, camels, bullocks, and horses, with their keepers and masters sleeping round them, were perfectly Oriental, and no slight addition to the beauty of the landscape.

With slow steps and slackened rein our party rode to the villa—then turned their horses' heads, and bent their way back to the fort. The roads, filled with shipping, were now distinctly visible, and as they again turned to look at the sea, a faint streak of light, of roseate hue, like the bloom on beauty's cheek, was visible above the water. Rostrevor was expatiating on some point in the distant landward landscape, which diverted their attention from the sea for a few minutes—they looked again, in silent, awe-struck admiration. The orb of day sprang above the waters, tinging the surrounding sky with all bright and glowing colours, the dark rich purple and crimson that canopied the sun, softening towards the

meridian sky into mingled tints of rose and azure. And the sea, ever beautiful! now how transcendently lovely! how its blue waves rolled in brightness in the distance, and lay, beneath the sun, one flood of living fire. They turned mechanically towards the west, to view the scene by day-light, but the moon was only just sinking behind the jungle in the distance, and a few stars still glimmered in the purple sky, coy and bashful, hastening to hide their beauties from the glare of day.

Oh it is well worth the trouble of a voyage, to witness such sun-rise, and such moonlight as bless the eye of a sojourner in the East. Depraved indeed, and obstinately perverted, must be the mind that can turn from such scenes, without many a hallowed thought of Him who "gave the sun to rule the day—the moon and stars to govern the night—for His mercy endureth for ever," many an ardent aspiration after the knowledge of the Creator of such

blessings: and cold—and lifeless must be the temperature of him who could leave such a lovely spot, and, satisfied with exclaiming—“Beautiful!” direct mind and conversation to the concerns of the world, its buying, selling, gaining, losing, sordid cares—its petty ambitions, its envyings, and its jealousies—its intrigues, and circumventions, its hollow friendships, and its faithless loves—without one softening touch—or lasting influence from the pure, the lovely, and the good—over his heart and soul.

“If such there be, go—mark him well!” Trust not in him, for he will deceive you—tell him not your wrongs—your griefs—though such as would make angels weep—for he will listen with a calm, pulseless heart, and tearless eye—ask not his advice—still less his assistance—he will *consider* of it—above all—as you would yourself avoid a broken heart—waste not one warm and pure feeling of affection on him—or

her—lest a withered heart—blighted hopes—crushed affections—the long protracted misery of being linked to one whose tastes, feelings, sympathies, have no sympathy with yours, be your portion. Such beings look on warm and enthusiastic expressions—the out pourings of a heart overflowing with love to God and man—as the ravings of romantic absurdity, or the puerilities of a school girl, unworthy of recognition by any man of sense and reason. Oh, REASON! what black crimes are committed against God and man under the shelter of thy name! What selfishness, what hypocrisy, what cold-hearted wickedness sanction themselves by assuming their origin from *thee*! How art thou debased to cloak the intrigues of a politician—the cunning of a tradesman—the faithlessness of a libertine—the callousness of a man of the world—A being of warm and deep feelings, high intellect and strong passions, is sometimes led into deep errors—deeply repented;

—but the life of the opposite class is made up of petty crimes, and (if the term may be used) *ignominious* virtues. The heart of the former has precedence over his head—until sometimes the head forgets its duty—but still it is there—it will assume its lawful station—but the head of the latter predominates until the heart ceases to exist—and the man, because he runs into no outrageous vice—because fierce passion, or violent temper never assails him, thanks God he leads a sober, respectable life—forgetting how much more *he* has to contend with who is born with high sensibilities, keen feelings, strong affections, and a deep, lasting devotion for the beautiful and the good.

What court of equity could blame the lover who broke off his marriage because, when the lady went up Helvelyn to see the sun-rise, and he expected her to be delighted with the beauty of the view, she only exclaimed, in vexation, “Oh, dear! I’ve lost my bag!” How could

any man expect happiness with such a souless being? How could such a woman share his raptures, soothe his sorrows, be his confidant his friend, his wife? Whatever other excellences she might possess, however perfect all other things, whether gifts of mind or grace of body, she could never be a source of happiness to any but a nature like her own.

Our young travellers were far from being such characters—they gazed, and gazed again on the scene, and mechanically they accompanied Rostrevor, when he turned to go home without uttering a word. At length the Major broke the silence.

“ Well! you have now seen an Eastern sunrise in full glory. What think you of it?”

“ Oh, it is wonderful, beautiful, gorgeous beyond our utmost imagination! It seems scarcely earthly. It is a sight never to be erased from the mind, an image of resplendent beauty standing alone in the heart to which v

may recur with delight even years afterwards."

"It is indeed. You will not soon see another spot, so lovely as the beach this morning. Now we must ride fast, or the sun will be disagreeable."

After bathing and dressing they adjourned to the breakfast room, and were surprised to see the table laid for many more guests than the house contained, but this was presently explained by divers visitors dropping in, and sitting down at the table with as much *sang-froid* as if they had been invited. This is the fashion of the country, and is the usual mode gentlemen adopt of paying morning visits.

The table groaned beneath the weight of provisions. Rice, fish, and eggs, mixed up together, and denominated "kedgeroe" seemed the favorite dish—but chops, steaks, sougee, preserves, fresh fruit of various kinds were also extensively patronised.

The bread and butter were the only two articles which did not appear good to the English arrivals—the former resembling a honey comb in appearance, and a sponge in softness, the latter being like very indifferent Devonshire cream.

CHAPTER XIV.

! the love of woman ! It is known
be a lovely and a peaceful thing
of theirs upon that die is thrown,
if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring,
n but memories of the past alone,
their revenge is like the tiger's spring,
, and quick, and crushing, yet as real
e is theirs, what they inflict they feel,
're right, for man to man so oft unjust
ways so to woman."

BYRON.

"Yet she who loves him best is Cleopatra!"

SHAKESPEARE.

half-past seven in the evening, the
gan to assemble to witness the marri-
Captain Brereton and Miss Saville:
pper end of the hall, the pair, with

the bride's-maid and "best man" were to stand while the numerous visitors ranged themselves in a semicircle so that all might have a view of the ceremony.

Captain Brereton had arrived before, and although every person noticed his pale, haggard appearance, no one remarked upon him; and the bride-elect being invisible, passed off as merely the effect of nervous excitement.

At length all the expected guests had arrived. The gentlemen glittering in gorgeous forms—the simple white dresses of the ladies being enriched by the aid of handsome jewels. Horace and Roehampton wore, for the first time, the costume of their corps, and were not the least conspicuous members of the brilliant group, while Rostrevor, in his simple, chaste, Horse-Artillery uniform, aided the effect of the *coup d'œil*, by subduing the glare of the otherwise too predominant s

The *padre* was waiting to perform his office, an awkward pause of expectation followed, each one wondering and conjecturing why the bridegroom did not appear.

"Where the devil can Brereton be?" exclaimed Mr. Turton, at length, "what a time he is over his toilet! If he is going to be married he need not spend the evening in dressing himself!"

"You had better send to enquire when he will be ready," observed Mrs. Turton, who had just entered the room. "Miss Savillé is quite prepared to appear, but of course, he must be ready to meet her."

"Boy! go tell Brereton Sahib that the *padre* is come!"

The boy returned saying that Captain Brereton's door was locked, and he could not make him hear.

"What whim can this be?" exclaimed Mr. Turton—and leaving the party to comment

and conjecture on the strange behaviour of the bridegroom, he went to seek the recreant, and knocking at the door, begged admittance.

After some little delay, Brereton opened the door, and came out dressed in full uniform. Mr. Turton was about to utter some light joke and rally him on his indolence, when he observed that his face was as pale as marble, his lips bloodless, his whole countenance that of a man who was extremely ill both in mind and body.

“My dear fellow! I am sorry to see you look so—I was going to say, ill—unwell certainly. Come, this will not do, try stimulus brandy, wine, at least; what is good for heroes must be good for bridegrooms. Brandy for both! you must get a little more blood in your cheek before you meet the bride, I can tell you—come! brandy!”

“No,” said Brereton, striving for composure
“no, wine. I am not well, I confess, but wine

will be potent enough—it ‘makes glad the heart of man,’ you know,” he added, with a ghastly attempt to smile, and then drank a large glass-full with eager haste.

The genial beverage was not quite without its imputed good effects; the bridegroom at last entered the hall, with looks more suited to the lover, and the occasion.

Turton went to bring Miss Saville, who appeared leaning on his arm, and followed by the two bride’s maids. They were conducted to their several stations, and the ceremony began.

The purdahs of both Verandahs were drawn up to admit the fresh sea-breeze, and as it was moonlight, the grounds and country beyond were distinctly though darkly visible, A solemn stillness reigned around.

The ceremony was almost completed when Brereton suddenly lost every tinge of his half-regained colour, and trembled violently; his

eyes seemed fixed on some object in the distance—he supported himself with difficulty until the benediction was pronounced, and then he dropped senseless on the ground.

What caused his emotion? opposite to him in the verandah stood Veerah, more radiant than ever.

She had exchanged her scarlet robe for white silk one of similar form. Her head was encircled with a coronet of lambent flame, formed of innumerable fireflies which she had artfully entangled in the finest gauze. They threw a strange, unearthly light on her pale countenance; and as a thing of brightness, she stood before him, her figure thrown into strong relief by the darkness that surrounded her, she appeared to his diseased fancy, the semblance of a supernatural being! What spectre can the Charnel send so terrific as the form of an injured friend!

She bent forwards and gazed with intense

eagerness on the ceremony. No wonder that the sudden encounter of her mournful, but indignant eye had affected Brereton even thus powerfully.

The greatest consternation prevailed in the assembly, and while some were assigning one cause for his indisposition, and some another, he was raised and laid on a sofa, and powerful restoratives applied.

After an alarming interval he opened his eyes, stared wildly round, as if in search of some one, and exclaimed, "Where is she? where has she gone?"

Naturally supposing the question to relate to the bride, Mr. Turton brought her forward, and Brereton, now more collected, rejoiced in the error, and declared himself perfectly recovered, and quite able to rise, merely adding in apology, that "he was liable to such attacks."

The carriage was now ordered, and the

bridal pair drove off together to their  bungalow.

A cloud had fallen over the party that remained—"such an occurrence was so unusual, so very unaccountable, they had never witnessed so ill-omened a marriage." The ladies with one voice, congratulated themselves that they were not in Mrs. Brereton's place, they should be quite wretched; while the gentlemen thought the bridegroom, with his death-like countenance and fainting fit, quite as unenviable a person.

We soon, however, cease to lament the troubles of our friends, and under the influence of good wine, and a sumptuous banquet, the spirits of the party were speedily restored.

We will leave them honouring with bumper and three times three, Mr. Turton's toast "The Bride and Bridegroom, and years of happiness to them," and follow the married pair to their quiet, lovely abode.

Before they reached it, Brereton, ever the

creature of immediate impulse and present excitement, forgot in the happiness of the moment all his previous misery, his countenance reassumed the joyous expression most natural to it, his words and tones were those of love, he felt that as the past was irremediable, it was useless to think of it—he would look forward to the future ; he was united for life to the woman of his choice—he loved, and was beloved—and no longer could a consciousness of guilt mingle with his bliss.

He tenderly embraced his young wife, as on the threshold he bade her welcome to “ *her home*,” and leaning fondly on his arm, she entered the house which her lover-husband had studiously decorated for her reception. A repast was prepared by his orders in the room which he had designed for her dressing-room.

“ This is to be our sanctum, my love,” said he, “ see here are your favourite books, your piano and guitar—here we shall pass some of our happiest hours—here, at least, (let the

world without toil, and strive, and fever it (as it may,) here, at least, *we* shall be happy.

She replied, as those who love deeply reply to the loved one—and thus they talked, during their repast, as lovers will talk—of the joyous present, of the happy future—of mutual pleasures and pursuits—of domestic calm and affection—of all that youth, freedom, fortune and love can promise to smiling hope!

“And all was merry as a marriage bell.”

When on a sudden, an icy pang shot once more through Brereton. He scarcely had power to reach the sofa, or to reply to the bride’s terrified exclamation for a physician instantly.

At last, however, with painful and obvious effort, he spoke—

“No, no, dearest, it will pass presently—sit by my side—sit near to me, and talk to me.”

She did so—chafing his hand, and gazing on his pale face with breathless alarm—but when she asked if he felt better, he replied—

"Indeed, dearest one, I am not ! I am strangely ill—*so* ill—can this be Death ?"

Struck with horror, the poor alarmed bride flew from the room to despatch a chit to the physician, and to summon domestics. On her return she was terrified when she perceived the alteration that had taken place in his appearance even during the few seconds of her absence.

A cold perspiration now stood, in large drops, on his forehead—his hair was damp, his features contracted—his hand cold, lifeless, clammy—his lips were parched, and the heavy eyelids closed his eyes.

In agonies of terror, she applied restoratives of every description, chafed again and again his death-like hand in hers, and wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead. In an interval of comparative ease, he opened his eyes heavily and evidently recognised her—she stopped and imprinted a fervent kiss on his lips ; but at that moment she was violently torn away by

a dark, but young and lovely woman, who hastily approached, and assumed the wife's station by the side of the sufferer. She knelt, and took his hand—felt his pulse—placed her hand on his heart, and recognised with apparent pleasure its languid movements—then, in a voice, broken by wild and fierce emotion, exclaimed, turning to the wretched wife, “’Tis well ! this is as it should be ! Think you he who had once been mine should live to be another’s ? No ! he was my own in life, he shall be mine in death ! I have killed him ! I, who would have shed my heart’s blood for him—who abandoned all else for his sake—I have killed him ! He is poisoned, and no earthly power can now save him or separate us ! He was false, false to *me*, and it has cost him his life ! See, I told you so,” she exclaimed, growing wilder and wilder, and gesticulating like a maniac, “ see, he is gone !”

A convulsive shudder passed over his whole frame—his lips moved—one long, heavy sigh

burst from them, and he was, indeed, at rest ! Harriett sprang forward to support him in her arms, but overcome by terror, anguish, and despair, she sank unconscious, on the ground. The domestics, with that horror which the natives ever have, of pollution from contact with the dead, occupied themselves in transporting the wretched widow to another apartment.

Veerah looked around, and found herself once more with him whom she had loved so fatally. Her frenzy took another turn—she fancied him asleep—seated herself in a half-reclining attitude on the sofa, and raising his head gently, placed it where it had so often before been pillowed—on her bosom. She gazed on him with touching softness and love, “Edward ! my own—my treasure ! you sleep soundly—waken, love ! wake ! Will not even a kiss awaken you ? What is this ? Where are we ? This is not *our* room ?” She gazed, with a bewildered air around. Again the truth flashed on her mind, and in low, deep tones she

said, " Ah! I know it now? This is revenge I remember—I was to revenge my wrong I am revenged—oh, how fearfully! Why I not leave him to be happy? He might have been so! Why should I kill him as well myself! Was that LOVE? But he is now dead. Speak to me—speak to me once more my own, my precious one! Not once! Will those eyes never look on me again? Will he never, never again kiss me? Then it is indeed time that we were once more together! The living and the dead? No! but the dead to the dead can be united!"

She hung tenderly over the inanimate form, she kissed him again and again, and when that exertion became too great she still held him all tenderly encircled within her arms. The films of death were rapidly closing her eyes—langour was stealing over her frame, accompanied by the occasional convulsive movement of an acute paroxysm of suffering. But love still conquered, even in the agony of dissolution—and

she grasped more closely to her bosom the cold form of her lover.

The physician entered the room—he paused as his eyes fell on the scene. Brereton's head rested still on her faithful breast, her arms were around him, her matchless face had sunk on his head, and her cheek was half concealed by the thick curls on which it was pillowed.

Dashing the tears from his eyes the physician advanced, he spoke, but there was none to reply—“*the dead—to the dead—was indeed united!*”

CHAPTER XV.

Yea hope and despondence—and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain,
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge,
'Tis the close of an eye, 'tis the draw of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud !

MONTGOMERY.

I answered, if 'tis not amiss, I'd like to marry you.

OLD SONG.

SHALL we be forgiven if we once more trespass on the kindness and patience of our reader, while we accompany our travellers in their sight-seeing at Madras. The habits of life,

may even the modes of thought and action are so essentially different that none but those very intimately acquainted with both England and India, can enter into the feelings, or customs of Indian society—and it is in order to make the reader perfectly *au-fait* at these that we venture to digress so much—we use the privilege for the last time.

On the morning after the marriage mentioned in our last chapter, the whole party once more set out on an excursion to a distant part of Madras, where the Female Asylum is situated: an immense building, the long school, work and sleeping apartments of which are capable of containing, with comfort, from four to five hundred persons.

It was originally intended for the orphan daughters of European soldiers, but now contains many children of English officers by native mothers, so that every shade of complexion, from the fairest to the darkest may be found within its walls. The grounds attached

to the institution are very extensive, and the inmates never go beyond its precincts except upon some extraordinary occasion.

Notwithstanding this seclusion, the girls usually marry at an early age—an assertion which seems difficult to believe, judging by English customs—as no man is ever allowed to enter the place without a pass. But this presents no difficulties in an Eastern courtship --- we manage things better.

The husbands are usually English soldiers—and when they feel disposed to take to themselves wives, and set up for domestic characters, they apply to their commanding officer who furnishes them with a pass, addressed to the matron, stating their good character and “honorable intentions,” as well as their desire to form a matrimonial connection with one of the “young ladies of the establishment.”

Armed with this precious billet, and dressed in full regimentals, he presents himself to the mistress of the institution, and under her

escort, parades through the rooms, observes the worthy assemblage, and finally points out the one who excites most admiration. The lady herself then favors him with a private interview, and usually accepts him---the fashionable phrase of denial, "I'm engaged, sir!" being, as I am assured, a very rare word among these young women.

The lover presents her with the Bridal dress ---the directors furnish a stipulated wardrobe, and they are married forthwith---no troublesome questions being asked as to knowledge of domestic concerns---fitness for married life, &c. with which themes her acquaintance is invariably, and absolutely---nil---

No wonder that these Eur-Asians, Indo-Britons, or (to use the more approbious epithet bestowed on them), half-castes—make such miserable, tawdry, reckless, unfaithful wives as they are notorious for doing. Such a system inevitably occasions such results. Yet no one appears to consider it a singular mode of pro-

ceeding, and perhaps it would be difficult things considered to suggest any better.

On returning home from visiting this ordinary institution, the thoughts of our naturally reverted to the marriage then witnessed on the preceding evening—the contrasting it with one which had then taken place at St. George's, in which then was one of the asylum girls, and then conjecturing the probable fate of then when, as the carriage entered the compartment, a servant placed in Mr. Turton's hand a paper, deeply edged with black, on which printed the following words—

“ The friends of the late (Brereton are respectfully informed that remains will be interred in the Fort ground, at half-past six this evening.

“ ADYA

Oct.— 182—

"God of Heaven !" he exclaimed, as he read the words, scarcely able to distinguish their meaning, or to credit the evidence of his senses, "he surely cannot be dead !"

"Who—who is dead ?" exclaimed every voice at once.

"Brereton ! how sudden, how awful !"

"He appeared ill last night—but this is so very sudden—so melancholy too."

"Poor Harriet !" said Mrs. Turton, "we had better go immediately and see if we can render any assistance."

They drove off instantly—and while Mrs. Turton sought the wretched, widowed bride, her husband entered the chamber of death, and learnt all that was known of the cause of the catastrophe. The recital was a harrowing one—the contemplation of death is at all times awful, sudden death especially—but there was something *horrible* in this. Guilt and its punishment were indeed fearfully united, and the

love and crime of Veerah were awful instances of the effect of unbridled passion.

Mrs. Turton now joined her husband, having found the unhappy, widowed bride under the influence of powerful opiates which the doctor had found it necessary to administer to her. At present, therefore, she was, happily herself, perfectly unconscious---and she was removed, without being aware of the change, to the house which she had left, a few hours before, a gay and joyous bride. Alas! for her awaking from such a state---for the knowledge of all the truth! Who would not wish that they had never been aroused from their stupor?

As the evening drew nigh, the composition was thronged with carriages, the coffin was closed and placed in the hearse, the dismal procession formed, and before one short day and night had elapsed from the time of his marriage the last "farewell" shot was fired over the grave of Edward Brereton.

The young widow soon afterwards returned

to England, unable to endure the country where she had seen such deep affliction. She was beautiful, and wealthy, and many have aspired to her hand---but although his name never passes her lips, her heart is with him who so fearfully paid for one fatal error---she will never marry again.

E're she left Madras, she had an urn placed beneath the tamarind tree, under which repose the ashes of the loving Indian girl. She who had herself loved Brereton could best pardon the love of one who felt---and in the eye of Heaven *had* a prior claim to his affection. "She is beyond our pity, or our blame---I can but lament over her, and him, and my own wrecked happiness---but I must not forget that she was, in her own sight, innocent---that I, unconsciously, had destroyed her Eden---above all, loving *him* I cannot forget that he loved her."

* * * * *

The gloom which this event cast over all the most every circle at Madras soon wore away, and the residence of our travellers with their hospitable friend being now very near its close, they were glad to avail themselves of the little time that remained, to see as much as possible.

They visited the fort and arsenal, the cenotaph, &c., &c., and then taking leave of their kind hosts, recrossed the surf, and found themselves once more on board the Orwell.

As they rapidly approached the land of their destination, the prospect of a speedy separation united the friends more closely than ever.

Both the young men felt deep regret at the thought of losing Major Rostrevor's society; Rawdon especially, who had acquired the habit of consulting him in every emergency, and confiding almost every thought to him, became painfully aware that he could almost as easily part from a near and dear relative—while little Adelaide's incessant regrets that dear Horace

must leave them, added not a little to his sorrow.

However, things are never in so bad a state that they could not possibly be worse. He had the comfort of remembering that his friend and brother, Roehampton, would still be the partner of his military career, and rejoiced that as they belonged to the same regiment he should at least retain one friend near him.

Such elaborate descriptions of "the City of Palaces," have been given to the public by various authors, that I am sure those who honor my pages with a perusal, will pardon me for not stopping to dilate on its beauties. Suffice it then, that our friends landed safely, and separated with mutual regret to join their stations, Major Rostrevor being quartered at Dum Dum—while Rawdon and Roehampton proceeded at once to Cawnpore.

Of the voyage up the Ganges, the beautiful banks on either side the immense stream—the alligators who feast on dead bodies that super-

stitution consigns to the sacred waves, with "other choice matters," we might speak, but that we have weightier affairs on hand. The friends reached Cawnpore in safety, and were received by their brother officers, the gentlemen of the gallant — Light Dragoons, with open heart.

The young cornets were delighted with their reception—they were no longer strangers—isolated beings—particles of dust in creation—they were members of one of the most united and distinguished corps in the army—they were met as friends, and treated as brothers, by men who had shared in the campaigns of the Peninsular, and fought at Waterloo. Men on whom Wellington had smiled—and whom Picton had praised. Well might such ardent spirits as the new arrivals pant with all the eagerness of noble minds, for some opportunity of proving that they were worthy of such companionship.

On the other hand, the senior officers of the

regiment were equally gratified by the addition to its number: accustomed to study character, they discerned at once the spirit of the youths, and felt certain that they would prove as daring comrades in the field, as pleasant associates in the mess-room.

All parties were therefore more than satisfied with one exception; this discontented individual was the senior captain, Perkyns, but as he stood alone in every other respect, as well as in this, we will imitate the conduct of his brother officers, and give him a chapter to himself.

CHAPTER XVI.

" Sir your company is fairer than honest ;
Rest you well:

* * * * *

Alack ! when once our grace we have forgot
Nothing goes right, we would and we would not!

* * * * *

Yet I am thankful ! if my heart were great
I would burst at this ; Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink and sleep as soft
As Captain small ; simply the thing I am
Shall make me live."

SHAKESPEARE,

" —Such men have no honour,
They have but their vile lives, and these are spared,"

BYRON.

CAPTAIN PERKYNS, the only son of a deceased naval officer, had entered the army under as favorable auspices as ever a fond mother could

desire for her son, notwithstanding he had had the misfortune to lose his father in an engagement, before he was at an age to profit by his care, or receive control from his authority.

He had friends who were at once able and willing to advance his interests, and as they had procured him a commission in one of the crack regiments in the service, and had promised to ensure his rapid promotion, every one expected that his career would be a brilliant and successful one.

And so it might have been, but for two unfortunate circumstances; he had acquired a passion for gambling, and he was entirely devoid of strength of character; in other words he wanted principle. He was not, at least in the commencement of his life, designedly wicked, but he did not exert himself to pursue the right course, when the wrong one promised greater advantages. He had violent passions, which drew him into difficulties, and once involved, instead of retracing his steps and

courageously facing danger, he went on in old track, even though certain that great difficulties, or even disgrace would finally be the inevitable consequence. Thus, although by no means deficient in animal courage although he had conducted himself gallantly in the field, yet he was essentially a coward.

As senior captain of the — Light Dragoons, he was sent to India with the regiment, and on the voyage out, he fell desperately in love with a young, pretty, and exceedingly ill-educated, (really it is too complimentary to use the word *educated* at all) half-caste girl, one who at the time of their marriage might well have “sat” for the soft wife of Clubb, which perhaps is one of Crabbe’s best characters. Her husband thought it the easiest thing possible to rule a simple child of sixteen, one who never enquired about his engagements, nor grumbled at his late hours who made no unpleasant inuendoes as to his

bachelor friends, nor asked at what lady's house he "tiffed."

"Say but his will, no question would she ask,
She sought no reasons, no affairs she knew,
Of business spoke not and had nought to do,"

except to dress herself in the most becoming style. Perkyns was proud of the admiration she excited, and as there were few ladies in the regiment she became a very popular person.

Conscious of her beauty she had no desire to "waste it on the desert air," and entered, nothing loth, into all the gaities of the cantonment. This of course entailed giving parties, as well as frequenting them elsewhere, and as both were too proud to appear at all inferior to their neighbours, they launched into expenses which were quite incompatible with their income.

This course continued for three or four years after his marriage, in which time he began to

find his wife's, apparently, ductile character assume a very different appearance; she became excessively fond of dissipation, so that when he awoke to the state of his affairs, he really feared for the consequences of his extravagance, she resisted every attempt to economise, until he found his creditors numerous and importunate, his resources completely exhausted—and his credit destroyed.

No half measures could now be adopted; he was compelled to dispose of all his plate, and to remain in as much seclusion as was compatible with his profession. No one visited him; he shrunk from encountering cold looks, and found that he had quite lost caste among his former associates.

He was returning one morning from park when a gentleman came up to him, and said, "Perkyns, what an age it is since we saw you any where! What, in the name of fortune, have you been doing with yourself?"

"'Pon my word, I cannot tell—nothing, I believe."

"Well!" resumed the other, "I know you are a capital judge of horse-flesh, and if you have no objection I will leave this animal under your care to dispose of for me, as I am going to Calcutta, and most likely thence to England—and I want to get rid of him."

"What price do you wish for him?"

"Whatever you can get. It is of no use to let him eat his value in the stable, and I know you will do me justice, so I will send him to you to-morrow."

The horse accordingly made his appearance next day, and the gentleman soon after set out on his voyage to Calcutta.

That evening, for the first time during many long months, Perkyns was invited to a party, where, among other games, whist was introduced. He joined a table: he had just received his month's pay, and like many other

gamblers, thought he would only hazard a small sum, of little comparative consequence, and whether he lost or won, would not tempt him to hazard his fortune further. He soon lost it all—and at the loss came the recollection of the petty sacrifices he should have to make, paltry but imperative wants he should have to endure from his bad fortune with even a trivial sum. Like all lost things, now this was beyond his recall, its importance became wonderfully increased. He thought too of his wife's reproaches, and then drowned the recollection in a tumbler of claret: this gave him courage—he played again—lost—drank—played—lost—and rose from the table, as dawned, without a single cash in his possession—very considerably in arrears, and knowing one single person of whom he could borrow.

His wife, meantime, had been at a different party, and had returned home very late in

carriage of Mr. —, a rich civilian of the district, who, attracted by her appearance and manners, and encouraged by the absence of her husband, had been unremitting in his attention to her during the whole evening.

"I hope you will permit me to renew so pleasant an acquaintance at your own house," said he as he handed her out of the carriage as she reached home; "such an evening as this has been ought not to fade away, and leave no trace of its existence—it cannot indeed wear from my remembrance; may I not hope that you too will sometimes recal it with pleasure?"

She made an indistinct reply—such however as induced him to venture on saluting her as she alighted, and to assure her he would call next day.

Perkyns, still half intoxicated, and not a little out of humour, listened with no complacency to the account which his wife gave, when they next met, of the pleasant evening

she had spent, and the agreeable acquaintance she had made.

“ I wish,” said he with an oath, “ that you would stay at home, as a woman ought to do, and mind your house, instead of leaving everything to the mercy of servants, while you are showing-off at parties—and I desire that Mr. — is not admitted when he calls; he is not by any means the sort of person with whom a woman can be intimate; he is considered a most disreputable character.”

“ Did you say,” replied his lady, turning towards him with the utmost *sang-froid*, “ that your character is a most disreputable one? I am sorry to hear it, although I confess I suspected it long ago. As to Mr. —, he is a very agreeable, gentlemanly person, and I certainly will not be a party to the insult of refusing to admit him into the house. By the bye, I am going to Colonel —’s to-morrow—I will bring some money; I have not any.”

"And I fear you are not likely to have, at least, at present, Madam, for I have not a single cowrie in the world."

Mutual and violent recrimination followed this announcement, and how long they would have remained in altercation is uncertain, had not a visiter been just then introduced.

He was a stranger who had come to enquire about a horse, of which he was informed the Captain wished to dispose. They proceeded together to the stables to inspect the animal. The stranger admired it much, and asked its price.

"Eight hundred rupees."

"That is dear, I think; however, as I fancy he will suit me better than any other I have seen, I will take him, and send you an order on my agent for the money."

It was, in fact, considerably more than Perkins had expected to receive, and when the order was cashed, and in his hands, came the

consideration that the owner would not expect nearly so much—his own wants pressed strongly on him, and finally he sent four hundred as the price of the horse—and kept the remainder, fervently trusting that the transaction might never be revealed.

After this occurrence, he lived for some time very quietly, contracted no more debts, and peremptorily forbade Mr. — to be admitted to the house—a measure fully justified by the well known character of that person. He began to flatter himself that his fraud would never be discovered.

It so happened, however, that the officer who had entrusted him with the horse for sale, returned unexpectedly to Cawnpore, and meeting the purchaser, immediately recognised the animal on which he rode.

“Fine creature, don’t you think so?” said the gentleman who had bought him.

“Very, indeed,” replied the other, “and if

you chance to part with him, I will gladly give you the cost price again."

"No!" said he, "I do not intend parting with him, as he suits me exactly! indeed I do not think any one else would like to give the exorbitant price I did: he cost me so much I must keep him now."

"Four hundred rupees does not appear to me to be a very large sum for such a horse."

"No—but I gave eight."

"Eight hundred rupees! you surely must be mistaken. It cannot be the same then, and yet—"

"Do you know the horse? I bought him of Captain Perkyns—and he can tell you that was the price."

"Are you quite sure?" replied the other. "I may appear intrusive, but I have very particular reasons for the enquiry."

"Oh, there can be no mistake—for I have the agent's receipt for the money."

The injured owner went immediately to

Captain Perkyns, who, desperate and almost mad, positively declared he received only four hundred.

An investigation was necessarily entered into—the agent's books and receipt proved that they had paid Captain Perkyns eight hundred rupees, on account of the gentleman who had purchased the horse—the affair was laid before the proper authorities, and the delinquent placed under arrest, previous to a Court-Martial being held on his conduct—the charge setting forth that he had been “guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, disgraceful to himself and the corps in which he had the honour of serving;” and then followed count first—count second—and so on.

The utmost indignation was felt by every man in the corps, and there was no doubt whatever that he would meet with the heaviest punishment with which an officer can be visited—while the general voice would certainly pronounce it to be well merited.

He, of course, remained under close arrest, and his wife, who felt bitterly the ruin of her prospects, which must ensue on his disgrace, paid that attention to decorum from selfish considerations that no affection she felt for him would have prompted, and maintained the utmost seclusion.

Matters were in this state on the evening before the Court-Martial, and Perkyns was endeavouring to drown his fearful anticipations of the ruin and disgrace which awaited him on the morrow, in copious libations of brandy, when Mr. —, whom he had formerly excluded from his house, was announced.

“ I do not know whether I must still consider myself an intruder,” said he with an appearance of frankness. “ Believe me, Captain Perkyns, I feel most sincere sympathy in your misfortunes, and should have expressed them in person, long ago, but as I never was so happy as to find you at home on any of my visits previous to this event, I had many doubts whe-

ther I should now gain admittance. ^{IV}
earnest wish to serve you has, however, indu~~ce~~
me to trespass on the rules of etiquette, and
now hope that if any assistance be in my pow~~r~~
you will permit me to render it."

"You are very kind, I am sure," replied the
culprit, catching at the semblance of friendshi
"and I would gratefully accept your offer, b
that Captain —— is so much incensed, I
could not, I think, be induced to listen to an
extenuating representations, and if he appe
as witness against me, I have not, I fear,
chance of escape."

A pause ensued, which was broken by M
—— observing—"Then supposing he d
not come forward, your affairs might not be
quite so desperate a situation."

"Certainly not! They must have positiv
evidence which he alone can furnish—if I
could be induced to suppress it;—but there is
possibility of that, I need not think of it."

"It is indeed a very difficult case," resumed the other, "but not, I think, quite hopeless—however, I must not waste precious time here, if I intend to prove myself your friend—and I think I can, in some degree, assist you; so good bye for the present."

"You are very kind, I am sure."

"No, I only intend to be so—I trust now you will believe that I am well disposed towards you."

Captain Perkyns was warm in his acknowledgements, although as yet he had received no positive proof of sincerity, and, in fact, could not divest himself of sundry misgivings, as to the ulterior views of Mr. ——— in thus countenancing and taking up the cause of, a man who was shunned by every one else. He was not, however, in a position to be any particular in his choice of associates, and, having experienced only indignant scorn from every other person, he had learnt to value even the appearance of kindness.

Mr. —— stepped into his carriage, and drove to Captain ——'s bungalow, the gentleman at whose instigation the Court-Martial had been called.

Introducing himself he said, that, " pitying the state of destitution into which Perkyns and his family would be thrown, if he were turned, with disgrace, out of the service, he had taken the liberty of calling and appealing to his generosity on behalf of the guilty but miserable man."

Captain —— replied in his usual manly and straight-forward manner, that it was quite impossible for him to alter his present line of proceeding—that he had only done his bounden duty to his country, and the service to which he had the honour of belonging, in exposing the conduct of a man who was a disgrace to both : he finally added that he was surprised even a friend of Captain Perkyns should attempt to appeal on his behalf, as he must be well aware that no man of honour would ever again asso-

case with him, even supposing an occurrence so out of the course of probability as an acquittal.

"I am no friend whatever to the man," replied Mr. —, "on the contrary, his conduct to me has been on more than one occasion, almost the reverse of friendly. I am actuated therefore by no motive, but of pity for one who has fought in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and who has, by the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, been led into such a crime. He has injured you, I know, but forgiveness is the noblest sort of revenge, and I had hoped—"

"Let me explain myself clearly," said Captain —. "I do not act from any ridiculous impulse of anger at the paltry loss I have sustained, it is not worth a moment's consideration—I simply feel that duty requires my present line of conduct—I should not chose to associate with such a man myself, and I am sure the gallant men of the — would ill endure such a comrade."

"Yet those who are the most correct in their own conduct are ever most generous and forgiving to the sins of others," replied the advocate; and after a long discussion the Captain was so touched with the picture his visiter drew of the disgrace and misery that would be the inevitable lot of a man who had formerly, at least, distinguished himself in the service of his country, that, at last, much against his feelings, and, as he declared, in violation of his principles, he consented to withdraw the charge, and decline giving evidence on the following day.

"I am deeply indebted to you," said Mr. —, rising, "I am almost tempted to rejoice in an occurrence which, however unfortunate in itself, has been the happy means of introducing me to you; I trust you will do me the honour and justice to consider me as your friend. By the bye—are you any relative of my second assistant? the name is similar."

"He is my eldest son."

"Indeed! then I do congratulate you, for I never met so young a man with more decided talent, or a more excellent character—I shall be most happy to cement our friendship by appointing him to the senior assistantship as soon as possible. Indeed, he himself merits promotion, and as your son, he may henceforth command my best services."

"I beg, sir," replied Captain — starting up, with all a soldier's nicety of "honour—that you will not compel me to retract my promise by promoting my son, however deservedly, at this junction. It would be highly culpable on my part, to accept such a favour; I fear my conduct has already been wrong, in pledging myself to silence—but I will never add to it by taking anything like a bribe; my honour, at least, shall be intact."

He bowed coldly as his visiter withdrew, who immediately returned to Captain Perkyns, and told him what had occurred, adding, "you may now be quite easy as to the whole affair."

"Do you really think so?" said he; "suppose he were to change his mind—he might, you know, for there were no witnesses of his promise."

"A man of honour requires no other witness to a transaction than his own conscience."

"Sir!"

"My dear fellow, I meant no offence, none whatever, upon my soul—and I hope now, Perkins," he concluded, as he rose, "that we understand each other and are friends."

He retired and left his *friend* to meditations which few would envy.

The Captain was too much a man of the world not to be aware that there must be some adequate cause for such extraordinary demonstrations of regard: that no stranger would take so much trouble for a man whose reputation was eternally blasted, if he were not influenced thereto by some powerful motive; and his heart sank as he contemplated the

return which might be required from him. In his own secret soul, he did not believe even in the professed disinterestedness of Captain —— and thought he must have been induced to alter his determination by some powerful and weighty *consideration* from Mr. —— to whom therefore, the imagined debt of gratitude was greater than the real one. Conscious of his own want of integrity he could not believe that the motives of others were pure ; and knowing that he would not himself act as Captain —— had promised to do, without a bribe, he unhesitatingly assured himself that, in that respect, at least, Captain —— was no more than his equal—or, that, if he had indeed refused Mr. ——'s patronage for his son, he would not suppress the evidence in court.

Either way the dilemma was a most painful one, and he hardly knew whether it were wise to desire an acquittal, since he was sure that

Mr. ——— was not so immaculate a character as to exert himself for a mere stranger with no prospect of an equivalent.

At length the hour which was to decide fate arrived, and trembling with agitation, took his place before the court.

Mr. ——— was not present, as Perkyns had almost hoped he would be, and no one came near, or spoke one encouraging or sympathising word to him. The usual formalities were gone through, and Captain ——— was called upon for his evidence.

He approached the table where the judges were sitting, and to the extreme astonishment of every one present said, "Aware that I cannot justify my present line of conduct to myself, I do not hope that it will meet with the approbation of the court: nevertheless, I am compelled to state that I must hazard whatever character I may possess for consistency by declining to give any evidence whatever on this occasion."

Perkyns turned a look of surprise and gratitude on the speaker, but Captain —— took no notice whatever of it, continuing in the same decided tone. “I need not say that it is not from any regard for the prisoner that I have determined on this line of conduct. I am, I solemnly declare, influenced by no feeling whatever, but a conviction that, in giving the prisoner time and opportunity to retrieve the past, I am acting in accordance with the will of that Higher Power before whom we must all one day stand. I have nothing to gain by suppressing my evidence, but, on the contrary, every thing that I most value to lose, should my silence affect the proceedings of the court, as I believe it will; for I know no greater pleasure than that which I enjoy in the friendship of the noble officers of the regiment to which the prisoner belongs, and I am well aware that I do not prove my regard for them by this extraordinary line of conduct.”

"Then," said the President, "are we to understand, Captain ———, that you decline to give any evidence whatever?"

"Such, sir, I regret to say, is my first determination."

A consultation followed among the members of the court, some point was violently argued and then the chief rose, and said in a voice loud and distinct that every syllable was audible to all the assembly—

"Captain Perkyns, from the deficiency of evidence of your guilt, not from any hope of belief of your innocence, we are by the merciful constitution of our laws, compelled, we must say, reluctantly, to declare you innocent of the charges brought against you. We say reluctantly, for although your sword is indeed returned to you, and your position in your regiment remains nominally the same, you must yourself be aware that it is essentially altered. Of the motives of Captain ——— in

declining to give us the testimony necessary for your conviction, I need not say any thing, except that his spotless fame as a man of principle and a gentleman places him, above the possibility of either suspicion or reproach, (Captain —— bowed lowly,) and for you, therefore, no course remains but that of endeavouring, for the future, to obliterate the remembrance of the past, and thus prove, in the way the most agreeable to Captain —— your repentance and gratitude. Of your obligations to him I need not speak—they are obviously such as you can never repay, for of course there is no doubt whatever in the mind of any one of us of the hopelessness of your case, had he appeared in evidence against you. Captain Perkyne, you are released from arrest, and will resume your regimental duties.”

The culprit returned home overjoyed at his escape although, in all that dense crowd, not one person was found to congratulate him on the decision of the court.

When he entered his compound the first thing that met his eye was Mr. —'s carriage and horses standing under the shade of some tall tamarind trees—the coachman and grooms fast asleep; the master of the equipage was in the house.

“Ha! I see we may wish you joy,” he exclaimed when Perkyns entered the room, “I drove here intending to go with you, but I found you had already left, and Mrs. Perkyns was so nervous as to the result, (very unnecessarily so, as I assured her) that I did not like to leave her until your return.”

This speech gave not a few wretched feelings to the hearer. He had indeed paid, and ~~was~~ to pay dearly for such an acquittal. He ~~would~~ have liked well to have turned Mr. — out of the house, but he felt he was in his power—that he had accepted his services, well knowing the price that must be paid for them.

He resumed his regimental duties, but no

the corps carried his acquaintance with the white-washed senior Captain beyond the ordinary official communication. His brother had another cause of disgust—Captain — knowing no reason for preserving silence on the subject, had mentioned Mr. — in earnest conversation and entreaties, as a witness of his suppression of evidence. For some time every one felt that it was unreasonable why Mr. — should interfere at all in the affair—a man by no means notorious for the violence of character—but the position of the parties was so evident as soon to solve the mystery. It seemed as if Perkyns had fallen lower than even the lowest position in the hierarchy of the other men of the —.

Many years had elapsed from the period of the transactions to the time when Rawdon Champton joined the corps, but the name had never been forgotten, and the young man found the senior Captain, senior Captain —, and residing, although *Cawnpore* was

the station of the regiment, at a town celebrated (as the geography books say) for its ribbon manufactures, and its story of Lady Godiver and Peeping Tom. In other words, Captain Perkyns was still at Coventry.

CHAPTER XVII.

* * * * *

" Ah ! do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Though tears were on his cheek.
Go, watch the foremost ranks
In danger's dark career !
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has wiped away a tear !"

HAYNES BAYLEY.

RAWDON and Roehampton were speedily initiated into the duties belonging to their situation as cornets: they found themselves by no means overburdened with their military engagements, and had ample time to form an acquaintance

with all the most agreeable people in the cantonment. They entered gladly into a society so hospitable, so pleasant that they were immediately at home in it, and by the end of November were intimate with all the principal people in Cawnpore.

But pleasant as balls and dinner parties were it was not for the sake of enjoying *them* that our friends had entered the Army. When therefore, the regiment received orders to march to Bhurtpore all was joy and activity, and they made preparations for a siege with infinitely more glee than they would have done for the most delightful excursion that could have been proposed to them, if its aim had been on peace.

Their pleasure was, however, diminished by a letter which Rawdon received from Rostrevor, announcing to him the melancholy tidings of Mrs. Rostrevor's death, with the additional information that anxious to engage in a

scenes, and unable to endure alone the home which *she* had graced, he had volunteered for Bhurtpore, and hope to join his young friends at their station almost as soon as the letter would reach them.

Mrs. Rostrevor had appeared to sink from the moment of their landing: at first he hoped that the sea air would revive her, and took her down to the Sand-heads, but she became so very weak and ill that he had at last yielded to her earnest entreaties that they might return to Dum-Dum. From that period it was evident to all that no hope remained for her, and she herself had long been aware of her state; she felt her strength decrease daily, and knew that another week would probably find her in Eternity, and still she scarcely could resolve to undeceive her fond husband, who, notwithstanding every evidence that his senses could afford, persisted, with the wilful blindness of love, in the belief that she should speedily

recover: she felt she could not leave him so unprepared to endure his loss, and she was unspeakably anxious for the welfare of her darling child, who, young as she was, had been like a ministering angel to her during her illness, ever ready to contribute to her comfort, or relieve her pain by a thousand artless devices in which she had exhibited a thoughtfulness, a degree of intellect, and a warmth of affection which gave inestimable comfort to her suffering parent.

Mrs. Rostrevor was intimately acquainted with Adelaide's character, she trembled at the idea of her being placed entirely among strangers, with no one near on whom to lavish the out-pourings of her warm heart—she felt also that when she was no more, Adelaide would have more power of comforting her father than any one else; and the more she reflected, the more convinced she became, that it would be her wisest course to procure her husband's consent to a measure, which, although rarely prac-

licable in India, would best conduce to the happiness of both father and daughter.

It is a rare occurrence in the East to see European children who have attained seven or eight years of age—not only on account of the injury to their health, but also from the very limited means of education that country affords: when, therefore, Major Rostrevor had decided on taking Adelaide back to Calcutta, he had never contemplated the possibility of her remaining there during the whole period of his own stay; but the climate appeared to agree so well with her constitution, that Mrs. Rostrevor thought it would be advisable for her to remain with her papa during the five years that were to elapse before his return to Europe, unless ill-health or some very unexpected occurrence should frustrate her plans.

Finding herself daily approaching the grave more rapidly, she at length assumed courage to tell her doting husband how soon her earthly

career must terminate, and to entreat his consent to her wishes with regard to their daughter.

Those who have known nothing of such deep, fervent, fond attachment as subsisted between Major Rostrevor and his wife cannot realize the feeling of withering desolation which enters the mind of the survivor when the first assurance of a speedy separation is received. It required, indeed, all the consolation that could be derived from the certainty of her greater happiness, and of their ultimate reunion, to enable Major Rostrevor to bend, with any degree of submission, to a decree which deprived him of one who was so inexpressibly dear; and when, a very few days after the disclosure, he found himself alone in the world—the desire of his eyes taken from him, even Adelaide was unable to rouse him from the stupor of his grief.

Such a state of affairs could not continue,

nd, most fortunately for him, he heard the announcement of a war with the Nawaub of Shurtpore, who, having fallen under the displeasure of Sir David Ouchterlong, and the Government, all the available troops were immediately despatched to besiege the city.

To Rostrevor's great regret, his own troop of Artillery was not on the list of those ordered on the expedition, but he knew that his services would be gladly accepted, and therefore set out immediately for the office of the Adjutant-General, and volunteered.

As he anticipated, every arrangement was made to facilitate the execution of his wishes, he was so well-known that every difficulty, in dispensing with his services at Head Quarters, was at once withdrawn, he returned home with permission to depart as soon as he chose, and making a few hasty preparations he set out with Adelaide that very evening—travelling Dak to Cawnpore.

Perhaps the person to whom this arrangement afforded the most unqualified pleasure, (next to the Major himself,) was one whom we have not yet introduced to our readers—his servant, and foster-brother, Pat McGrady. Every one knows what a strong tie is fosterage in the minds, and to the hearts of the natives of our dear Emerald Isle—and therefore it will be no matter of surprise that Rose McGrady had brought up her son entirely with the idea of his being, in future life, the constant attendant of her equally dear foster-child, Masther Charles' and had nourished the hope that she herself might live to sing to sleep future lords and ladies of the house of Rostrevor with the same monotonous ditty which had served as serenade to Charles and Pat, when they had shared together her cares and her love.

“Why, Rose!” had the former exclaimed one day, when (a merry boy of fourteen) he had

ered her cabin to rest himself, and see his friend, after a long day's shooting, "have not learnt another tune yet—I declare I tired of it. I've heard it ever since I was n!"

"Shure an if ye have, its a good tune for all t, and I'm kaping me voice in, m'avourneen, sing it to yer childer, an maybe their childer er them—niver disart an owld friend, me lin, an it yerself that niver does—barrin the ld song," and Rose resumed as she hastened set refreshment before her guest, the , rnal.—

"Me ruffles are torn aha! mamma!
 Me ruffles are torn adu! mamma!
 Me ruffles are torn, don't tell me dadda;
 For I could not help it indeed mamma!"

When therefore Charles, after completing academic career, entered the Bengal Artillery, Pat with the full consent of his parents listed in the same corps, and from that time remained until the Major's return to England, the

foster-brothers had never been separated; of course in the eyes of Pat, Rostrevor was the greatest person possible, and the happiest hours he spent, except those when he was with the Major, or amusing Miss Adelaide, were when he retailed to a group of wondering listeners in the guard-room, the feats of the former from boyhood down to the more recent transactions in the Nepaul war.

Pat McGrady was a fine, manly, well-behaved fellow, far better educated than most of his comrades, he had risen to the rank of serjeant, and was universally esteemed in the troop, his only fault being that he retained with all the best, some of the worst (but not least characteristic) traits in Irish character, in fact he loved both whisky and a row, (or, as he would term it, a bit of *diversion*) dearly; and as the Major had influence over him sufficient to keep him tolerably quiet with the other men, it was with no little glee that he

received the news of permission to march, as it would afford him the double pleasure of killing two birds with one stone, serving his country in a siege, and "keeping his fighting hand in" at the same time.

The — Light Dragoons had not yet left Cawnpore when Rostrevor arrived there, and Horace rode to his friend's quarters immediately.

Full of excitement himself, he wondered that Rostrevor's manners should be so calm and self-collected, and he rejoiced more than ever, that his first campaign would be made under the eye of one so experienced.

The regiment was to leave the next day, and as the artillery had already gone Rostrevor resolved to march in company with his friends. Adelaide, delighted as she was to see her old play-fellow again, yet could not banish from her mind the remembrance that her papa was to leave her on the following day; she was

fatigued, sad, and miserable, bursting into tears every time he spoke to her.

It was arranged that she should remain Cawnpore, under the protection of a kind friend of her mother's, a Mrs. Sullivan. Her papa promised she should remain with him until the morning, when he must consign her to Mrs. Sullivan's care before his departure. This evening she was to spend with him and Horace.

Poor child! she had felt the loss of her mamma most keenly, and now, as she pondered over the approaching separation from her father, she was seized with an indefinable fear lest he too should not return. She was haunted with a dread of coming evil, and every time he embraced her exclaimed, "Oh, papa! dear papa! you must not leave me too!"

On one of these occasions, Major Rostrevor left the room, unable to endure the touching appeal, and Horace to whom the scene was a

most painful on, took Adelaide one his knee, and kissing her said gravely, "Is *this* like a soldier's daughter, Addie?"

She hung down her head and he continued—

"You do not, I am sure, wish to make papa still more ill and unhappy than he is already, and you know that duty obliges him to go. He is quite as sorry to part from his little girl as you are, but you see he does not cry as you do; he knows that he must go, but that he will soon come back again, perhaps in a few weeks."

"But will he really? Are you quite sure that he will come to me again? Do, dear Horace, *promise* to bring him back, and I will try not to cry any more."

She looked earnestly in his face, her eyes swimming with tears, and he replied, "Yes, dear child, as far as it depends on me, I *promise* to bring him back to you: and now," he continued kissing away her tears, "be like my

own cheerful little darling again, and make papa happy by meeting him with a smile."

Adelaide was no ordinary being; young as she was she had learnt the difficult lesson of self-control, and she listened to Horace's advice with the determination of obeying it; he had been so kind to her that he possessed unbounded influence over her mind. She threw her arms round his neck, kissed him, and promising to remember his wishes, accompanied him to look at the elephant her papa was purchasing, nor did she, until the very moment of saying "farewell" next morning break her resolution of appearing cheerful.

They found Major Rostrevor in the verandah surrounded by a host of servants, and native merchants; the elephant was standing just in front of the group, apparently in a rather excited state, elevating his trunk in the air, snorting and making desperate efforts to insinuate himself into the verandah.

"He seems rather an unruly animal," said

the Major, "I should fear he would not suit me, though he certainly is a fine looking fellow. I require one that will stand fire."

The man was assuring him that the elephant had never before exhibited such antics when Horace and Adelaide joined the party. .

"Papa!" said she, "I am sure that is Delhi!"

"Nonsense, my love, I should certainly have recognised him myself if he had been, though indeed he is not unlike our old friend."

"Papa, it is indeed! only see how glad he is to see me—he knows me, I am sure; Delhi, Delhi!" she exclaimed, when the animal settled the question beyond the possibility of doubt, for, breaking from his keeper, he made his way to the verandah, and quickly encircling Adelaide with his trunk, he deposited her, in half a minute, on her old accustomed seat on his neck, still keeping his trunk round her, with ludicrous tenderness, to preserve her from harm.

"See, papa, I told you it was he," said

Adelaide, much delighted, "pretty fellow! we will not part with you again," and without any other protection than the huge animal she rode round the compound, then Delhi returned to the verandah of his own accord, and once more deposited her in safety by her father's side, and was treated by his little mistress and his old master with cakes and sugar-candy, and which he valued quite as much—all sorts of fond and caressing expressions.

He had been a part of the Major's establishment all through the Nepaul war, and now of course that he had identified himself, he was soon transferred to his old friends, equally to his and their satisfaction.

Well, adieu must be made, however long deferred, and on the following morning Adelaide bade her papa and Horace farewell, and they set out *en route* for Bhurtpore.

"Now we really have a fair opportunity of adding to the laurels of our regiment," said Major Rostrevor one day during their march.

"You think our success certain then," observed Roehampton,

"Don't we wish we may get it? (as the gentleman said when he was fishing for crocodiles,) why I hardly know what to say, were it almost any other place, I should have neither doubt nor fear, but *here* I think our success very problematical. Bhurtpore stands alone in the annals of India, as the only fortress never yet conquered by either Mogul or British arms."

"By Jove! I'm glad to hear that! so much the more honour to us, you know, Major, for taking it," replied Horace.

"Aye, *when* we take it—but that is, just at present, a point which it is rather difficult to decide."

"Have you ever been at Bhurtpore?"

"No. I have only seen it from a distance, the last attack was made before my day."

"And we failed?"

"Just so: and not for the first time neither: Lord Lake then headed the troops, and we

were signally defeated. I hope, however, better fortune will attend us this time: the more so, on Sir David's account. I should imagine this is the only siege on record in our history undertaken on the sole *unauthorized* responsibility of a subject."

"It was a bold step."

"Yet, but quite justifiable on Ouchterlor's part—he had made an important treaty—it voluntarily entered into by the Nawaub, when it was broken he was justly indignant. He saw that prompt measures were necessary to maintain our political importance, and for this he invested the city with all the forces he could muster, and then, when the decisive action was taken, and could not be recalled, he informed the Supreme Government, and requested further supplies. By his death we have lost the most efficient agent Government possessed for dealing with the Native Courts. He understood their motives and actions—their intrigues—evasions—their courts and durbar

well as they did themselves, and the princely magnificence he invariably displayed gave him an incredible ascendancy over them. It was a most amusing thing to see his retinue on a march—the state which surrounded him was fully equal to that of a native prince of the highest rank. He adapted himself to them completely, having early learnt that it ‘was ill to sit at Rome, and strive with the Pope.’”

“But shall we succeed?”

“Why—that same is a question much easier to ask than to answer. We have no slight task before us. The Jâts are the most independent people in India, and better governed than any other Native State has ever been: hitherto unconquered, they are deemed by the tribes around them unconquerable, and all look up to them for example and encouragement. It is, in fact, ‘conquer or die’ with English power in that part of India; if we fail, it will be impossible to raise another Army at all adequate, even in mere numerical

strength, for the siege, so that we may make up our minds to do our very utmost—and at least *deserve* success.”

They had now made fifteen marches, another would bring them within sight of Bhurtpore ; every heart panting for an opportunity of vindicating the invincibility of the British arms.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Lady thus addressed her spouse—
“What a mere dungeon is this house !
By no means large enough—and was it
With this dull room, and that dark closet,
Those hangings, with their worn out graces,
Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,
Are such an antiquated scene,
They overwhelm me with the spleen.”

COWPER.

SOMETHING not very dissimilar to the above formed part of the speech of Catherine, Lady Brooke, to her husband, at the conclusion of the first month of her married life, which had

been spent at Brookleigh, his beautiful seat in Leicestershire.

Perhaps it may be as well, in order to understand the position of the parties, to trace the course of events from the time when Rawdon so unceremoniously left the ball-room, up to the period when we wish our readers to renew their acquaintance with the then affianced pair—now, Sir Edward and Lady Brooke.

It so happened that Sir Edward had been struck with Horace's countenance, and his manner to his family, at that ball, and had been watching him for some time before he had come up to Catherine—he had been greatly prepossessed in his favour, and was delighted to observe, by his rapid movement towards Miss Carlton, that he was an acquaintance of her's; his flashing eye, and the heightened colour on his cheek, as he abruptly left her, were therefore circumstances equally disagreeable and unaccountable in the eyes of Sir Edward—it

looked like a mystery—and mystery he detested—so he resolved to ask Catherine to explain it.

“Who was that very handsome young man who spoke to you, Miss Carlton?” said he, when they had entered the carriage, and were on their road home.

“Which do you mean, Sir Edward?” she replied, conscious indeed whom he meant, but not choosing to understand the question, “there were so many handsome young men in the room.”

“One with particularly dark eyes, who left you very abruptly, and quitted the room immediately afterwards.”

“Did he? I had not observed that. His name is Horace Rawdon; he is the only son of a near neighbour, and as children we were great friends, but he is of so disagreeable a temper that he has never been a favorite with me since I came to years of discretion. He has principally been abroad, during the last few

years, and has only just returned: most probably he has taken offence, as he has often before, at my cool reception of him."

"I am very much surprised to hear that bears so unamiable a character," said her ladyship. "I thought his countenance so remarkably prepossessing that I had hoped he might be among your most intimate friends; his sisters (I suppose,) were with him—lovely & almost the loveliest I ever saw."

"Do you know, Catherine," asked Lord Carlton, "who was that very tall, striking-looking young man who accompanied them?"

Not at all. I never saw him before."

Here the conversation took a different turn, and for some days no allusion was made to the Rawdons. The lover's suspicion wore away, and he walked, and rode, and talked with his fair *fiancée* without any *contretemps* whatever.

But Sir Edward had a valet who, having much leisure time, spent it, (as gentlemen of that profession usually do,) in the Athenian occu-

tion of telling and hearing news, and having rather a genius for putting facts together, and making one great whole out of many parts, he did as often chance (a rare virtue!) to arrive at truth as falsehood. He, moreover, considered it his duty to give his master the full benefit of any new acquisition to his stock of knowledge, so that, thanks to the indefatigable care of his valet, Sir Edward was kept *au courant du jour* even in the retirement of Brookleigh.

Now, it chanced in the course of one of his visits to the draper's shop of the small country town which stood mid-way between Rawdon Court and Carlton Hall, that a woman who entered the shop began to lament bitterly over the loss to the neighbourhood, in the departure of "t' foinest lad int' coontree—but here's ane oft' footmen—I'll e'en ax him all abune it."

"It's a fearfu' foin day," said she to the new comer, "an' how'st' young maister?"

"Oh!" said the man, "he's never been rightly himself since he came home in such a

hurry from that ball, when that confounded jilt, Miss Carlton, broke with him. People may say what they like of his being over young to think about settling, but that's all an eye with a gentleman like him, that has nothing to think of else, and plenty of brass in his pocket too. She ought to be ashamed on herself, that she ought, the beggar! I'm sure we none of us ever thought she was good enough for him, and it's a famous good thing, he's got rid of her—not that that makes her behaviour a bit better. It was all as good as settled, I'm sure, and I know for certain, for I had it from Miss Fanny's own maid, (a genteel young woman, above telling a lie), that she has behaved shameful to him." And then he entered into a lengthened statement of the whole affair, which, from its extraordinary mixture of fact and fiction might justly be termed a new edition, with additions—concluding by saying that it was nothing but Miss Carlton's conduct that drove him away from the place, and that

he had sworn he would never return until she had left the neighbourhood for good."

"Well," thought Sir Edward's gentleman, "she may leave it '*for good*' to Mr. Rawdon, but I think it would be '*for evil*' to Sir Edward—at least if she is to change Carlton Hall for our place. I think these women always get the best husbands, but I'm sure I hope she will never be our lady. Sir Edward ought to know what he is doing; I've a good mind to tell him."

Accordingly he no sooner reached home than he seized the opportunity, while assisting at Sir Edward's toilet, to relate all that he had heard, with his own notes and comments thereon; Sir Edward's disposition was the reverse of suspicious, but he certainly felt uneasy, and resolved to take the very earliest opportunity that might occur for enquiring into the affair.

That evening at dinner he observed, "Do you know that Mr. Rawdon of whom we were

speaking a short time ago, is about to leave England again?"

Catherine was visibly agitated, but Lady Carlton replied "No, we have not heard any thing of it, I am very much surprised at the intelligence—what can be his reason? Sir Lewis would never consent to it I think."

"It is said," resumed Sir Edward, "that a disappointment in a long attachment has caused his determination."

"Disappointment! to a boy of seventeen! ridiculous! But I have no doubt that if he really going, he has prevailed on his father to consent to his seeing some active service. I was always averse to the idea of a country life and almost equally so to going into the guard. If this be the case, I have no hesitation saying that so far from any 'disappointment' sending him into exile, he would consider the permission to go as the happiest circumstance in his life."

This seemed plausible enough, but it failed

to satisfy Sir Edward's mind; Lady Carlton had made an elaborate defence, but some how it did not quite bear the stamp of truth. Catherine had not spoken at all; however, he deferred any further investigation until he was alone with his *fiancée*, when he resumed the subject by asking her if there had not, at some time, existed an engagement, or at least an attachment between Mr. Rawdon and herself; but she appeared so perfectly innocent, and so sincere in all her protestations, that Sir Edward was quite convinced that whatever might have been the feelings of Horace they had never been reciprocated, or encouraged by her.

Although Sir Edward was, after the departure of Horace, introduced to the Rawdons, he did not learn any thing from them to the prejudice of the bride-elect, and the marriage took place at the period previously fixed for its celebration.

Sir Edward had been greatly pleased with every member of the family at Rawdon Court,

and although from delicacy to Catherine's feelings, they did not speak much of Horace, yet the manner in which any casual allusion to him was made, proved that he was at least in his own home most deeply loved, and Sir Edward found it very difficult to believe that he could be the unamiable character Catherine had represented him.

Immediately after their marriage Sir Edward and Lady Brooke set out for their seat in Leicestershire, every party in the transaction being equally well satisfied with the result.

The gentleman having gained a wife to whom he was deeply attached, the lady a fortune and position which she earnestly desired to possess, and Lady Carlton being perfectly charmed with the result of her diplomacy, and never thinking, for a moment, of the great probability that both parties would, ere long, be utterly miserable.

Such a result, however little it might enter into the calculation of any of those concerned,

was from the very nature of things, almost inevitable; no two people were ever united “for better or for worse,” with a greater moral certainty that it would be “*all* for worse.” Her end—and her mother’s end was “MARRIAGE:” a suitable *parti*, with a good establishment was, of course, the *first* requisite; if *very* wealthy, like Sir Edward, so much the better, and she had no objection to his being amiable, and talented, and a man of high honor and integrity; and now that she had secured, fully to the satisfaction of both, all these good things, the grand object of life was over, “*c’était une affaire finie*.” Who will say that their sentiments on this subject were singular? or rather, who will venture to deny that they are the secret, if not avowed feelings of the majority of mothers and daughters? “To be in love,” (heaven save the mark!) and to bring it to a happy termination, are considered among young ladies the grand objects of life, and all the

novels they read with a few happy exceptions, contribute to the deception—

‘ Romances paint at full length people’s wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages.

Before we enter the world, there is magic in the name of LOVE—we cannot conceive that people can marry without love, or once loving, ever cease to do so, but alas! a *little* acquaintance with the stern realities of the world, with what our delightful writer, Mr. James, so emphatically terms, “the great tragic farce of life,” opens our eyes, we follow histories through time, until the last final scene, we look around, and we see in one pair, cool indifference, in another undisguised dislike; in another mutual unfaithfulness—vows broken, hearts withered, chains (no longer flowery), rivetted for ever, and then we discern that marriage is but, (however popular belief may incline to the contrary opinion,) “*le commencement du fin.*”

They were an ill-assorted pair. Sir Edward, a man of talent and sense, possessing a great

taste for literature, and a love of domestic life, was yet deficient in energy of character, and decision of purpose. Once roused, he was capable of any exertion, but it was not easy to excite him: conscious of his own integrity, he confided too much in the fair appearances of others, until he received the most unequivocal proof of their unworthiness—*then* the utmost effort would not avail to restore the deceiver in his regard.

In his love of present peace he sometimes paved the way for future misery: this trait in his character his wife quickly perceived, she took advantage of it, and acquired an influence over him almost despotic.

She soon found her country residence too dull to suit her taste, and quite inconsistent with her desire to shine in society as the young and beautiful bride; so she tormented and vexed poor Sir Edward by turns until she succeeded in gaining his promise to pass the ensuing season in London: he told her he desired

nothing but her happiness, and, if she really disliked the country so much, to London they would go.

Lady Brooke did not, indeed, display to her husband all the joy that this promise gave her; but she did appear sufficiently elated to satisfy him he had done well and wisely in acceding to her wishes.

As to the dangers of dissipation and busy idleness that surround a young and pretty woman in London, he reflected that he should be constantly by her side, that he had no engagement but those she might form for him; no bachelor-acquaintances to keep up—no St. Stephen's to attend—above all, that Catherine, although young in years, was well versed in the ways of the world, and fully able to understand and conform to the usages of society; so that she was far more competent to guard herself than many greatly her seniors in years and standing, and with, perhaps, equal personal attractions.

During the first year of their married life all was tranquillity, owing, perhaps, to the fact that Sir Edward strictly adhered to his resolution of being his wife's cavalier, at all times, in public; which, of course, kept other admirers at a distance. In this he had his own reward, for he loved her deeply and sincerely, while he trusted that time alone was requisite to give her more stability of character, and a greater relish for domestic life. She, however, was thoroughly wearied of his assiduity—his presence was a check on her which she could ill endure—she could form no friendships but with persons whom he approved—he knew every person who approached her, and had, once or twice thwarted her desire to become intimate with ladies of high rank, but doubtful reputation—altogether, he was so unlike all other fashionable husbands—so odd—and so much in her way that she mentally resolved that such a *contretemps* should not occur again.

But how to avoid it? She asked herself the

question many times over, but without a satisfactory reply. Sir Edward cared nothing for clubs—never entered Crockford's—could not even be tempted to play in a private house for any stake which would render the game an affair of business instead of pleasure—it was clear he would not

“Lay aside his helm and shield,
And take to ‘gambling,’”

Nay, what was more extraordinary and vexatious still was, that although paying due attention to every woman, in whose society he might chance to be thrown, neither beauty, wit, nor grace could touch his heart, or lead him away from his attachment to, and guardianship of his young wife. He was neither jealous nor suspicious, but he was careful of her reputation, and did not choose that it should be risked or lost in the perils of London society. He had seen the young, and loving, and innocent, entering London life full of joyous anticipation,

wrecked for ever under the combined evil influences of a negligent husband, and surrounding temptations. He had known elopements and trials, duels and damages, where a little kind and watchful attention on a husband's part would have been an effectual barrier against the advances of others—when, had the husband spent his evenings in his own house instead of at a club or a ball, and his mornings, or some of them, in her *boudoir* instead of that of a fair and frail friend, the wife would never have accepted, nor other men offered either attention or devotion. These things he had seen, and he would not expose his young and loving wife to them.

But what was Lady Brooke to do? It was as difficult an affair as could be to devise a scheme that should free her from all this disagreeable surveillance, but what will not woman's wit effect? Everything—her will is the only bound nature has placed to her power. She resolved that he should go into Parliament.

She knew that he was too conscientious a person to accept the responsible office of a member of one of the legislative bodies without fulfilling, to the utmost, the duties attached to it. He had been brought up to the Bar, was an excellent orator, and a clear-headed man of business—so that he would be sure, from the combined influence of his character, wealth, and talents to obtain, if he wished it, an honorable place under Government—and if he preferred independence he would be, if possible, a person still greater consideration to both sides of the House.

Lady Brooke had another motive for her desire to see him an M. P., besides the great wish for freedom. She did not *love* her husband—she could not, indeed, justly be said to love any one except herself, but she entertained deep respect for him: his was not a character on which any woman could look with contempt—and wearied as she was by the “*toujours predrix*” of his attention to herself, she yet w

exceedingly proud of the consideration he enjoyed among others, as a man of high honour, and indisputable talent: this pride would be gratified by the success of *her* husband in political life; it would, in every point of view, add to her consequence, and would give her a position and an importance in a set where neither her beauty nor her wealth availed to give her the *entrée*.

These were powerful considerations, and accident favouring her design, she brought her whole artillery to bear on the accomplishment of her wishes.

One of the representatives of the town near which Brookleigh was situated, died during the recess, and Sir Edward being exceedingly popular, a deputation waited on him, earnestly entreating permission to put him in nomination.

He however gave a decided refusal, which Lady Brooke regretted so deeply in her subsequent conversations with him, on the ground of the service he might have rendered to his

country—the sin of wasting his talents in private life, instead of employing them in an enlarged sphere, for the benefit of his fellow creatures, and various other equally plausible arguments, that, on a renewal of their request, in a moment of excitement he consented to the wishes of the electors; matters were instantly put in train, and in the course of a fortnight, without bribery or corruption, Sir Edward Brooke found himself a Member of Parliament.

Great was his lady's delight, most sincere were her congratulations on this happy event, and when he had thanked his constituents, and taken leave of them in the usual constitutional manner, and given the poor of the neighbourhood abundant reason to remember the election with pleasure, he embarked in his parliamentary career, and she had every reason to congratulate herself on the successful result of her diplomacy.

Her anticipations of Sir Edward's position, and the benefit she should derive from it, were

more than realised in the event : acting always according to the dictates of his conscience, voting, not from the ex-parte statements of others, but from a complete acquaintance with the subject under discussion, he belonged indeed exclusively to neither party, but he was courted by both. Ministers thought they had a chance of bringing him to their side, since on many leading subjects he voted with them—they tried, but for once found Sir Robert Walpole's assertion that "every man had his price, and was to be bought by some means," was not quite correct, Sir Edward was *not* to be bought ; although he had no idea of voting against every measure, and cramping the energies of government, because on one or two questions he could not coincide with them. He thought the rulers of such a country as Great Britain had sufficient enemies to contend with, sufficient difficulties to overcome, without being thwarted in every measure because the dissentients were not of *the party*. Somehow he could not see

how men could talk of "serving their country," while they were putting every possible obstacle in the way of the execution of its laws, he thought it more like true patriotism to assist in their execution, and therefore frankly gave his support, his vote, and interest, to every measure which did not appear decidedly at variance with the interests of the nation, and as openly, when it did, he voted on the other side. Oh ! he was a bad politician ! One member tried hard to make him understand the meaning of " political expediency," and another undertook, backed by some strong arguments, to teach him the legitimate meaning of another pet opposition phrase. " But, confound the fellow," said the latter honorable member, when relating his discomforture to a friend, " he would come to *principles*, and when I observed we *must* act with our party on this question, he said, he knew of only one '*must*' in the case, if the measures were right it *must* be carried out—if wrong abandoned, and his conscience would

not allow him to vote against a measure which he believed to be beneficial to the country, such conduct was "against his principles." Principles indeed! as if "*principles*" and "*politics*" had any connection, except that they both begin with the same letter. For a clever man, Sir Edward Brooke is the greatest blockhead we have in the House."

Thus he obtained, without being very solicitous on the subject, that consideration which is sure to be accorded to a man who unites position, talents, and integrity, and Lady Brooke received as much attention on account of Sir Edward's parliamentary interest, as of her own beauty, or the perfection of their *cuisine*.

Moreover she was now completely her own mistress, she could form plans, project fêtes, and accept invitations, in which he had no share, and the consequence was that her circle of friends now comprised rather a different set to that of the previous season; it was distin-

guished more the wit, beauty, and fashion it contained than for the impeccability of its members.

Still, season after season passed on, and the centre of all attraction, the observed of all observers, Lady Brooke, was yet, to the astonishment of all her dear and particular friends, the respected and respectable wife of Sir Edward. Although daily and hourly surrounded by admirers, scandal had not attempted to affix its blighting mark on her character. Her cold-heartedness preserved her where a warmer and nobler nature might have been betrayed—with half a dozen lovers at her feet, she was perfectly indifferent to them all, and distributed her smiles so equally that none could boast or complain; no individual could be more intimate than every one else was, and that which ceases to be a distinction is no longer a favour.

Still it was very generally believed that she was cold and guarded only because no one of her admirers had ever been able to touch her

heart—woman of the world as they knew Lady Brooke to be, they did not know her to be so utterly devoid of feeling as she really was; or surmise that *amour propre* was to her an armour at once impenetrable and defensive, perfectly securing her from the possibility of being wounded by any shafts, had they been aimed by the God of Love himself.

Yet so it was, she had not one atom of affection for any human being—ambition, the desire of power, was the ruling spring of all her actions, and as she was not deficient in either talent or discernment, she was able to weigh her actions so accurately that every circumstance, however insignificant in itself, appeared to tend to the increase of her consequence.

Thus passed some years of their married life. Sir Edward was still in parliament—Lady Brooke was the established Queen of Fashion, and as they had no children, and she was not therefore called on to feel any of the soft sensations that belong to a mother, her

manner from the constant habit of command became bold and masculine; she disgusted some of her adherents, and enraged others; her empire was already on the decline, when an event took place which occasioned far more than nine days' wonder to the World of Fashion.

END OF VOL. I.

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THE COURT-PARTIAL,

OF 18—.

A TALE OF MILITARY LIFE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE COURT-PARTIAL.

CHAPTER I.

“Fools in power embitter the lives of inferiors, poison their pleasures, spread thorns in the path of genius and virtue, and make this world a vale of tears.”

ZIMMERMAN.

“What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards !”

POPE.

“You know the full offence of this born villain,
This creeping, coward, rank, acquitted felon,
Who threw his sting into a poisonous libel.”

BYRON.

JAMES, LORD WYVILLE, the eldest son of the Earl of Stantondale, was one of the proofs occasionally visible, that virtue is not heredi-

tary—but that noble blood, high position splendid fortune are sometimes the means rendering their possessors more conspicuous wicked than they would otherwise be—as as of adding greatly to the blackness of their guilt in the eye of God—and to their power of injuring their fellow men.

It would almost appear incredible that a man born with every possible advantage, the descendant of a long line of honorable ancestors—the son of an excellent and noble father, of a high born and virtuous mother, tended from the cradle with all the care and assiduity of fond affection, educated by learned and excellent men, and surrounded by gifted and generous companions, should, voluntarily, choose to disgrace his high birth and ancient family, and make himself a bye-word in the mouths of the whole nation, standing pre-eminent in the world for—*not* the wild thoughtlessness and prodigality of youth—*not* the madness and impetuosity of passion—*not* the errors into which a war

and generous but sensitive nature is too often, in early life, betrayed—but for daring, deliberate villany “with malice aforethought.” How greatly does it add to the guilt of such a person, that he has had no temptation whatever to commit any one of the many crimes which have marked his career? that he has never known any thing save unbounded luxury and high station. The poor unhappy man who steals the loaf which, (however willing), he is unable to earn, to save his starving family from death—the wretched being who barter honour and conscience—her prospects here, and her hopes hereafter, for a scanty portion of food and raiment, which yet will not protect her chilled limbs from the piercing cold—do want moral powers of endurance—perhaps even principle—and mingled with our pity for their sufferings, there may be, perhaps, some blame for their actions—but can we, dare we judge them harshly, or presume to shut the door of mercy in their face, while such men as Lord

Wyville exist, and are received in *honorable* society.

If *we* have been mercifully preserved from the evils and temptations that accompany hopeless, crushing poverty—augmented, it may be, a thousand fold, by the remembrance of other days—let us show our gratitude for so great a blessing by our charity towards others, who have not been so favoured—our *just* estimation of their faults, or their crimes: if *we* have never known the maddening misery of utter destitution, entire friendlessness, which, God knows! are sufficient to cloud the reason, and shake the resolution of the firmest and the most virtuous, let us not tempt the Almighty to touch our hearts by practical, and personal experience; but rather let us endeavour to soften and alleviate the miseries of those whose greatest crime, (and in the eyes of the world it is the greatest of which human nature is capable), is—their poverty.

But in such a man as Lord Wyville, crime

is utterly inexcusable. How can such a being hope for pardon? How is it that the world will look over his vices, because he is the heir of a noble title, and £40,000 a-year.

Lord Wyville was early placed under the care of a kind and judicious tutor—who soon discovered that even at that early age, his lordship had contracted habits which were, to speak in the mildest terms, very unsuitable for his rank and position. Even then he was versed in dissimulation, and possessed an extraordinary degree of worldliness of character—invariably threatening with his vengeance, “when he become Earl of Stantondale,” any opposition to his most extravagant caprices.

An orphan cousin, about his own age, had been received by the kind and noble parents of Lord Wyville, and it was intended by them that the two boys should be placed, in every respect, on an equality; but Lord Wyville had so inveterate a propensity for telling falsehoods, and his cousin was so frequently a sufferer from

them, that at length the minds of the Earl and Countess were in some degree alienated from their orphan charge, and the tutor, finding it impossible to hope to effect any change in the mind of so unamiable a youth, as the young heir proved to be, resigned his situation; another succeeded, and the same results followed—and the Earl, finding his son to be, in a great measure, the cause of this, and discovering some traits in his character which greatly grieved him, determined to try the effect of an association with other boys, in a public school; and accordingly placed him at Eton.

There, the ridicule he incurred whenever he ventured on any display of consequence, compelled him, for a time, to veil some of his propensities; but in a little while he discovered that there were some, even there, who were willing to be his slaves, in consideration of the advantages to be derived from the connection.

Perhaps avarice was the only vice to which

he was not addicted—he made every one welcome to share the contents of his purse, who purchased the right to do so, by joining in all his pleasures, and upholding him in every scheme of mischief or wickedness.

It was true that these satellites did sometimes find themselves paying somewhat too dearly for their whistle, in the punishment that never failed to follow the detection of their actions, and which, it was an understood arrangement, (and by no means a tacit one), was to be borne solely by them, the great author and devisor escaping altogether.

But although he did thus for a time, continue to elude the reward due to his conduct, he could not on all occasions, elude suspicion, and by the time he had entered his sixteenth year, his character was generally, pretty well understood among the seniors of the school. About this time a circumstance occurred which completely proved the correctness of their opinion.

To such a being as Lord Wyville, nothing

could be so painful as the praise of a person who was highly respected among his associates, for possessing, in an eminent degree, those qualities in which he was himself most deficient; while he was also wanting in those gifts of fortune with which the young lord was so liberally endowed. Indeed, to render Lord Wyville your enemy it was only necessary to be superior to him in talent or excellence, ~~that~~ was a sure road to his hatred, notwithstanding he professed to hold both qualities in utter contempt—and, as there were few indeed who were *not* his superiors, it followed that he had no friends except among the worthless, or the foolish.

But although a large body of Eton boys lay under his sovereign displeasure, there were some on whom it was lavished more profusely than on others. The object of his especial aversion, at the period to which we allude, was a young man of the name of Jerningham, whose regularity and diligence in his studies,

aided by extraordinary talents, secured to him the warm regard of his tutors, while his attainments in all manly exercises, his good temper and amiability rendered him a favorite with his companions. Lively and ardent, he was ready for any fun proposed, provided it did not infringe on the rules: when he first entered Eton, indeed, his high spirits had sometimes led him to transgress these regulations, but nothing would induce him to conceal a fault of which he had been guilty, and his character was now so well established that it would have required very strong proof indeed to convince any one that he was capable of any very thoughtless action; still less an unprincipled one.

To a youth so upright in thought, word, and deed, the crooked ways of Lord Wyville were thoroughly disgusting; and he took no pains to conceal his dislike; more than once, he thwarted his lordship in some favorite scheme which involved the juniors in the danger of

disgrace, and he uniformly treated the young nobleman with civil coldness; a line of conduct which Lord Wyville was incapable of imitating—he revenged it, therefore, by hatred the most intense.

That a youth of good, though not noble family, without great fortune, or commanding interest, should have raised himself above all his contemporaries in the estimation of his tutors, and that he should at the same time have attracted the regard of his equals and inferiors among the students, simply by his own talent, application and conduct, was a rank offence, not to be pardoned; and Lord Wyville was resolved to wreak his vengeance on him in some way that should ruin him without exposing the injurer to danger.

This was a more difficult task than any that his lordship had hitherto undertaken, for no one in the school would aid him in so diabolical a plot. *Bon gré, malgré*, he was therefore compelled to carry it out himself.

He had, a few months before, contrived to introduce himself to the family of a respectable tradesman of whom he had purchased articles to a great amount, saying that he was uncontrolled in his expenses, and his father would pay the bill, at the commencement of the vacation. So far he spoke the truth—but not contented with this, he had pretended to pay great attention to the very pretty daughter—and finally, became so familiar and insulting in his manner to her, that her father indignantly desired him to pay the bill, and never enter the shop again. This was precisely what he wished: he told the man he would send him the money in the morning, and left the place.

The next day the head-master was told that a person desired to see him on particular business. He was shown into the gentleman's study, when he entered into an account of the conduct of one of the young gentlemen, adding

that as corroboration of his statement he had brought a letter just received from him.

Great was the master's consternation when he read the signature at the end of the document. Could it really be Jerningham? So noble, so upright, a youth as he had hitherto considered him, was he really capable of writing a letter of that kind, repeating every insulting expression, and ending by saying that he had no permission from his father to contract debts, nor any means whatever of liquidating them? It was incredible, incomprehensible, and yet evident: Jerningham's hand-writing and signature were rather peculiar, and as the Doctor closely scrutinised the document, he could not detect any difference between it and other letters by the same party. He compared, reflected, convinced himself, yet felt so unwilling to expose one who had hitherto borne so high a character, that he resolved to question him in private, and try at least to discover some extenuating circumstance; he therefore

dismissed the man, with the assurance that he should be paid, and immediately sent for the culprit to his study.

The appearance of the youth when he entered, seemed of itself a contradiction to the supposition of his guilt—his frank countenance beamed with truth, and so disconcerted the Doctor, who found his former good opinion fast reviving, that he was wholly unable to begin his intended examination, and put the paper in his hand without uttering a word.

Jerningham read it—turned very pale, and finally gasped out, “ Surely, surely, Dr.—— you do not think me capable of such an action, I hope, sir, you have never had reason to believe me such a scoundrel.”

“ I have not indeed, and therefore I sent for you here, that I might examine the affair in private; nothing but your own hand-writing and signature would have induced me to give even a moment’s belief to such a tale—but I

must confess that does seem evidence against you."

"It is certainly very like mine," replied Jerningham, taking up the paper to examine it again, "but I assure you, sir, most positively that I never was in that shop in my life."

"Then of course you do not know the man nor he you?"

"I do not."

The man was sent for, and the Doctor said, "I find the young gentleman denies the whole affair; he does not acknowledge either the fact or the insult, indeed he assures me that he has never been in your shop in his whole life—must be a forgery."

"Not on my part, I declare," returned the man, "show me the boy, and I will prove to you his guilt."

"This young gentleman's name is Jerningham, and he is the only one of the name at Eton."

"Oh, but that is not he," replied the other, "I never saw that young man before."

"Then do me the favour to walk through the school, and mark the culprit." A vague suspicion of Wyville's guilt had entered the Doctor's mind, and he added, "Mark the person, but do not speak aloud."

They passed through the room. Wyville, who had guessed something of what had occurred from Jerningham's absence from his classes, was prepared to undergo a general examination on the affair, with the others, but Mr. —'s appearance took him by surprise. His countenance would have betrayed his guilt, had the accuser not pointed him out. He was sent for, confronted with the parties he had injured, and the offence was fully proved. The excellent master was shocked at his depravity.

"To have been guilty of such boundless extravagance, Lord Wyville, was highly culpable, and merited severe rebuke; but, had that been your only offence, you might yet have possessed some excellent traits of character,

you might have given me some hope of reformation; but in wantonly insulting a respectable family—in endeavouring to injure one of your companions, one too, whose greatest fortune the high character he bears, you have shown my lord, a degree of deliberate villany, which proves you are no fit companion in any but the most worthless society. My duty as head of a public school, where England's statesmen, warriors, and noblemen, are trained for the service and honor of their country, will prevent me from any longer admitting you as a member, as I would not have your principles disseminated among them, or your conduct imitated."

From respect to his hitherto untainted family he was not publicly expelled, but a letter was immediately despatched to the Earl, requesting him to remove his son, and stating the painful circumstances which had rendered such a step requisite. Meantime the criminal was kept in close confinement.

Lord Stantondale arrived almost broken-hearted; he feared his son's prospects were forever blighted; he felt himself disgraced by his vile conduct, and he shrank from meeting with one whose existence he almost regarded as a curse.

He did not reproach him; he felt far more sorrow than anger; but when at parting, Dr. ——— recommended Lord Wyville to endeavour to retrieve his character—to remember that nobility of birth should be adorned by noble actions, and that he was yet young enough to reform and become a respectable member of society, Lord Stantondale burst into tears, and ejaculated with an earnestness that proved it came from the heart, “ God grant it may be so !”

The events of the last few days had added years to the appearance of the unhappy father; and poor Lady Stantondale had been so overcome by the first shock of her favorite child's disgrace, that she had been seized with a severe

illness from which she never recovered. In a few weeks her miseries were terminated, and her last words were an entreaty to her son to endeavour to retrieve the past.

No one doubted that Lord Wyville's conduct had caused his mother's death. He only could not see it in that light—he did not believe that even a *mother's* feelings could be so excited for any one but herself. He was indignant at the cold looks of his family—the measured observances, and chilling attentions of the domestics, and was completely bored by the necessity for observing the decorum of retirement and tranquillity. His father's admonitions were heard with impatience, his gentle sister's advice with scorn, and he rejoiced when measures were taken for his entering the army; not that he had any desire to distinguish himself, or to see any thing of active service, but simply, as it emancipated him from paternal control, and made him his own master.

His pleasure was somewhat alloyed by find-

ing Jerningham already in the regiment, and possessing the esteem of every person with whom he associated. Lord Wyville judged of others by himself, and concluded that the cause of his abrupt departure from Eton would be detailed to his brother-officers immediately on his appearance, but he found from the manner of his reception, that no word of his disgrace had ever reached their ears.

Once again he was associated with men so upright, so honorable, that their example unconsciously influenced even him, and for a time his lordship conducted himself in such a manner as at least to escape animadversion.

He did not dare to show the hatred which still existed in his mind towards his old school-fellow, a very few weeks with his regiment convincing him that any thing approaching to dishonorable conduct would not be tolerated in the society of which he now found himself a member.

But his nature was unchanged, he hated

Jerningham with a deadly hatred, for his immeasurable superiority ; he often tried to entangle him in a quarrel, when he was led away by the active passion of the moment, but he was too great a coward to do so deliberately, knowing he had no chance as a shot, with his intended antagonist ; nor could he expect to be aided by any officer in the regiment, for (to his honour be it recorded) there was not a man in the — Light Dragoons, who would have compromised his honour, even to secure friendship and patronage of the Earl of Sandon expectant. Once more, therefore, he was thrown on his own resources.

Some years passed away. Lord Wyndham was Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. Jerningham was one of the captains, when some circumstances occurred which gave to him his long desired opportunity of calling a Court-of-Enquiry on the conduct of his detestable rival.

Jerningham thus compelled to defend his

did so by calling the attention of the
to the whole conduct pursued by the
Lieutenant-Colonel, from the time of his join-
ing the corps; he pointed out Lord Wyville's
unwarrantable eagerness to quarrel with him, his
openness to all, and especially to him in the
discharge of his duties as commanding officer—
his excessive and insulting language on many
occasions—which, he said, he had forborne to
mention, being aware that they were mere
outbursts of passion, resulting from the hatred
with which his lordship regarded him. “The
Lieutenant must admit,” concluded Captain Jerning-
ton, “that few would have been disposed to
make such liberal allowances for a superior's
conduct.”

“What caused this excessive hatred?”

“A misunderstanding at Eton.”

“You never alluded to it before.”

“I do not wish to enter into particulars
but only mention that such a feeling does
exist, and that I should not consider it right, except

in defence of my own character, even to glance at the occurrences of mere youth."

The charges brought against Captain Jerningham were fully disproved; the joy of his brother-officers was already exhibiting itself in warm congratulations, when a letter was brought into the room directed "To the President of the Court-of-Enquiry, called on the conduct of Captain Jerningham, of his Majesty's — Light Dragoons."

It was from Dr. —, who hearing of the affair, and Lord Wyville's activity in causing it, was alarmed lest Jerningham should suffer from it, he had therefore written immediately to the Court, and without ceremony detailed the cause of his lordship's animosity by giving a sketch of his proceedings at Eton.

It was handed by the President to the members of the Court, and the glances of indignation, anger, and contempt which were directed at Lord Wyville, alarmed him so much that he was about to retire, when the President sternly

ordered him to remain, as he was very principally concerned in the examination which was not yet concluded.

Meanwhile congratulations were fast poured on Jerningham, "I give you joy, my boy," said a noble and distinguished Colonel, "you are an honour to your corps."

"A noble fellow," said a General, who had witnessed almost a hundred fights, "the very stuff to make a soldier of—I predict, sir, you will attain high consideration in your profession."

How proud, how happy, did such approbation, from such quarters, render Jerningham. He felt that, young as he still was, he was honored, respected, by those whose opinion all value.

The enquiry was resumed, and such proceedings on the part of Lord Wyville were then laid before the Court, such false statements—such wilful misconstructions—such violence of temper, that the officers of the regiment agreed

unanimously that it was impossible for them, as men of honor and character, to associate with him any longer as their commanding officer.

A memorial was sent to the Commander-in-Chief, detailing the circumstances of the case.

It was evening ; the soldiers were lounging about in various parts of the barracks—the first bell had already sounded for the officers' dinner, when the troop-sergeant entered with the regimental letters. What is it that brings the officers so quickly from their rooms, and causes such eager consultation and such joyful looks ? What news is it that spreads like wild-fire among the men, and causes that loud and universal " hurrah ?" Their tyrant is displaced—he is dismissed from the service, and incapacitated from ever again holding a British command. No longer will the poor fellows, be objects of pity to every other regiment, no longer will they be found in the stable or the field till eight or nine at night, no longer will

just returns for "necessaries" be made
have them scarcely a penny a day to live
longer will dissension be sown among
ficers—hurrah! they have lost him!
pace of time has sufficed to prepare for
arture. Scarcely fifteen minutes have
since the arrival of the letter when
Vyville is seen issuing from the barracks,
last sounds he hears from those who so
ere his slaves are groans, hisses, and
, that almost rend the air; and merrily
ht did the toast go round, "Joy to the
it is itself again."

r and deep was the grief of the vener-
rl of Stantondale, when the disgrace of
of his house was thus publicly pro-
: in vain did he petition for the pardon
oration of his worthless son, if not for
sake, on account of a family hitherto
shed. It could not be. It was impos-
force such a person on a body of men
characters were dearer to them than

their lives, in the quality of their commander ; and the head of the army declined, politely but peremptorily, altering a sentence of which he, and every other person in the kingdom, felt the entire justice. The only person who appeared quite unconcerned in the whole affair, was Lord Wyville himself. He regretted, indeed, that he had been discovered and exposed—he regretted that he had lost, with his commanding station, the power of dictating to, and annoying those whom he disliked. As merely Lord Wyville, his powers for the commission of evil were greatly diminished, and he was vexed that it should be so ; but of the iniquity, the moral turpitude of his conduct he never thought at all.

He made himself, therefore, very happy ; took a house in town, enjoyed his release from the duties of his former profession, and began the world in a new character, as a man of fashion. He was, however, well known, and from the better part of the community received

only the most distant courtesies : even *his* rank and expectations could not induce them to forget that he was a villain, and for a time his position was far from being an enviable one.

He spared no pains, however, to further his views : he gave splendid entertainments ; dressed perfectly well ; and lost his money with a good grace to any who could assist him in gaining a footing in the world : he was rather good looking, although by no means *pleasing* in appearance, and was a creditable-looking angler in a party, so that gradually he began to be considered a reformed man—and even his poor father, who had grown aged and decrepid under the blighting influence of disgrace, hoped that he might, in some degree, redeem the past.

Vain hope ! Fruitless expectation ! When sorrow is universal in the land, and no sound of sorrow to be heard, when the sun sheds its bright beams on our island by night as well as



True, Lord Wyville had trod
path of wickedness—he had forg
and perjured himself in the ——
still left a path untrod, which pure
might gain him greater notoriety
mode of still further distinguis
after his own peculiar fashion.
yet figured in Westminster Hal
was not yet connected with that
a *crim. con.* It was almost the
villany of which he had not yet b

CHAPTER II.

"Sweet is revenge!"

BYRON.

"Then shook the hills, with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steeds, to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery!"

CAMPBELL.

"Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din of
sife, and steed, and trump, and drums, and roaring culverins!"

BATTLE OF IVEY.

"WHAT a glorious place to defend!" exclaimed
Rawdon, to his companion, as they came within
sight of Bhurtpore, "what a glorious situation
for a city! Surely, if it be only half as well

defended by art as by nature, it may 'utmost efforts !'

His remarks were most just. Prob an engineer been required to choose a fortress, in any part of the known wor should combine the greatest number c tages, he would have fixed on the spot Bhurtpore stands.

It is built in the centre of a vast p so extensive that the city is clearly every side, even at the distance of ter

Not a single hill—not one yard of ground does it present—not one s which a gun can command the city : every direction the cannon on the ran sweep off any enemy on the plain.

The city is a vast place, nearly ei in circumference, surrounded by w tions, and towers, and containing which had long been the strong-hol Jât power in Rajpoohtana : its defen

men who had never been conquered, even by the all-victorious arms of Britain ; they were confident in their power and invincibility, and superstition had lend its aid to increase their fancied security.

The chief defence of the place lay in a long, deep, and remarkably wide *fossé* which surrounded it, and which could be filled, at a very trifling outlay of time and labour, with water from a neighbouring lake, if there were any chance of its being dry. To cross this moat with troops, when it was filled, was, of course, utterly impossible ; and there was a very ancient Hindoo prophecy which said that "*until ONE Alligator shall drink the fossè dry, Bhurtpore shall never be taken.*" A prophecy the fulfilment of which was thought so improbable that it was universally regarded as an hyperbolical declaration that Bhurtpore should never fall under the dominion of a foreign power.

As the — Light Dragoons approached the place, the quarter-master rode up, and pointed out the spot where they were to encamp. All the other regiments had already arrived; they had, therefore, the advantage of seeing as strange and picturesque a sight as could meet the eye.

In the centre of the plain stood the city itself: its proud ramparts bristling with cannon; its citadel, rising high above every other building, glancing defiance; its wide *fossé* mocking the efforts of the foe.

All around, as far as the eye could reach, the plain was covered with the troops of the company, the tents of each regiment being pitched separately; here a troop of baggage elephants were reposing together; there, fifty or sixty camels; a little further on, a party of natives were dressing their evening meal around a fire, made in the open air, and the flames cast a bright glow over their dark coun-

s, and snowy dresses; nearer, a group of British officers were riding about, surveying the scene, wondering when the attack was to end and still more, how it would terminate; the Staff of Engineers, distinguished by their tall plumes, were busy in different parts, directing the operations of the Sappers and Miners; Lascars were seated on the ground, in their white, light-blue uniforms and dirty-brick-brown tunics, appearing for once to something like gentlemen by the contrast they afforded to the black and brown by which they were surrounded; the ranks of Riflemen were strolling about; the Artillery could find to do in such a siege was rather problematical, for the whole could not furnish jungle sufficient to shelter

3 ——— Light Dragoons rode up to the frontiers, and the bustle of tent-pitching and order-preparing began among the men, and the Governor left them, and went forward with his own corps.

“Rostrevor!” exclaimed the first officer he met, “my dear fellow! delight to see you! but what has brought you here? Your troop is not sent, and I should have thought your pretty wife—”

The Major pointed in silence to the ground, his arm—and the expression of anguish diffused itself over his countenance, and he explained the action.

“God of Heaven! is it possible?” said his friend, grasping his hand, “paraphrase question, I did not know that—no wonder after such a loss, you were glad of exchange—come, let us go over the encampment.”

“How many do you muster here?”

“About thirty thousand.”

“No more? By sight, I should have made a very different estimate.”

“There are not more than that number of fighting men, but you know how they are plagued with camp-followers!”

"True, I had overlooked their numbers, and may safely reckon ten of them, on an average, for every soldier. But what a splendid sight it makes! Three hundred thousand men encamped together. Surely we shall take the city. Is Combermere popular?"

"Yes, and most deservedly so: he is so affable, and accessible, and withal such a genuine soldier, that every one likes and confides in him—no small point in an enterprise like this."

"Are any of my friends here?"

"I scarcely know, but I am sure there must be; Irvine is, at all events."

"I am glad of that, he is just the fellow for such a place as this: I have brought two of your old acquaintances with me—Pat, and Delhi."

"Ah, indeed! I have not seen the sergeant, but I thought I recognised Delhi; how did you get him back?"

“ Strangely enough, he was brought to me for sale, at Cawnpore, and recognised us, as Adelaide did him; I assure you the joy was mutual when we knew him—you know he is an old campaigner.”

“ Yes, at Nepaul. I recollect too, he was one of your numerous pets. But there is our band striking up ‘ the Roast Beef of Old England,’ let us go in to dinner.”

“ I should like to introduce you to-morrow,” said the Major, at dinner, “ to some of the men of the regiment with which I marched. Two of the cornets were fellow-passengers of ours; they are fine, noble characters, and will, I predict, be an honour to their corps.”

“ Faith, Major,” said a youth who sat opposite to him at table, “ I wish you would say as much of me! Only say something of that kind to one of our chiefs; we know the value of your good opinion.”

“ Which I am sure you possess,” replied the

courteously, "come and breakfast with
tomorrow, and I will introduce you to my
friends."

mess broke up at a late hour—the
were delighted to receive back their old
, and in reminiscences of the past, and
of the future, time passed more rapidly
they were aware. Those who had been
and knew the value of this accession to
forces, and the junior officers had heard
of his powers to be delighted that he
led.

next morning, a large party, including
and Roehampton, were seated at
first in Rostrevor's tent, when he rang a
bell, and almost immediately afterwards
the boscage of an elephant was seen insinuat-
ing itself beneath the canvas Khanaut.

"Here is Delhi, Major," said an old brother
—"I see he remembers campaigning
,

“ Yes: he dearly likes the good old customs of the good old times,” and taking some cake and fruit from the table, he drew up the purdah, and went to feed his pet.

Delhi was perfectly happy—the sweets with which he was regaled were not more agreeable than his master’s caresses and approving speeches while eating them—he had long been accustomed to indulgence from his hand.

A young *gourmand*, however, who had followed the party out of the tent, provoked to think that while they were losing time, the kedgerie would get cold, and be uneatable, exclaimed very audibly, “ What an ugly brute! I do wonder, Major, at your taste ?”

“ Do you ?” said the Major, smiling, “ but I cannot agree with you as to poor Delhi’s personal appearance—you must remember he and I have been companions for years—have campaigned together, and he has been with me in battle, besides he is so faithful, so attached to

me, I should be infinitely less rational than himself were I to treat him unkindly. Indeed I really and honestly think him handsome."

Nothing more was said, but there was one keen listener who was deeply offended at the insinuation of ugliness ; this was Delhi himself. The young officer's remarks had been accompanied by opprobrious epithets, and a harsh tone, and Delhi was not a personage who could be affronted with impunity. He pricked up his ears at the offensive speech, and seemed for a moment to be meditating revenge, but apparently he altered his determination, for he suffered himself to be led away very quietly by his *mahout*.

Perhaps there is no other animal that resembles man so nearly as an elephant does. He is far more susceptible than even a dog to the pleasure of being praised and loved, and will not passively bear rough treatment from any one but his master. The natives assert that he

understands all that is said to him, although he cannot reply; and without going quite so far, and granting him the only power that render human beings superior to brutes,* (for heaven

* At the risk of appearing to wander from my subject I must venture to transcribe a *Jeu d'esprit*, by a friend, bearing on this remark. As it was printed only in a provincial, juvenile magazine it is probable that few of my readers have seen it, in which case I trust they will pardon me for presenting it to them.

CAVE CANEM.

'Love ME,' they say, 'and love my dog,'

As if we loved no dogs but MEN;

Now say 'twere love me love my HOG,

How would the proverb answer then?

As this strange world appears to joy,

I think the phrase REVERSED should be,

And 'stead of 'love me, love my dog,'

'Twere better 'love my dog, love ME.'

Some JUSTICE were in that at least,

Where now (keen satire making keener)

We're bound to love the NOBLE beast,

Only to compliment the MEANER.

Dogs! they are honest—brave—sincere,

We read it in their very features,

'A friend to dogs,' quoth Otway's Pierre

'Am I, for they are honest creatures.'

knows, it is not in their *conduct* that they prove
their higher descent) we may believe that they

With ~~dogged~~ faith their master's way
They ~~dog~~ through perils—toils—disasters,
I wish that I as much could say
Or half as much of half their masters.

'Twere well if five in every six
Of two-leg'd things were four-leg'd quite,
Or ceased to play their currish tricks,
Bully and snarl, and fawn and bite.

When on poor Lear's 'white aged head,'
The storm's fierce rains are doomed to pelter,
'Mine enemy's dog' Cordelia said,
'I would have bade my doors give shelter.'

And so would I—and so would you—
But in man's hate such deadly venom is,
I'm not quite sure that we should do
The same polite thing by our enemies.

No ! on the heads of those we hate
We heap no fire with christian cherishing,
We'd rather heap it on the grate
Which keeps us warm while they are perishing.

Not to sing loud in Timon's tune,
This do I say, I'd rather be
A very 'dog that bays the moon'
Than like some dogs of men I see.

do comprehend the tones of the voice; they never forget an injury, nor forgive the injurer until, according to their own ideas, justice is satisfied and the balance made even by retaliation; they are, moreover, the vainest of all animals — no ball-room beauty is more proud of her gay dress, than an elephant is when his tusks are ornamented with gold leaf, his body painted various bright hues, and his tail decked with gay ribbons, either to gratify the pride of

Nay—looking round me, heaven knows
 (If one may speak a truth so frank)
 I'd rather be than some of those
 A dog-fish on the DOGGER-bank.

But let me cur-tail as I may
 These would-be-witty growls of mine,
 Though 'every dog may have his day,'
 We know how 'WELL-BRED DOGS' resign.

So this pug-nacious verse that wages
 War with all curs I close in time,
 Dating it when 'the dog-star rages,'
 As some excuse for dog-grel rhyme.

J. G. GRANT.

his owner, or very probably as a reward for his own good deeds.

Now Delhi was no way behind his brethren in either keenness or conceit, and very angry indeed he was, at the impertinence of the youth's remark.

"I think, Masther Charles," said Pat, coming into the tent, "that there's some divarsion going on near the lake."

The gentlemen mounted their horses, and rode off in the direction Pat had indicated; presently Rostrevor came up to a group of the staff, in the centre of whom was Lord Combermere himself. One of the generals to whom Rostrevor was well known, presented him to the Commander-in-chief.

"Happy to see you, sir," said his lordship, "heard of your conduct in Nepaul, gallant thing that, very, though rather rash. What are they doing down there?" continued Lord Combermere, applying the glass to his eye and directing it towards the lake.

“ It seems to me, my lord, that they are about to cut a passage for the water to flow into the moat.”

“ The devil they are !” ejaculated a general officer, “ my lord, that won’t do.”

“ Rostrevor,” said Lord Combermere quickly “ go down to the — Light Dragoons, and tell them to ride down on those fellows, cut them to pieces—do any thing that will prevent that work.”

Rostrevor put spurs to his horse, and almost flew to the Dragoon quarters to execute his orders ; in a quarter of an hour they were seen tearing down on the Jâts, just in time to prevent so ruinous a measure as that which they were endeavouring to accomplish. They were completely overpowered, a few indeed escaped within the walls, but by far the greater number were destroyed.

When Rostrevor returned to report the execution of his orders Lord Combermere in-

formed him that as he was not attached to any troop then serving, he should place him on his staff, and forthwith appointed him one of his extra *aides-de-camp*.

About a week after this occurrence, the trenches, which had been dug by the British force, to carry off the water in the moat, were completed, and the engineers were employed day and night in mining.

It was intended to make two breaches in the walls, at opposite quarters, by means of mines, so that the Jâts should find themselves attacked at once both in the front and the rear. Meantime trenches were dug, bastions raised, guns, (of which there were 120 on the field,) were planted, and every measure taken to secure the success of the final undertaking, which prudence or skill could suggest.

One evening a large party of officers were dining together, when Rawdon observed that Rostrevor had for once proved a false prophet ;

Delhi had never revenged the insult he had received on the morning after their arrival in camp. "I thought," he continued, "that it really was going a little too far to give a creature like that the sensitive feelings of a human being."

"Very well," replied Rostrevor, "they may laugh, you know, who win! I wish Delhi may have forgotten the circumstance, but I very much doubt it."

At that moment they felt the tent move about in rather a remarkable manner; presently it was completely overturned, and the party found themselves dining *al fresco*.

To their astonishment they now observed that Delhi was close to them—he walked round until he stood behind his rude insulter, then deliberately squirted his proboscis full of dirty water over the rich uniform of his enemy.

"This is quite too bad," said the young man

rily, while the whole company were with laughter. "This trick must taught him. How could he other-got away from his keeper?"

or, who was at first too much amused at length desired the *mahout* to be his presence, when Pat came for-said he had seen the elephant walking unfastening the tent pins, and had ax him away, but had found it quite y, "So at last, yer honour, I left him r shure, said I, the baste's wiser nor a may be it's spaking to the masther ther, and he can't find him by rayson t—the cratur 'ill know his own affairs

as all the consolation that could be —the *mahout* was found to be exceed-ink—the servants said he had been bang all day, and the cunning animal advantage of his keeper's imbecility,

"Well, well!" said Rostrevor, "you *must* really take it as a joke, though, I *confess* not a very pleasant one—you and Delhi *are* now equal, and you must forgive him as, I *am* sure, he does you."

"It appears to me, that there has been *some* management in this. I must conclude that who could prophesy so well, had the means making his words good."

"I pardon much from your passion, sir, *but* I am sure, when you are calm, you will *repent* of your conduct."

To this mild reply, a most violent answer was returned—and the young man used many insulting and impertinent expressions that Rostrevor was compelled to tell him *that* his conduct was most unbecoming an officer for he must be well aware how unfounded *his* insinuations were, that he must *request* him to leave the tent, and that he *should* decline further intercourse with him, until *he* had recovered his senses, and apologized.

The party separated for the night, and tranquillity pervaded every part of the British encampment.

Within the citadel, at that hour, all was terror and confusion. Of all men, perhaps, the tribes of India are the most superstitious. Hitherto, confiding in the oracle, and convinced that it was morally impossible for one Alligator to drink the moat dry, the inhabitants of Bhurtpore, had reposed in perfect security, nor felt any alarm notwithstanding the hosts which they saw surrounding their city. This was not the first time the English had attempted to take place—they had failed before—why should they not now do the same. The Jâts were a brave, warlike people also—and had that strong self-confidence which is ever the result of constant success. But now, what an alteration had taken place! What arms could not have effected, superstition did—and hearts that had beat high with proud confidence

of victory, notwithstanding the reputation of the British soldiery, sunk beneath the fulfilment of an idle prophesy.

“What’s in a name?” asks the impassioned Juliet—and rates it as of little worth—but in this instance, a name carried ruin and destruction—fear and cowardice to a whole people.

COMBERMERE, corrupted as all English names invariably are, in a native’s mouth, bore a fearful resemblance to KOOMHEER (the native word for ALLIGATOR), and the report soon spread that the prophesy alluded to the Command of the British forces—that he had, indeed, already fulfilled it, by draining all the water from the moat, which no other alligator could have done, and, as an unavoidable consequence, Bhurtpore must fall before the English Koomheer.

Fearful was the panic that the whispered intelligence caused in the city—they still fought, indeed, and tried to save their strong

hold—but they fought like men who knew all effort useless, and believed they were contending against Heaven.

At length, the mines were reported finished—the breaches were to be effected that night, and orders were given to the troops to be under arms, ready to march at day-break. It was resolved to carry Bhurtpore by assault.

The fourteenth and fifty-ninth foot were to head the storming parties at the opposite breaches; the native, and other European regiments were to defile and form behind these, while the sixteenth Lancers, and —— Light Dragoons covered the assault.

All these arrangements were made, and the evening closed in peace on the 17th of January, 1826.

The men were sleeping quietly in their tents, recruiting to be prepared for the fatigues of the morrow, the moon was shining full and brightly over the citadel of the devoted place,

and shedding a broad, clear light over the plain where so many were sleeping for the last time until they "slept the sleep that knows no waking," when suddenly a noise like the firing of a hundred cannon was heard—the ground shook—the sky was darkened by the huge masses of stone and earth which were hurled high into the air, and then descended to the ground, with deafening sound.

Two huge breaches were effected by that explosion—the walls of the impregnable city were now laid open to the enemy.

Captain Irvine, who had conducted all the operations, and had insisted on performing the dangerous service of setting fire to the mine, himself was thrown with great violence to the ground, and severely injured. He received no wound, indeed, but suffered for many years afterwards, in consequence.

The first stunning shock over, his thoughts instantly returned to the completion of the en-

e. He was assisted to Lord Comber-
tent.

is done, my lord," said he, "nothing now
s but to ascertain if the breaches are
ntly extensive to admit the troops.
loo has made the 18th a lucky day for
hurtpore will fall to-morrow."

Thom can you trust to examine the
as?"

h, myself, my lord, to be sure—I should
e to delegate that duty to any one."

rely, in your present state, you will not
e alone through them?"

as, oh yes, my lord. No one could assist
d they might encumber my proceedings.
is little risk, for I shall soon have com-
the necessary survey."

hen take a glass of wine with me, to our
t, and then away, for you must return
port progress."

ne was quite recruited by the tumbler of

sparkling champaign with which Lord Combermere presented him—and then, alone, he traversed every part of the trenches, even penetrating into the city. The next morning, the men, as they ascended the trench, recognised his footsteps on the newly-turned earth.*

Irvine returned to assure the Commander-in-Chief that there was nothing to prevent the troops from storming the place the next morning.

* I do not know whether my orthography be quite correct, or whether this gallant officer is still living ; but I beg to assure my readers that the circumstance related above is an indisputable fact ; Captain Irvine (or Irving) was compelled to return to England in consequence of the injuries he then received, and his imprudent exertions immediately afterwards ; but I have not been able to ascertain his subsequent fate. I trust he is still living to enjoy the consideration and respect which his conduct on all occasions so well merited ; and should these humble pages ever meet his eye, I trust he may feel some part of the pleasure in recalling these scenes, which the author does in recording them, and contributing his powers to the “stemming of oblivion’s tide” when it would obliterate the good and the noble from our minds.

and let the men be ready to march at
" said Lord Combermere to his *aides-*
; and they hastened to give the neces-
sary orders.

Before day dawned an officer entered
his tent. He started up and saw that it
was a trevor.

" Now, Rawdon, I have been considering how un-
certain every thing must necessarily be. How

soon we will be in eternity before night,
and we have brought you this letter, in case—"

" Now, come, Major, this is too bad—I

" I was to take my first lesson in a
new life under your tuition—you must not
be so to be gloomy."

" Well, but, Rawdon, listen to me. I do
not expect to, myself, anticipate evil, but still, we have
a task before us to-day, and if anything
should occur—in short, if you will promise to
open this, and open it, in case of my
death, I shall be satisfied."

“ I will, indeed ; and you may rely on complying with any wishes it may contain but I hope for better fortune.”

“ So do I ; but it is as well to be prepared. Hark ! there is the bugle— we have no time to lose. Good bye, my dear boy, God bless you.”

Rawdon grasped his friend’s hand as he mounted his horse. Rostrevor galloped to the Chief’s tent, and Rawdon to the lines of his regiment.”

The word was given to “ advance ! ” The gallant British soldiers led on the attack, and were well supported by the equally brave native troops. On they march—they ascend the breaches—the foremost enter the city—the cannon pour their destructive fire on them from the walls, and the brave, but despairing Jâts oppose them hand to hand—but it is vain. Street by street is disputed, but the foe at length surround them on all sides, and they retreat with great difficulty to the citadel—their last hope.

But the die is cast, and lost—the destroying Koomheer is indeed in their strong-hold—the citadel—their last resource is taken—they are compelled to own themselves conquered. Here and there, indeed, a few Jâts, preferring death to acknowledging themselves vanquished, are still struggling with straggling parties of the British forces—but as a people they are destroyed.

For the first time, Bhurtpore owns a conqueror. The Union Jack waves above the citadel. The impregnable seat of native rule is in the hands of a victor—to whom the loss was so slight, as scarcely to damp the joys of conquest.

Sixty lacs of rupees were found in Bhurtpore—and the native opinion of British invincibility was firmly established.

The loss on our side amounted only, including killed and wounded, to about a thousand men, but when all had returned to their quarters,

and tranquillity was established, the two discovered to be missing, whose loss severely felt. Neither Rostrevor nor was any where visible.

CHAPTER III.

" Pour les Anglais, ils se réjouissaient tristement, selon le
 coutume de leur pays."

FROISSANT.

Cambian per questo
 Spesso i nominalle cose. In noi veduto
 Il timore è prudenza,
 Modestia la viltà; veduta in altri,
 E' viltà la modestia,
 La prudenza è timor. Quindi poi siamo,
 Si contenti di noi; quindi succede
 Che tardi il ben, subito il mal si crede.

METASTASIO.

E must now entreat our readers to accom-
 pany us to Rawdon Court and listen to a dis-
 cussion which was carried on between the
 members of the family, on the very important
 subject of spending a season in London.

A period of nine years had elapsed since we saw two blooming, but almost childish beings awaiting their brother's return from College—they were now transformed into graceful, elegant young women; young in years, but still more youthful in appearance.

Fanny and Mary Anne Rawdon had not yet visited London, and their father, anxious to gratify their every wish, and really feeling that it might be advantageous to them to mix in more general society than the country afforded, had, at last, received a promise from Lady Helen, that she would take it into consideration.

Lady Helen had many scruples on the subject; her daughters were at present, so exactly what she most desired to see them, that any change appeared certain to be, *not* an improvement. The character of Lady Brooke, whom they generally saw for a few weeks every year, when she visited Lady Carlton, had altered so much, and become so odious a

to Lady Helen, that she shrank from the
a of giving her own upright, amiable
ughters that knowledge of "the world"
ich had at least contributed to render Lady
ooke so unpleasing: yet the anxious mother
s truly desirous to make her family happy.
e could not, therefore, decide hastily.

"Well, my love," said Sir Lewis, one even-
g, "I hope you have resolved to grace the
etropolis with your presence this season?"

"Indeed, I do not yet know. Fanny, what
you say to the plan?"

"Oh! I should enjoy it beyond every thing,
amma! We have heard so much of its
asures that I cannot help wishing to experi-
ce them. I do long so much to hear an
era—that is my greatest desire. Don't you
nember, Mary Anne, how very much Horace
ed to tell us about the German Operas? I
ve always wished to go to one since."

"My memory is not so good as yours,

Fanny," said Mary Anne, smiling. "I cannot remember Horace ever mentioning the subject. It was Captain Roehampton who was so enthusiastic about them. For my part, I shall be very much delighted to go, but I dare say I shall be quite as glad to return. I cannot imagine any person liking, as Lady Brooke does, to remain almost the whole of every year with no better view than that of streets and houses. How very much she is altered?"

"She is indeed," replied Lady Helen, "and has acquired a most unpleasing expression of countenance; she appears very unhappy with Sir Edward—at least, discontented in his society, and only satisfied when surrounded by others."

"I do wonder," returned Mary Anne, "that she can act as she does to her husband: he is so amiable and gentlemanly, and for many years appeared so devotedly attached to her, that I am sure it must be her own fault if he is now altered."

person," replied her mother, could long
ardent affection for one who con-
vinced such decided coldness and in-
as she has done. Even during the
of their married life, she evidently
the attentions of any stranger to his.
never consulted either his taste or his
and it was, as she boasted to Lady
entirely through her intrigues, or (as
d denominate it) *management*, that
rd went into Parliament, and she re-
r freedom."

wretched the husband of such a
ust be!" exclaimed Fanny, "perhaps
ot be quite fair to expect her to show
ardent attachment she might have felt
nger person; but still, Sir Edward is so
kind of man of whom a woman can
, to whom she can look up, with affec-
confidence, that I think his wife ought
fectly happy."

“ I do not agree in all your feelings, Fanny,” said her sister. “ I should have imagined that Sir Edward, (who is always considered a *very* handsome man), with his great talents, and *very* pleasing manners, would be far more likely to inspire very warm and devoted love than a much younger person. He appears so exactly the sort of man to whom a young wife would cling—on whose affection she could so confidently rely.”

“ Catherine does not think so,” observed Lady Helen, “ on the contrary she appears to take a contradictory sort of pleasure in *even thinking* differently from him. He is the *most* amiable person I ever knew, or he *would* assuredly sometimes resent her conduct.”

“ Well, ladies, what is your decision ?” asked Sir Lewis, just then entering the room. “ To go, or not to go ? Am I to prepare to *escort* you through Vanity Fair, or do you *remain* in Yorkshire ?”

"No, papa," said Fanny, "you need not trouble yourself, we are not going to 'waste our preciousness on the desert air' any longer, are we mamma?"

"I believe, my love, that we shall be obliged to gratify these girls."

"Then I should strongly advise you to begin your preparation: only take care you do not get all relish for a country life, as your old father has done."

"I do not fear that," said Lady Helen. "Catherine never really liked a quiet life; she was educated to shine in the world, and we must admit that she does so."

"Yes, she is, by all accounts, the Queen of fashion. I should not be greatly surprised if she were scarcely to recognise us in London."

"We shall be very happy to visit her, if she is as cordial," said Lady Helen, "but of course, if the acquaintance be not agreeable to her, it will be a matter of indifference to us."

All being now decided, preparations were made for their first appearance in the world of London. Their excursions had not extended, hitherto, beyond Scarborough and Redcar, and the younger branches of the family, not yet emancipated from the school-room, were almost uproarious in their glee.

In a short time, they were comfortably established in London, and no sooner was their arrival announced than they found themselves surrounded by friends.

Their first visiter was Lady Brooke, who made her appearance one morning, while they were still at breakfast.

"I fear," said she, "that I have intruded at a most unreasonable hour, but I was resolved to find you at home, and be the first to welcome you on your arrival."

"It is indeed," said Sir Lewis, "a most gracious act on the part of a sovereign, to welcome in person such humble subjects as

, but I must not allow you to spoil my
for their future country life, by
too deep an insight into the myste-
our kingdom."

need not fear me, Sir Lewis—such
balls and parties, to be enjoyed at all,
but sparingly partaken of—one soon
weary—there is little pleasure, and
able attending them ; and I, for one,
ily disgusted—'*le jeu ne vaut pas la*

" The lady threw herself into a
gue, as she concluded a speech, which
om her lips, might well be deemed
le. Her countenance, indeed, showed

at ease, and for some minutes, she
her reclined in silence, lost in a train
ad painful thought.

Ielen, as her own two fresh blooming
sat on each side of the woman of the
uld not help contrasting them with

Lady Brooke was only a very few years older than Miss Rawdon—but she appeared faded and worn, and might have passed in the morning for her senior by twelve or fifteen years.

Lady Brooke at length broke the silence by observing—"I had almost forgotten my chief motive for coming here to-day; which is to ask you to join a party at my house to-night: there will not be many people, but all stars in their way, and I think I may promise you a pleasant evening, as there are many whom you will really like to know.

Lady Helen, thanking her for her kindness, accepted the invitation with pleasure, and the visiter soon after departed.

Fanny observed how very cordial and agreeable Lady Brooke had been, and how much they had misjudged her character.

The evening came at length, and the *débütantes* prepared for their first London party.

When they entered the gorgeous suite of rooms in which their hostess and her guests were assembled, they created a universal sensation. Two new faces, even had they possessed far less pretensions to beauty, would have been at any time, a welcome addition to the circle: what then was the pleasure of seeing two sisters, bearing no resemblance to each other, yet each perfect in figure, face, and contour.

Catherine, dressed with great taste, and looking very handsome, rose and welcomed them cordially, introducing them to the other guests. The Rawdons found that they were already acquainted with some of the party, and soon formed a centre of attraction to several young men, who, *blasés* with the perpetual recurrence of the same persons, and the same conventional manners, hailed the appearance of our young friends with especial delight.

Lady Brooke, meantime was most assidu-

ously attended by a young man who leant over the back of the sofa, and talked incessantly to her; presently he bent his head, and she said something in a very low voice. He remained a few minutes longer with her, then rose, and took a chair near Mary Anne.

He addressed her, and as she replied she raised her eyes, but they did not encounter his; he appeared to possess the disagreeable peculiarity of invariably averting his eyes from the person with whom he was conversing.

Finding his companion a novice in London society, he proceeded to give her a sketch of the guests, with which she might have been amused but for the extreme ill-nature which coloured every observation; he appeared to know every one, but to see only their faults or their vices.

“ I do not see Sir Edward in the room,” observed the lady.

“ It is fortunate there is no one but myself

“For that speech,” replied her companion, “lead, Miss Rawdon, I should have thought you would have known that the house of lords of the world, like Sir Edward Brooke, is precisely the only place where no one would be of finding him. He would be little surprised if he heard your observation.”

“He must be very much altered if that be true,” said Mary Anne, not noticing the significant glance her companion gave as she

“We all thought him so very domestic [I am quite surprised to hear of such a change in his character.”

“He would feel, doubtless, highly honored to interest Miss Rawdon evinces for his sake,” replied her companion, in a sarcastic manner.

“Oh, we have known him a very long time, ever since his marriage with our old play-actor. But I forget that he has duties here which keep him from home, of which we know

nothing when he is at Carlton Hall. Of course he has to attend the House. Only we rustics, you know, think the presence of the gentleman indispensable for party-giving."

"St. Stephen's is a capital excuse for those who require one to cover their erratic propensities."

"Oh, indeed you do not know him if you think he would condescend to any subterfuge. But there he is, to answer for himself. See, he is talking to that lady in the recess."

At this moment Mary Anne caught his eye; he was indeed engaged in conversation, but his attention was evidently given to that part of the room where Lady Brooke and the Rawdon's were sitting, and apparently, with no very pleased feelings. Mary Anne looked at Catherine, and saw, with surprise, that she had turned deadly pale, and seemed as if she were about to faint. She quickly, however, recovered her self-possession, but rose, and joined the party in the adjoining room.

Mary Anne had been so surprised by the expression of Sir Edward's countenance, and Lady Brooke's evident agitation, that she did not at first observe that her companion and self-constituted *cicerone* had quitted her side, and when she became aware of his absence, she felt no cause for regret, especially as Sir Edward joined her party, shook hands very cordially with them all, and then took the vacant chair by the side of Mary Anne.

"Will Miss Rawdon think me *very* impertinent," he began, in a low tone, "if I venture to consider myself as her old friend, and to assume some of the privileges that belong to a happy acquaintance? May I inquire who introduced you to the gentleman who was by my side when I entered the room?"

"I believe Lady Brooke introduced him along with others to us, in a general way, when we entered; but for the especial acquaintance he introduced himself. Why do you ask?"

"Because Lord Wyville would not be either

a creditable or a pleasant acquaintance. —
has not, I trust, advanced very far in your graces."

"Indeed no. I did not even know his name; and the conversation we have had has not, by any means, rendered me anxious to renew the acquaintance."

"I am truly glad to hear it—I acknowledge that I had feared the reverse, seeing his great efforts to be very agreeable."

"Indeed!" said Mary Anne, in a quiet tone and with a slight smile, "he must be very ignorant indeed of women, if he thinks them capable of enjoying such conversation as his."

"Then I may presume you are not one of those who are rendered happy only by hearing their perfections contrasted with the faults of others."

"I see you are acquainted with his lordship. Truth obliges me to allow that *praise* is a pleasant thing—and even when a little too liberal to be just, inclines us to like the person who

bestows it—but it must not be such praise as Lord Wyville's."

"Indeed—why not?"

"Because it is so evident that his lordship is deficient in both judgment and sincerity. He appears to be trying to blind you to something which he wishes to conceal, by flattery which cannot be just—and when you find he does not see the characters of others with the same leniency, you feel he has some sinister motive."

"It is a great pity he cannot hear your remarks—such a critique might benefit even him."

"Is he then so very vile a character?"

"He is a man with whom no one would associate, who, knowing his character, possessed either honour or principle themselves," replied Sir Edward, in a stern and decided manner.

"And how he has obtained the entree of *this* house is beyond my comprehension. He is a man who has incurred the deepest disgrace—a man who ought not to be admitted into society

at all—and with whom no woman could appear intimate without justly incurring severe censure.”

Observing that Mary Anne appeared greatly distressed, he added—

“ Pardon me, my dear Miss Rawdon, I have been led away by the indignation I could not but feel, at finding such a man a guest in my house. You are a novice, and could not possibly be blamed, even if you had felt any different sentiments to those you have expressed concerning him—for he is plausible as well as unprincipled, and would have blinded any woman but one of a very clear and sound understanding—you were not aware of the ~~sc~~ of estimation in which he is held ; but no ~~o~~ present, excepting your family, can plead ~~th~~ the same excuse. But,” he continued, *courteously*, “ we will dismiss from our minds so unpleasant a subject. You do not know the people here, and to be ignorant of them and their biogra-

phies is to 'argue yourself unknown.' Shall I furnish you with '*le carte du pays* ?' "

He proceeded to sketch the different characters in the room—bringing their virtues and talents prominently forward, and adding amusing anecdotes connected with them.

Sir Edward shone in conversation. He possessed great command of language, brilliant wit, a most excellent memory, and an amiable disposition. Mary Anne found him a most charming companion, and he too, in the evident pleasure she took in listening to him, felt a happiness which his wife's society had never afforded him—the happiness of knowing he was appreciated; and to a man of great acquirement, and a highly intellectual mind, there was a great charm in the freshness, and originality, as well as the good sense which characterised her.

"And who are those very distinguished-looking people on that ottoman?" she enquired, when he had completed his portraits.

"They are indeed distinguished," said [redacted]
"but as it is not for their *excellence*, I did [redacted]
introduce you to them. May I venture to ask
your opinion of my sketches?"

"Oh, I like them extremely! I was just
recalling them, and considering how singular
is the glass through which we view others—
how invariably it colours objects with some
trace of our own dispositions. Could I repeat
your accounts exactly, and those of the same
persons with which Lord Wyville favoured me,
it would be impossible to recognise them as
portraits of the same individuals."

"I hope I may consider that as a compliment—for certainly it would not be very gratifying to me to imagine that there exists a
resemblance between us. But with regard to
our estimate of the characters of others, I do
think we are often far too severe. The world
is a better one than we are taught to believe it
—whether we judge from the *opinions* of a
misanthrope, or from the *conduct* of a Lord

Wyville. Were we *perfect* we should be monsters, not men—but there are, I am convinced, very few characters in which the good and amiable traits do not greatly preponderate over the evil ones. Yes, statesman as I am, I am silly enough to believe, to feel assured—that England can yet boast of men who prefer the good of their country to their own greatness—husbands who love their wives and families—wives faithful in heart as well as conduct, and children who venerate their parents. Unquestionably there is much evil in the world—but not total depravity.

“What a singular doctrine for a legislator to hold,” said Mary Anne, gaily, “you surely would not venture your reputation for knowledge of the world, by asserting such opinions in public. But, seriously—if such be indeed the case, how is it that so much is said and written of the corruptness of the present day—the ingratitude of the world—the deterioration of society—since ‘the good old times?’”

“ Simply because it is the fashion to declaim in that style, and you might, you know, (as old play says) ‘ as well be out of the world out of the fashion.’ People who are too ignorant to know, or too indolent to think with accuracy, imagine that by thus talking to establish their reputation for wisdom and so —and very much annoyed they would be, doubt, if they were to gain even a slight insight into the much-admired ‘ days of yore.’ Even the most miserable are in a better condition now than they were then ; and I should like to punish grumblers of the higher order with a sort of poetical justice, by transporting them from their luxurious rooms, Turbans, carpets, elegant, commodious furniture, refined cuisine, to the bare, rush-strewn apartments of other days, when a Sovereign breakfasted on beef-steaks and ale, and boxed the ears of her maids, and lords-in-waiting and the poor dandies had no mirrors by which to arrange their toilet.”

“ That would surely be a severe punishment, Sir Edward, for a little harmless discontent.”

“ Not harmless, Miss Rawdon ! Why should there be all those jealousies and heart-burnings that now exist in society ? Why that rejoicing in the misfortunes of others, and retailing every scandalous report with such evident delight as we see done daily and hourly in every rank and grade, but because a spirit of grumbling is abroad in the land, every individual renders himself unhappy by fancying he is not in his proper sphere, and if we do not meet with warm friendship and devoted fidelity in every quarter, we assert unhesitatingly that such things do not exist, never thinking of asking our own hearts the question, “do we deserve thus to find them ?” This is one grand evil—another is the propensity in the human mind to judge of others by itself. This is the ignorant—the half-educated—the inhabitants of country towns and paltry villages—knowing but one set of opinions, one uniform

line of action, whatever is new in either is strange—whatever is strange must, of necessity, be wrong—even if they cannot, by the most Indian-rubber-like-measurement make an action criminal in itself, they are sure to assign an evil motive for it—But even where intercourse with society, and the advantages of travel have given us somewhat more enlarged views, we still are too apt to measure the habits, manners, opinions, of others by our own, and in proportion as they vary from this extraordinary standard, assert them to be wrong or vicious—not considering the differences naturally created by education and other extraneous circumstances acting on dispositions as various as the different kinds of vegetation—we make no allowances for the faults of others, whatever our own may be.”

“ But this illiberality is, in a great measure, the consequence of a defective education ?”

“ Undoubtedly. A child, from its ignorance, finds every fresh sight a *wonder*—and we may

compare the uneducated to children. As a proof of this, place among *bourgeoises* a person of liberal education, refined manners, and extensive knowledge of the world, how quickly will he accommodate himself to them without altering his own nature—but however long he may reside among them, he still puzzles them almost as much as on the first day of their acquaintance—he has seen variety of manners, habits, minds—consequently, he has ceased to wonder, and allows that there may be excellence even in those from whom he differs most widely ; but, on the contrary, he undergoes a sort of petty martyrdom among them : his words are distorted—his actions misconstrued—his errors magnified, until in self-defence, he either leads a hermit's life, to the destruction, perhaps, of his health and his prospects, or he flies to a metropolis, to find in crowded streets that peace and benevolence of spirit which the country, with all its boasted attractions, cannot, in that rank of life, afford. There is sufficient

harshness of judgment however, in London life."

"The view you give me is rather alarming to such a novice as I am," said Mary Anne, "I should not like to be so hastily condemned."

"Perhaps you do not thus condemn others ; but allow that men may be good and clever, and that women may be beautiful, although neither minds nor faces resemble yours ; if my idea of your character be correct, you will pass unscathed even through the ordeal of London society. I should not promise you the same indemnity if your *début* were to be made in the country. But how do you like town ?"

"I am not yet sufficiently experienced to decide ; I think I shall enjoy one season, but not desire to pass another in London."

Sir Edward conducted Mary Anne to the carriage, and retired to his own room to reflect on the happy evening he had spent in her society, and to regret, more than he had ever before done, that his own wife's habits were so

different. How great would be his enjoyment of her conversation, if she loved home, and could endure without weariness, an evening without any companion but himself. How blessed he should consider himself if she would interest herself in his success, enter into his views, and approve his sentiments—if she loved him only half as much as he still loved her—but alas! she was indifferent. There was no smile of welcome to greet him, no loving glance, no look of gratified pride in his talents—no sympathy with his anxieties—Lady Brooke treated him with politeness, she conducted his establishment, and did the honors of his house with grace—there were no bickerings, no positive disputes, no aversion. There was simply indifference—he had had no faithful friend in his wife—and he was still too much attached to her to seek for happiness elsewhere. Woe be to the woman who thus treats a loving husband—who permits him to see that others are more anxious for his happiness than she is—

who neglects her duty to him and to her family—
—who allows him to return home wearied
worn, and find himself unthought-for un-
for—sooner or later the retribution is heav-
and when she awakens to her position,
would try to retrieve her errors, it is no longer
practicable—no ! not though she seek it com-
fully with tears.”

CHAPTER IV.

"——She is a woman of honour
And has as many good qualities
As women of honour usually have,
I know it—and am therefore uneasy."

DR. HOADLEY.

" Their crimes
Did haunt them, like the smoke from Himmon's vale,
And every night in dreams they groaned aloud."

KEATS.

"——Better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owns,
Were ours at once, than guilt."

SHAKESPEARE.

I HAVE come to enquire how it happened, Catherine, that you received, last night, in my house, a man of so infamous a character as Lord Wyville?" said Sir Edward, entering his

wife's *boudoir*, on the morning after the *soirée*.

"He has made himself so notorious that you cannot possibly plead ignorance—you must know that he is not a suitable guest for any one who desires to preserve an unblemished reputation."

"The world does not judge as you do," replied his Lady, "not being so immaculate itself, it is more lenient in its judgment of others. I have met Lord Wyville in unexceptionable society, and therefore, concluded there was no objection to my inviting him here. I do not see that his position at present is at all different to that of any other young nobleman of splendid prospects. I am sure, in many houses his society is greatly courted."

"But I request that it never may be here : I would also beg that your company may in future be more select than I found it last night, and shall make it a point of ascertaining that it is so. It was exceedingly thoughtless (to use no harsher expression,) to bring such a fa-

mily as the Rawdons into the society of people whose very name, in connection with theirs, would be contaminating."

"The world does not judge so uncharitably," replied Lady Brooke, "nor does it require us to draw lines of demarcation which it does not recognise. However, of course I shall not dispute your wishes on the subject. I trust you will do me the justice to admit that I am an *obedient* wife."

"Believe me, Catherine," said Sir Edward, "it is my unaltered love for you—my regard for your unspotted fame, that makes me so solicitous that you should preserve it. If—" he paused—then added, in a deep, low tone—"if I could believe that you are less anxious on your own account than I am for you, I should, indeed, deem you unworthy of my regard. But it has been thoughtlessness, has it not? You would not wilfully choose such people as your intimate associates. You would not surely risk the love and esteem of your

husband, for the sake of any fancied popularity?"

"I hope I never have done so," she replied in a chilling manner, and with a voice, the monotonous tones of which were strangely contrasted with his deep and impassioned melody. "I am not aware, Sir Edward, that the world, censorious as it is, has ever attempted to sully the lustre of *your* name, or *my* reputation!"

"Do you think," returned her husband, "that you should continue in your position as my wife, the honoured head of my family, were you not free from every aspersion? Catherine," he continued, provoked by her apathy, "beware! I *have* loved you fervently—God is my witness that I do so still—because I deem you worthy of my regard—but should I have reason to suspect that such is *not* the case, my affection for you will not survive an hour. Beware!"

He left her—and she fell into a train of thought on subjects which were, indeed, any thing but agreeable. Sir Edward was not a person who, when roused, would admit of one moment's trifling—and at first she felt as if she dared not disobey him: she was convinced that it would be impossible to retain her present associates, and his affection, and she almost resolved to relinquish the connexions which had given him so much pain. But when she began to consider the *means* of accomplishing her wishes, she found herself involved in difficulty.

Lady Brooke was a personage of great importance in her own circle, and by no means one whose countenance and protection they would relinquish with a good grace—and she remembered that her very dear friends had some things in their power that would effectually prevent them from fearing such a loss.

She knew them well enough to be aware that

self-interest was the master passion of each member of the *clique*, and that they would not hesitate to grasp at any means of keeping her within their circle.

She was miserably uncertain how to act—a presentiment of evil was hanging over her mind, and for almost the first time in her life, she paused in her career. The past rose up before her—her falsehood to Horace—her heartlessness towards her husband—she was wretched, and she felt that were the past redeemable, she would redeem it, at any cost.

And was it? Yes! It still was in her power at least to fulfil her duty to her husband—and and strengthen his love by her affection—but alas! she must then sacrifice her pre-eminence in the world to which she was wedded.

Still, she could not banish the thought of the happiness that might yet be hers, if blessed with her husband's love—a clear conscience—and the regard of the wisest and best members

ety—and she *almost* resolved to take very decided step towards the accomplishment of Sir Edward's wishes. Had she so, what a load of misery would have befallen her! What an accumulation of trouble would she have escaped! But her half-hearted resolutions were not sufficiently strong to surmount the least trial.

She was still meditating when a loud knock was heard at the door, and in another moment Mr. Wyville was announced.

"I ventured to intrude at this unseasonable hour, fair Lady," said his lordship, as Lady Edith entered the drawing-room, to explain the cause of my precipitate retreat last night. "Perhaps you are not aware that Brooke and I have been on very indifferent terms—therefore you will not attribute my uncourteous behaviour to any desire to spare you the unpleasantness of a scene—a curtain lecture—and so on." "It was scarcely possible to imagine a greater

contrast to the gentle, and deferential manner of Sir Edward, than was presented in the familiar, impertinent air of Lord Wyville. Catherine was much and painfully struck by it, and answered, rather haughtily, that Lord Wyville could have only a very slight acquaintance of the character of Sir Edward, if he thought him capable of insulting any one in his own house, but that as they certainly were not on good terms, she thought it would be wiser not to risk the consequences of another meeting, and therefore, it would not again be in her power to receive his lordship's visits.

This was a most annoying prohibition to the young reprobate. It was one of the highest points of his ambition to be considered as a member of Lady Brooke's coterie, and he was also earnestly desirous of paying court to one whom he considered *la plus belle des belles*. He consoled himself with the certainty of meet-

ing her elsewhere, and trusted to time, and his own ingenuity to favour his designs. With these considerations in his head he bade her farewell.

Lady Brooke was engaged that evening at a very large party to which the Rawdons were also invited. She was not inclined to enter society, but she had been so miserable all the day, that she hoped it might prove a relief to her.

In her eagerness for stimulus, she tried various methods of killing time, but at length finding all others ineffectual, she joined an acquaintance, notorious for high play, in a game at *écarté*.

Unable to fix her thoughts on the game, she played carelessly, and soon found that she had lost a sum that would seriously inconvenience her: she roused herself, and renewed the challenge, but her too great anxiety was as prejudicial to her success as her former indifference, and she continued to lose.

Once thoroughly excited, she was eager to continue the game—her antagonist was equally willing, and the cards were still in their hands when the first grey tint that heralded approaching day-light appeared, and the crowds that had so lately thronged the saloons, had completely deserted them.

Lady Brooke returned to her splendid mansion, with a heart much heavier than when she had left it. She dreaded meeting with her husband, and felt unspeakable relief when informed that he had retired to his own room, immediately on his return from the House, and had merely enquired where she was gone. Catherine thought the party which she had just left by far the most disagreeable to which she had ever been, and then came the question how she should manage to pay her debt of honour. Sir Edward was most liberal, but he would certainly enquire the purpose for which she asked so large a sum, and perhaps refuse her it, or pay it, and insist on her returning to

okleigh—and living there for the future. He dreaded to apply to him, knowing how greatly he disapproved of gambling in all its forms—and of a female gambler especially—when she recurred, with something like comfort, to the last words of her creditor, “ We shall meet to-morrow at Lady L——’s if you wish for revenge.” She would venture once—once, more. Fortune surely would not be unpropitious: with this resolution, she sank to a troubled sleep, accompanied by painful dreams, in which cards, and “ *je propose.*” were strangely mingled with Sir Edward’s exhortations, which appeared, to her distorted imagination, to be uttered in fierceness and wrath—“ my affection will not survive an hour! beware !”

* * * * *

Very different were the reminiscences of the lawdons, connected with the same entertainment.

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ment Lady Brooke condemned so severely ^{as} stupid and unpleasant.

Tincturing every occurrence with the bright colourings of their own pure and happy minds, they had enjoyed it exceedingly.

Fanny had been much amused by the eccentricities of an old gentleman, a Lord Davenport, who attached himself to her with such pertinacity that she felt at once diverted and annoyed. Wherever she moved, Lord Davenport was her shadow, and she was, many times during the evening, rallied on her conquest.

"Do look at old Davenport," she heard one coxcomb say to another, "he is positively smitten with the charms of the young beauty."

"All in vain, though," returned his friend, "she has not the appearance of a girl who would sacrifice herself for either rank or wealth."

"Who knows? Stranger things happen every day. There might be many things worse than such a connection for any girl—for to do

Davenport justice, he has the reputation of being a very clever man, although so odd—and she may like eccentricity.”

The objects of all this discussion were apparently enjoying a very pleasant *tête-à-tête*. Lord Davenport seemed resolved to prove his admiration, for he attended Fanny with all the deferential devotion of the knights of old, conversed with her on all kinds of subjects, and finally entreated permission to wait on her on the following day. The request was granted, and the old Lord left the assembly immediately after their departure, and while on his way home fell into a train of musing something like the following.

“Charming girl, that Fanny Rawdon! very! Not the least affectation! open as the noon-day, and nearly as beautiful! Just the sort of creature to turn a wise man into a fool! Then the family is old and good, and if she have but a small fortune, I have abundance for both! Let me see! about sixty thousand ‘a-

year! quite enough! and then she would be such an excellent wife! so affectionate and domestic! One may judge of that from her mother! Then, at least, there is one thing there would be no difficulty in gaining her consent, and she would make such a kindness to me when I grow old and gouty—must, some time! Yes! it is the very best for him! The young gentleman has more taste than I give him credit for. She is certainly the sweetest girl I ever saw, and I will marry her directly. I think he will be surprised when he sees how beautiful she could not have been so lovely when he knew her. Well! he must marry her as soon as possible for I am quite determined no one else shall ever be my daughter! But he shall not marry her until I am convinced that he is worthy of her—that he loves her better than any earthly thing.”

The result of all this cogitation was a long letter, addressed (as perhaps our readers have already anticipated) “to”—

CAPTAIN THE HONORABLE W. ROEHAMPTON,

“ ——— *Light Dragoons,*

“ CAWNPORE.

“ ——— It is my desire that you return to England as soon as you can complete the necessary arrangements for quitting your regiment. You are no doubt, surprised at this command—but will acquiesce in its propriety when I inform you that as it is my earnest wish to see you married, and to have the comfort of your society in my declining years, I am about to make all preparations for so desirable an event. I have been fortunate also, in meeting with a lady whom I believe to be in every way calculated to ensure your happiness. Her family is excellent—she is highly accomplished and most amiable. I do not speak of her appearance, as beauty is not, in the opinion of any sensible man, an essential possession in a wife. Should you be mad enough to refuse this most eligible match, I shall leave my whole

property to the lady, and cut you off with a shilling, while by acting in obedience to my commands, you will secure an excellent wife, an ample fortune during my life, and unimpaired estates at my death.

“ This resolution on my part will prove to you the necessity of immediately abandoning all idea of a portionless girl like the Miss Rawdon you used to talk about—for, although I cannot prevent you from inheriting the title, not an acre of land goes with it—and there are not many situations more painful than that of a nobleman who has not the means to support his rank. Should you decline returning to England, I shall conclude you refuse the alliance; therefore, I counsel you not to decide with precipitation—as disobedience will ruin both your prospects and true happiness, which by complying with my wishes you will acquire every blessing that can sweeten life, and secure the regard of

“ Your affectionate Father,

“ DAVENPORT.”

ere," said his lordship, as he sealed the
'that will puzzle him sufficiently. He
an imagine that Fanny Rawdon is the
l wife—and will, of course, refuse her.
not tease *her*, however, on any account,
st contrive to explain matters to her."

ie first step, he took an opportunity to
e the subject of India, one day, when
on the Rawdons—and on their men-
Captain Roehampton's name, in con-
with that of their son Horace, he
said he was surprised, and begged that
uld not on any account mention him
(havenport) to their friend, as circum-
had occurred which would render it
nful to both parties, and, in fact, might
e attended with distressing results.

readily granted his request, and he de-
pparently satisfied.

count for their ignorance that he was
pton's father, we may remark, that the

title had only fallen to him two or three years before, in consequence of the death of several distant relatives, and the solitude in which he usually lived had caused even his existence to be almost, for a time, forgotten by the world.

CHAPTER V.

"Man with his fellow-man may brave
All that may chance on land or wave,
But minds of highest tone
Are those who thus their country serve,
In danger's path with heart and nerve,
Unaided and alone!"

LOSS OF THE TIGER.

troops had poured into the citadel of
rtapore, and seized possession of the treasure,
Dragoons were hovering about the streets
e the combat was in many places still con-
ed, when Rawdon discovered in one of the

narrow lanes, an artillery officer opposed to a number of Jâts. His own party were too far in advance to hear his 'halt!' so setting spurs to his horse, he rode rapidly to the spot, and arrived in time to take a very active share in the affray. After a more desperate resistance than almost any of their countrymen had offered, the Jâts gave way, not however before inflicting two severe wounds on the unexpected champion.

"Rawdon! my dear boy!" exclaimed Rostrevor, raising his young deliverer from the ground where he had fallen, faint with exhaustion and loss of blood. "What shall I do with you? this quarter seems quite abandoned, perhaps it will be well to take shelter for the night in one of these deserted houses," and the Major supported Horace into an adjoining house, and proceeded to examine the state of his injuries, one was a severe wound in the arm—the other was a sabre cut in the face.

"I fear your beauty is spoilt, Horace!" said

Rostrevor, while engaged in dressing the wound
“you scarcely will lose this evidence of having
been in the wars. However, I hope you will
soon recover—how did you chance to find
me?”

Rawdon said he had not done so until the
conclusion of the fray. He had only recog-
nised the artillery uniform. “But how are we
to join our people?”

“Never be anxious on that subject,” said the
Major, “rest quietly here for to-night, and if
none of ‘ours’ pass in the morning I can ride
to the camp and send some of the men for
you.”

“I really think that will be our best way,
Major, for these wounds are beginning to feel
very painful; however, that is of little con-
sequence since I have kept my promise to
Adelaide, I have ensured your safe return to
her.”

“My dear, noble boy!” exclaimed Rostrevor
wringing the hand of his young friend, “How

deeply I am your debtor! Do not think me ungrateful, Horace, if my words are few. May Adelaide live to thank you better than I can."

Next morning, Rostrevor had the satisfaction of finding that there was little fever in his patient, and that no danger was likely to attend his wounds.

He was preparing to ride to the camp and report himself, as well as seek assistance for his friend, when a party of Dragoons galloped up the street. He soon summoned them, and the gallant fellows were delighted to find their young officer, whom they had despaired of finding, save among the dead, alive and likely to recover speedily.

Short as Rawdon's career had been, he was already a great favorite in the regiment, both with his brother-officers and among the men. His character was highly respected by all; he was exact in the fulfilment of his own duties, and careful that his men should be equally so.

He was rigorous in exacting subordination, yet so kind, especially in illness or any other calamity, that every man would have almost died to serve him, and he had laid more than one officer under obligations, by conciliating contending parties, and promoting cordial feelings between them and the members of other regiments.

Many and hearty were therefore the congratulations he received on his restoration; at length they considerably left him to repose and quietness, which Mr. Sandon, the surgeon, recommended as absolutely requisite.

Rawdon had been transported to Rostrevor's tent, and when the Major was obliged to resume his duties as *aide-de-camp*, he left Patrick to supply his place in watching by the bed side of the invalid.

For some hours Horace slept soundly, exhausted by pain, and the fatigue and excitement of his removal, but when he awoke he found himself much better, and presently asked

Pat if he could tell what Lord Combermere meant when he said to Rostrevor, "Gallant action that of yours, very, sir, adding I believe it was with reference to some occurrence in Nepaul."

"Shure, an' no one could tell yer honor better nor meself," said his attendant, "for Delhi an' I was with the Masther from first to last; I suppose his lordship meant when he took the fort, all by himself, for that was the grandest work he did then, though there were many pieces of divarsion that would make ye jump out of yer cot there, wounded as ye are, Mister Horace, to join in them. But may be ye'll know nothing of the country, and unless ye do, ye'll not be understanding the rights of the story. Well, there are a great many high, steep hills in Nepaul, and they have forts built on the top of them, sometimes a little one, no bigger nor a squireen's house—sometimes a bigger one—but all very strong, for perhaps there is not a place to plant a gun that'll send

a shot into them, and they can sweep you down from their heights in no time.

"So these hill-forts were the perfect destruction of our army—General Gillespie was killed at Catmandoo, and I cannot tell you how many others, officers and men, had the same luck. Oh, thim was the days for promotion, whin you may be was ensign at morning gun-fire, and Captain before evening!

"Well, there was one fort that they had tried hard to take, but divil a bit could they manage it. It was like the others, on a very high hill, so steep and rocky that our men tried over and over again to storm it, but they never could; so at last the gineral said we must lave it and march on.

"You know the masther, Mister Horace, and you may think if he liked them words, 'I can't!' Any way his father hadn't taught him what they meant, and he was mad to think of laving the place, so he says as bould

as any thing, ‘ By your lave, General, but I’ll take that fort, only let me have a few men.’

“ But the General tould him that there had been men enough killed there, and he would not order any more, when they were certain to lose their lives.

“ ‘ Then shure, General, the men don’t care for their lives—mayn’t they volunteer?’ the Masther was deep enough in axing that, ye’r honor, for he knowed all the army would have volunteered, if he had held up his little finger, so at last the ould General says he may ax them, and he goes to the men, and tells them it was a disgrace to an Englishman (let alone an Irishman) to say he *couldn’t* take a bit of a place like that from a set of black niggers, and he was sure he could take it if they would help him, and then they would never say *they couldn’t* any more, ‘ and my lads,’ says he, ‘ you know we came here to serve our country, not to think of ourselves, and if we do die in

taking it, we die gloriously and our country will not forget us.'

"So they began to 'hurrah,' and I thought we should have all the army, but the Masther would only have a hundred men, and he said some fine words that was written ever so long ago, by one of our Irish warriors (he was a King or a Prince of Ulster, I forget his right name, for by rayson that he had killed so many with his spear they called him '*Shake Spear*,') about.

"If we are marked to die, we are enough,
To do our country loss, and if to live
The fewer men, the greater share of honour."

"Well, there was another great rock higher nor the one the fort was built on, and Mither Charles had two of the guns carried to the bottom of it. Then came the throuble, for we was forced to cut a road up the hill, and it was so steep and narrow that the bullocks could not go up. But may be I'm tiring you, sir?"

"Oh, no! not at all! I'm very much inter-

ested in your history, so pray go on—but help yourself to a glass of brandy from case-bottle.”

“Thank you, sir! and long life to honor,” said Mc Grady, obeying the officer’s order very promptly, “an’ if I be so bold, I’d wish yer honor a beautiful and a regiment before ye’r thirty—and sir, I’ll go on quite fresh again. So we harnassed to the guns, and dragged the the hill, though the road was so narrow were not six inches to spare on each side gun carriages. And then we powdere ould Fort famously, and at last we beat Well! it had not been easy to take the up—it was as bad, every bit, as Purgat but it was the devil’s own work to get down again! One reached the bottom enough, but the other took a quicker way tumbled over the side into a great hole. Would you believe it, Mister Horace? we all thought it was gone for good and

the Masther said he would not lose his gun, unless he lost his life in defending it, and he climbed down himself, and fastened ropes round it—and we hauled it up. When we got near the camp, with both our guns safe, they gave Mither Charles three cheers, and what with praise, and what with promotion, we were the envy of every man in the army.”

Here Rostrevor entered and announced that he had obtained permission to remain with Rawdon, until he should be well enough to travel, and to return with him to Cawnpore. This was welcome news to Horace, for the weary hours of illness were made lighter and more endurable by the society of the Major.

Roehampton joined them whenever his duties allowed him, and thanks to the care of his kind friends Horace recovered rapidly—still, his resources were few—no books—no exercise—little society, and Rostrevor’s conversational powers were tried to the utmost.

“Major!” said he, one day, “you mentioned

your profession of *raconteur*—will you not give us the pleasure of hearing one of your stories? Rowy and I would not be your only auditors for there are two or three more of our men who would bless you for taking off their hands a little of the time that hangs so heavily.”

“Indeed!” replied Rostrevor, “I scarcely know how to comply with your request. It needs a lighter heart than mine is just now to recal the tales of the Nepaul campaign—besides, what would pass muster, even exciting applause among soldiers, round a watch-fire would have no interest for you.”

“Let us judge for ourselves, Major! we should be too grateful to be critical.”

“Well then, I will do my best—and you must tell me if you are weary. Grant me one day’s grace, and I will prepare one by to-morrow evening: it will give me a little occupation, and may, perhaps, interest you.”

The next evening Rostrevor was rather “taken aback” (as they say at sea), when he

found a large party assembled to share in the entertainment. He produced the M. S. however, saying that he could not claim any credit for the tale he was about to read, beyond what belonged to him as a Chronicler—for it was a “leaf torn from a Record of Life,” a memorial of those of whom it was difficult indeed to convey to others an adequate idea—but whom it had been his own privilege to know, and love, for many years. “Let me then,” he continued, “entreat your indulgence while I endeavor to sketch

‘THE ARTIST AND HIS BRIDE.’”

CHAPTER VI.

ROSTREVOR'S TALE.

" He would a glorious name bequeath
 Oblivion shall not blot,
 And round that name his thoughts enwreath
 The words ' FORGET ME NOT ! ' "

ANON.

" I know not why, but in that hour to-night,
 Even as they gazed a sudden tremor came,
 And swept, as 'twere across their heart's delight,
 Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame
 When one is shook in sound and one in sight,
 And thus some boding flashed thro' either frame,
 And called from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,
 Which one new tear arose in Haidee's eye !

* * * * *

He felt a grief, but knowing cause for none,
 His glance enquired of hers for some excuse,
 For feelings causeless, or at least abstruse.
 She turned to him and smiled, but in that sort
 That makes not others smile."

BYRON.

" DEAR EDWARD! will you never let *that*
 pencil go out of your hand! Do, pray put

it down, and come and ramble on the beach with me. Nay, no remonstrance, I will be obeyed, so learn to submit without requiring so many commands. You are so pale and worn, my cousin, that I am very sure you are studying too hard, far harder than is good for you; so now, if only for one hour, leave your colours and canvass to themselves, and let us both enjoy the luxury of a walk."

The young artist relaxed, and looking at the fair speaker said, "Indeed, indeed, dear Alice, you know not how difficult it is to me to leave off just now: only let me finish this picture, and then I will, for a while, be as idle as you please. But let me show it to you—you have not even seen the sketch—say, my Alice, does it please you?"

Alice stood by his side, and bent over the canvass; her cousin drew her nearer to him, and placed his arm round her; had another artist then entered the room he might have

sketched as charming a scene as ever pencil traced.

The small study, plainly as it was furnished, evinced the high and cultivated mind of its young occupant. The wall was covered on one side by a most choice library ; no “ gems,” nor “ beauties,” nor “ selections,” (those fashionable royal roads to conceit and ignorance,) but sterling works ; he did not form his acquaintance with authors from the extracts in a review or a newspaper, nor did the trifling and ephemeral productions of the day occupy any considerable portion of his shelves. The sterling poets of our early ages of literature, Chaucer, and Gower, and Ben Jonson—the immortal Shakespeare, the glorious Milton, and some of the later, but scarcely inferior stars of our world of letters, the bard of Twickenham, and some of his contemporaries, were among his chief favorites. There were also the complete works of that intellectual

giant, Johnson, whose every sentence contains
 o much more of sense, wisdom, talent, than is
 o be found in many a three-volume-work of
 he present day as to lead you almost involun-
 arily to compare it with the difference between
 £20,000 bank of England note, and one
 f the same amount from the "Bank of
 elegance."

Nor was Edward Temple familiar alone with
 he genius of his own country: French and
 talian literature were as frequently his study.
 The quaint Froissart, and the philosophic
 Voltaire—the delicious Molière, and the grand
 Corneille, were seen side by side, and he would
 at one time derive as much enjoyment from the
 comic humour of "*Le Medecin Malgré lui*," and
 give as apt an illustration of the self-sufficient,
 "*Nous avons changé tout cela*," as at another he
 would enter into the glowing characters of the
 Henriade, or the pathos, and sublimity of
 Polyecute. No wonder that quenching his
 ardent thirst for knowledge from such streams

as these, Edward Temple was from his earliest years imbued with the very spirit of poetry and romance.

“A few choice paintings adorned the walls of the apartment, and over the mantle-piece was a sketch of his cousin, in which he had been eminently successful in catching the sweet and pensive expression of her face, the airy grace of her figure. I wish I had that sketch here, for I fain would I introduce Alice to your acquaintance, and how to give any adequate description of that form and face with mere pen and ink, I know not. I must do my best, although the task is difficult, for the beauty of Alice was not that which arises from a certain combination of features; her great charm was the reflection of a noble mind, and a soul pure as ever was an angel's, on a countenance well-fitted to express both.

“That she was critically lovely was true—you could not see her, and avoid being struck with it, and yet, though her complexion was

purity itself, and her long blue eye swam in its own liquid light, and her nose and mouth were perfection, and the colour of her cheek was more exquisite than any other object in nature, except the first blush of an Eastern sun-rise, still your reflection would be—not only how very beautiful, but how very good and loveable she is : such was the effect of the *tout-ensemble*, but every separate feature told the same tale ! Her mouth, you could not for an instant imagine any words but those of love and kindness flowing from it—her eyes, they beamed with tenderness—her hand, so fairy-like, so unrivalled in size, and form, and colour, the lightest touch from it thrilled through your heart.

“ Her eyes were fixed upon the canvass, Edward’s were employed in gazing intently on her ; his head half resting on her shoulder, and his very handsome, manly face, and dark hair contrasting admirably with her rich and sunny ringlets.

“ The subject of the painting on which he

was occupied was one of peculiar interest to a young artist. It was Salvator Rosa discovered in the convent, by the stern abbot, while employed in sketching on the wall of his cell.

“ The youthful painter absorbed in his occupation, is unconscious of the presence of the intruder, while the benevolent prior is pointing over the shoulder of his superior, and the full light of the setting sun streams through the Gothic window, and falls strongly on the noble elevated countenance of the young enthusiast. The painting was in an unfinished state, but even then it well told its story. The rude, powerful sketches on the wall, the devotion of the artist to his subject, the contempt and displeasure of the Abbot, and the mingled expressions of admiration and deprecation in the face and attitude of the prior, were drawn to the life.

“ ‘ It is indeed beautiful, very, very beautiful,’ exclaimed Alice after a pause, ‘ and I do not wonder that you are so devoted to it; but

Oh, dearest Edward! if this desire for fame had you to exertions so intense as to injure our health, how bitterly shall we grieve! Do think of this in time, cousin mine; for earnestly as I desire to see such talent in the high position it ought to command, I would rather you should 'ne'er be heard of half a mile from home,' than that riches and distinction are to be attained only at the sacrifice of health. Do, do take care of yourself,' and as she spoke, the tears sprang from her eyes, and in soft entreaty she laid her hand on his arm.

'And thinkest thou then, my own Alice, that it is desire of *fame* alone.

'A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust,'

that induces me to persevere in application and study? Is there no love of a certain fair lady of acquaintance, which would induce me to endeavour to hasten the time when she will be something more, and dearer than '*cousin*,' undoubtedly, (and as he spoke he raised his eyes to meet hers, and one of his own brightest

smiles illumined his countenance,) unless indeed the gypsy had told her some fibs on the subject! no, no! my Alice," he continued in a more serious and earnest tone, 'although I must confess that I recoil from the idea of oblivion, although I would not willingly be one of those ignoble, born to be forgot!

"Tapers that glimmer through their little night,
Then feebly pale their ineffectual light!"

Yet still it is a higher and holier, as well as a dearer feeling which prompts my present exertions. If I now meet with success, my path henceforth will, you know, be comparatively smooth and bright—and surely it would be folly to spare the labour which will enable you to attain, at once, *all* that is most valuable in life! But run away now, and dress yourself, for you have wiled away my thoughts from my picture, and I cannot resume it; as usual, you see, you have your own way.'

"They passed quickly through the dingy, smoky town, and soon inhaled the pure invigor-

ating sea-breeze. Edward's spirits were unusually high—and he chatted of the past, the present, the bright future, as if it were impossible for any cloud to interpose between him and happiness.

“ ‘ Ours has been a short life, my Alice,’ he remarked, ‘ but what a happy one! Longer than that of some who have *existed* half a century, if we measure time according to that exquisite Venetian motto of which Hazlitt tells us ‘ *Horas non numero nisi serenas.*’ Shall we adopt it as ours, dearest?’ He wrote for a few moments on his tablets, then continued. ‘ See, Alice! how like you it in this form? how like you this ‘ nipperty-tipperty poetry-stuff,’ as Andrew Fairservice calls it? Shall I read it to you?’

“ ‘ Do, Edward: your verses always please me. Come, begin.’

“ ‘ Gently, fair lady, gently! I have not quite finished them. I would have craved your indulgence,’ he continued, in a sportive tone,

‘like all claimants for public favours, especially those conceited beings who think they need it not—but you have kindly spared me my trouble and my blushes, so, *écoutez*.’

HORAS NON NUMERO NISI SERENAS.

‘I count alone the hours serene,’
This text of bland and happy lore
Traced on a dial may be seen,
By the far Brenta’s placid shore.

The words and thought alike are soft,
There is a harmony in both,
And a bright moral, that more oft
In pensive hearts should find its growth.

The lesson its brief words impart
Is simply this, to woo the rays
Of joy’s rich sunshine to the heart
And count alone our happy days.

The smiles of fate to watch alone,
And careless speed its frowns away,
Life’s picture paint with gladsome tone
Nor court its sadder hues to stay.

“‘If you and I, Alice,’ he continued,
‘should in future days know more than *we*
now do of the frowns of fortune, there is, at

the blessing of which we cannot be de-

Know you what I mean?"

Alice understood well what was that great
thing to which he alluded, and she evinced
that he did so by the deep blushes which the
emotion brought into her face: she only
said, in a voice softer even than usual—"I
do."

'Yes, Alice! Love, such love as ours, is
a vessel that will weather many a storm; aye,
and the gallant barque will not even reef top-
sails: I often wonder, Alice, what my father
could I could have done without you—I am sure
I could not live apart from you now. Life
would scarcely seem like life if you were away,
and death—its terror to me would be that it
could separate me from you; and I should
sink from it—but yet, I think, if I knew it
to be inevitable I could meet it almost cheer-
fully if my last look were on your face.'

"Alice sighed deeply—the idea of death
had never before, even for a moment, intruded

itself into the same scene with her joyous lover; but now that it *had* she was compelled to admit the stranger into her mind, she found possible to banish it again—and when talked on other subjects, she paid attention, for ever and anon a voice into her ear, ‘ He may die !’ and she entered into his gaiety. A feeling of able depression stole over her mind with difficulty she restrained her tears. She had regained her own apartment to indulge, unseen, in the luxury of t

CHAPTER VII.

ROSTREVOR'S TALE CONTINUED.

So childish, that he held his children dear,
So credulous, he thought one friend sincere,
So loyal, he abused nor Church nor State,
So rancorous, a villain moved his hate,
So insolent, a fool provoked his scorn,
So foolish, that he pitied the forlorn,
So monstrous, that his heart could burn and bleed,
And whom it loved loved tenderly indeed !

J. G. GRANT.

“ WHEN Alice descended to the drawing-room, she found her uncle returned from his usual avocations, and she sprang forward to greet him. Having lost her own parents when too young to know their value, she regarded him

with all the love due to that sacred connection, and on his own part, Mr. Temple had been so many years, at once uncle, father, guardian, and tutor to his niece, that his own and only child, Edward, did not inspire him with warmer affection.

“ Mr. Temple was still in the very prime of manhood, and the early difficulties which had surrounded him, in common with almost all aspirants after fame, had rendered him peculiarly gentle and sympathizing in his manners to others: the very trials which would have embittered less generous minds, and rendered them suspicious and difficult of access, had only served to refine his: to give to his usually lively conversation an occasional deep tone of thoughtfulness, almost amounting to melancholy, which interested your heart as much as his happier vein of thought and expression excited your admiration. His manners, too, especially to women, partook of that chivalrous deference, and gentle respect which is ever so



captivating, and in the present age, moreover, so rare! He was not merely *frank*, he was frankness personified—there was no constraint no reserve—no chilling evidence that he was on his guard—unconscious of any necessity for concealing his thoughts or sentiments, he poured forth the rich treasures of his mind with at once a profusion, and a freedom from affectation which, as by magic, extended its influence over his companions, and forced them, also, to unbend: and while his great and varied talents commanded the highest admiration, he alone seemed perfectly unconscious of their existence, and, in total forgetfulness of himself and his vast superiority he appeared almost to court the countenance of those who would have been, and have felt themselves, highly honoured even by his passing notice. To all not quite blinded by the cant and hypocrisy of the day, his was indeed a most fascinating character: one for man to love—and for woman to idolise; and yet there were those who condemned him as

wanting religion, because, in his love to his Creator he dared not to hate the creatures he had formed—because, in his deep conviction of his own imperfection, he did not venture to usurp the place of the ALL-WISE, and sit in judgment on his fellow-sinners; because he did not set himself up as a model of holiness, and say, by his actions, if not by his words—“Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou!” With the pharisaical gentry who do thus act—who, not content with bowing at their own shrine, expect others also to worship the self-consecrated idol, he had indeed *no* sympathy; for he did not regard his fellow creatures with the distorted eye of superstition, and, after consigning all to eternal destruction who coincided not with him in faith and practice, congratulate himself on being ‘pious when he was only bilious.’ His error (if error it were) was of a very different nature: for, judging of others by himself, he came to a conclusion diametrically opposite to that to which the

same premises would have led others. He thought the world much better than it really was.

“The society of such a man was, as may be readily imagined, eagerly sought after, but it was in his own home that he ever appeared to the greatest advantage.

“For the amusement of those dear objects of his love, (Edward and Alice) he brought forward every power of his rich mind, every thought of his glowing imagination, and their evenings passed indeed most rapidly and joyously.

“‘Now, dear uncle,’ said Alice, ‘we shall I hope, have you quite to ourselves this evening: say, may I not fetch your slippers, and draw your *fauteuil* to the fire, and make all cosy.’

“‘Why really I do not think I am so very often absent that my society can be a matter of such great importance; I am glad, however, that it is so; and for this evening at least,

fairest, your commands shall be law to me. But what is this, my Alice?" he continued as the servant placed the lamp on the table, and he discovered by the light the traces of recent emotion on her face, 'tears! what has happened, my love?"

" ' Nothing particular, dear uncle ; nothing I hope, except my own folly.'

" ' Alice, you are neither a silly child nor a weak woman, who sheds tears without a reason ; something, I am sure has happened, will you not tell me what it is? Am I unworthy of your confidence ?'

" He led her to a sofa, and in silence unveiled her reply.

" ' Indeed, dear uncle, there is no cause, nothing but in my own imagination.'

" ' On what subject, my child ?'

" ' Why,' answered she, rather hesitatingly, ' I went into Edward's study, and he was working so hard, and appeared so exhausted that I own I was rather frightened lest he

should bring on another attack like that of last year; so I persuaded him to walk with me; but somehow our conversation turned on very grave subjects, and they threw a weight on my spirits from the effects of which I could not immediately recover myself.'

“ ‘ You are a real darling, my Alice, one of those who ‘ hold the patent of their honour immediately from Almighty God !’ How I do love my daughter, (that is to be, you know I mean) I trust you will be happy, my love, for you are worthy of each other, and I know not any one else whom I think worthy of either of you; and yet—were not my own dear boy your choice, I think I should almost be tempted to say, ‘ never unite your fate to that of another, never, dear Alice, ‘ marry and bring forth dust.’ There is far too much truth in that chilly phrase, *single blessedness* ! But Lord ! what is the use of talking to you ! you will have your own way, in spite of all I can do or say. Well, my love, I can wish you no

better wish than that your path through life may be calm, and gentle, and lovely as yourself—that love may indeed for you wear truth's own wings, and prove his god-ship by his immortality. But do you indeed think Edward looks so very ill ?

“ ‘ He appeared very haggard, although his spirits were good, and oh, my dear uncle, if he should again be ill, I should always blame myself as the cause, for I know it is for my sake he is thus exerting himself: he is painting that picture so admirably too, that it is of itself sufficient temptation to more protracted labour than he can endure. My hope is that he will give himself a complete holiday as soon as it is finished, and take a ramble that will recruit his strength.’

“ At this moment the subject of their anxious conference entered the room, and they turned immediately to other topics. But the fond father's attention once excited, he could not think of any thing but his son's health,

and his alarm was increased as he witnessed the exhaustion under which Edward was suffering; as he sank languidly on the sofa, the parent's anxious eye followed him, and gathered from every movement too strong an apology for the fears of Alice. She too was gazing on her betrothed, in the same earnest manner, she raised her tearful eyes, and encountered those of her uncle; their mutual thoughts and fears were revealed all too well in that glance: the dimly defined outline of the dark future lay before them, in all its dreariness: they saw it, and trembled.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROSTREVOR'S TALE CONTINUED.

Oh woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,
Where pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !

SCOTT.

“ALICE insisted that the invalid should recline upon the sofa, and take, for that night at least, entire rest: with her own fair hand she arranged the pillows beneath his head, then smoothing the hair from off his burning brow she allayed

brobbing and pain with fragrant waters, sat down beside his couch, looking at him that fond anxiety that their mutual position well authorised. He took her hand in his, and pressed it passionately to his lips, and said—

Thank you, thank you, dearest ! I feel refreshed now ; it is worth while to endure a little pain when it is so sweetly alleviated by the hand of those we love.’

That may be, Edward ; but if you work beyond your prescribed time in future I shall be too angry to nurse you ; I wish most ardently that you had been born one of those ambitious mortals who have no thought of passing through the world as easily as we do ; we should not then be kept in constant anxiety for you.’

I should not have been *worthy* of your anxiety had I had no ambition ; that, at least, is quite certain ; but what is it ? To me it appears to be only another name for the

expression of the most ardent and devoted love, a love that would strive to render itself in some measure worthy of the beloved; surely the desire for eminence is a noble one, when to attain it will be to place the objects of our regard in a position that will make others know them better, and appreciate them more. Ah, yes! it is for their advantage, their approbation that we really and heartily toil: to gain the esteem of the dear *few* that we labour willingly: who, who in such matters cares for UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE? If they are cold, the world may smile as it will, but it cannot throw one ray of gladness into our hearts, and if they rejoice in our success our end is attained.'

“ ‘ When do you think you will be quite at liberty? when will that picture be finished?’

“ ‘ I expect to complete it in less than a month, and then I shall have abundance of leisure—perhaps too much: but, Alice, I will take no holiday *alone*?’

eed, indeed, you must!" said she, very deeply, 'you must know how it is for *that* to be so soon—you cannot expect anything so very unreasonable—only consider our ages!'

ave considered them—I have thought subject in all its points and bearings, (er would say), and my determination

I do not see why I should not signa-
ttainment of my majority, as other
, by taking possession of my pro-
es, saucy one, *my property*, whatever
think on the subject. Ah! you may
ur head as sagaciously as my Lord
himself, but you cannot shake my
I have a tiresome, disagreeable,
ousin, of whom I am heartily tired,
y very next journey I will take a dear,
wife in her stead—and so, you know
I have to expect.'

rewarned is forearmed! I am as

immoveable as yourself! Were *I* only concerned, I might, perhaps, consent: but such a step would be ruinous to you, and never, Edward, shall your prospects be ruined through my agency! That woman does not truly love, who is not capable of sacrificing everything, even of incurring the coldness or displeasure of her lover, when yielding to his wishes would endanger his permanent happiness, and Edward, I think I could almost endure coldness from you, rather than allow you to sacrifice your bright prospects for me."

"She spoke the last few words falteringly, as if almost dreading that the trial which she so much feared might be hers—but Edward's countenance displayed no feeling but of fond affection, and when she concluded, he pressed her to his heart, and kissed her fervently: well he knew the truthfulness of her character, and felt that it was indeed the intensity of her affection, and no woman's caprice or desire of power, that prompted her words.

"Young as these *fiancés* were, their minds were matured: neither giving nor receiving compliments, they felt the most entire reliance in their mutual sincerity. There was no reserve—for there was nothing to conceal—no uncertain temper—no lovers' quarrels—they did not even desire the pleasure of 'making friends,' for they knew that the strongest cords may be snapped asunder, when worn out by constant friction.

"And now Alice led to another subject, and proposed that Edward should read to them: he readily complied, and she brought him Shakspeare. It was their favorite study: apart from all the wonderful delineations of character, the magic variety—the interest of the poems—there is a sterling wisdom in 'his British Godship' that made them regard his works as the first and best of human productions.

Edward's versatile talents were a perpetual source of delight to his friends. Whatever

might have been the occupation of the moment, so entirely did he enter into it, so gracefully did it become him, and so far did he appear superior to all his contemporaries, that you would have thought that particular accomplishment his sole study. He possessed, in a rare degree, that wondrous thing called GENIUS. Among other striking talents, he had extraordinary abilities for the stage, and few of even the stars of the histrionic art would have excelled him in the truthful delineation of his favorite poet. This night he chose 'The Merchant of Venice,' and, as he personified Shylock, his accent was such as to thrill through the hearts of his auditors. His expostulation especially was given with such an energy of passion—such a concentration of the deepest feelings of that deep-feeling, and most injured race, that Mr. Temple and Alice started, and, for a moment, almost questioned his identity. Without any of the externals of the stage—without any appropriate 'surroundings,' he

succeeded, beyond almost all others, in bringing, not representations of characters, but the very characters themselves before the eye and the mind.

That evening's lecture was a rich treat, far exceeding in interest all that had preceded it—it was well that it was so, for it was the very last that little party was permitted to enjoy—it was the sweet dying song of the swan before its voice was for ever silent!

It was with a burst of irrepressible tenderness that Alice bade her cousin good night when, at an early hour, he retired to rest: she remained chatting with Mr. Temple, and although a foreboding fear still haunted her mind, at times, it almost vanished beneath the influence of Mr. Temple's fascinating conversation.

At length, in better spirits, she received his parting caress, and wished him 'good night.' She had not, however, been very long asleep before her rest was disturbed by a commotion

in the adjoining room. She started up, and hastily dressing, was about to enquire the occasion of the disturbance, when her uncle, with intense mental agitation depicted on his countenance, entered the apartment, exclaiming, 'For heaven's sake, Alice, come quickly! he is dying!' She rushed to the bedside of Edward, wild with agony at the sight that presented itself. He had ruptured a blood-vessel and was bleeding profusely—while his face grew ghastly and death-like. He lay apparent without life or motion—for a moment she thought he was really gone, but she knelt to his side, and took his cold hand in hers, and a faint smile overspread his features as he opened his eyes, and recognised her. He strove to speak, but nature was exhausted.

Their excellent physician now entered the room and advanced towards the patient. Alice's eyes were fixed on his countenance, as if she thought to read there the fate of her lover. He rose to quit the room, and she followed

him to the door. The benevolent man took her hand. 'Be calm, my dear young lady,' he said, 'much will depend on you—you must be quite prepared to obey my directions.'

" 'I am quite calm,' she replied, suppressing by a strong effort the intensity of her grief, while her lips still quivered with emotion. 'I am quite calm enough to hear the *truth*!' she bent an enquiring glance on the physician, but she could not ask in words 'must he die?' Doctor — was silent—she continued, "I see, I see what you would tell me—it is hopeless.

" 'No, no! not quite! I do not say so, indeed; but you are yourself aware that he is *very* ill: still, I hope by God's blessing, he will recover. I may depend on you to follow my directions?"

" 'Most implicitly. You say there is hope—you would not—could not be so cruel as to deceive me? oh, may he still live!"

" Her voice was so low as to be inaudible, except to the person she addressed, yet the

deep fervour of its tones startled him, he saw that her anxiety was intense—that she dared not abandon hope, yet was very *very* fearful of groundless security.

“ ‘As I hope for Heaven, my dear young lady,’ he replied in accents as earnest as his own, ‘as I look for happiness here or hereafter, I would not willingly mislead you. There is hope: but still, you know, we must bend in submission to the decrees of a higher power.’

“ He pressed her hand in kindly sympathy, and she returned to her precious charge, while Mr. Temple himself joined their friendly adviser, and accompanied him down stairs in silence. Once or twice he essayed to speak, but his voice failed him. At length he turned abruptly and exclaimed, ‘Tell me, Dr. —, must I lose my boy?’

“ ‘I hope and trust not; in cases like the present, there is ever great uncertainty, but still, I trust he may recover.’

“ ‘It is not absolutely a hopeless case?’

"No; he has youth on his side, and with care and tranquillity—'

"The father saw how little hope there really was, he staggered to a chair, and sank on it, in the very depths of wretchedness: he leant on the table, and covered his face with his hands, that the workings of agony might not be visible, but the veins in his capacious forehead were almost starting, and his hands were clenched as in mortal agony, while at intervals a deep groan burst from his lips, as if it were only by a strong effort that he suppressed more violent exclamations of misery. But not in his own strength did he seek to attain self-command, not on any human aid did he rely for comfort—he had been an early disciple in the school of adversity, and now, in this last and bitterest trial, he sought and found the eternal refuge for the heart-broken. While thus silent and abstracted, he was seeking support and resignation from that holy source where alone they can be obtained, and he who

regardeth the hearts of his worshippers, gaveⁱⁿ His mercy the blessings so earnestly sought,^{so} greatly needed—the patience of resignation—the power to endure.

When the physician, after writing his *pre*scription, at length broke silence, Mr. Tem*P*rose, and though years of ordinary life wou*d* not have left such traces on his counte*n*ance as the agony of the past hour had don*e*—yet his manner was calm, in its profound sad*n*ess, and the deep, tender love of the *father*—was blended with the fortitude of the Christian.

Long and severe was the struggle between life and death ; and yet, in time, aided by the blessing of Providence and the care of his devoted nurses, Edward did rally : still, their medical man assured them that a residence in the South afforded them the only chance of permanent cure.

“ The great difficulty was, who should accompany him ? Alone it was not possible for

him to travel—yet it was almost equally impossible for his father so to arrange his affairs as to accompany him, and be his companion during so long an absence from home.

“ The first evening that Edward could be removed into the drawing-room, these obstacles were discussed.

“ ‘ Ah ! ’ said he ‘ this comes of being a bachelor ! now, you see, if I had a wife, there would be no difficulty at all. If you, my Alice, had indeed been mine—oh, how happy would have been my fate ! how bright my life, let it be as short as it may ! Yet think me not so selfish, my own dearest, as to wish to bind you to one whose hopes of rendering you happy are so very, *very* small. How I have dwelt with ecstasy on the thought that I should one day call you mine ! but now I feel that our union must be delayed for a long time—perhaps—’ he paused, and then added, in a low, tremulous voice—‘ perhaps for ever ! ’

“ Alice rose, and seating herself by his side,

grasped his hand in her own : she tried to speak—hesitated—made another, more successful effort, but even when her voice was heard, its accents were tremulous, although her words were firm and determined. ‘Dearest,’ she said and her forehead was suffused with crimson as she spoke—‘dearest Edward, no event can change our position, you cannot imagine it possible ! yours I have been almost since I can remember ; think you I would desert you when, for the first time, I can prove my love and repay yours ! I have ever considered myself as sacredly devoted to you as if I were already yours—nor, when I refused to listen to your entreaties for an immediate marriage, was I influenced by any consideration but the conviction that such a step would be injurious to your interests. Now, circumstances have altered, and with them my opinion. This hand, Edward, is yours whenever you choose to claim it !’

“ Mr. Temple was profoundly affected. He

3, and joining their hands in his, prayed
t they may be spared to bless each other.
early have I ever loved thee, Alice, my
t's daughter, but never until now did I
w all thy value! Heaven bless you
1!

I shall not attempt to describe the lover's
ure! his joy at the sudden attainment of
long-cherished—almost despaired-of hope
his life! Yet his manner was more defe-
cially affectionate than ever, for he felt that
thus evincing the noble generosity of her
ire, and giving herself unreservedly to him,
had strengthened a thousand-fold the former
of gratitude and love.

CHAPTER IX.

ROSTREVOR'S TALE CONCLUDED.

"There's nothing in this time of flowers
That hath a joy for me,
The whisp'ring leaves, the sunny hours,
The bright, the glad, the free !
There's nothing but thine own deep love,
And that will live on high,
Then father, while my heart's above,
Dear father let me die !"

MISS JEWSEBURY.

"HAVING once decided on the path which became her duty to follow, Alice did not say anything to interfere with it. It is true her cheek became pale, and her heart beat as she entered the sacred edifice where her

was to be united for ever to her lover's, but her voice was clear, and she uttered every response firmly, until she came to the clause 'until death us do part!' and then it was only by a powerful effort that she could articulate the words! The emaciated form, and pallid countenance of Edward, recalled but too forcibly to her mind the mournful circumstances which had accelerated their union, and she felt, and her heart was agonised by the reflection, that its duration was even more uncertain than things of earth usually are. Nor did the timid and stolen glance she bent on her husband's countenance, as these thoughts passed through her mind, tend to reassure her: he was looking even worse than usual: although happiness had imparted a radiant expression of joy to his countenance, it could not conceal the ravages of past suffering; as the day wore on he became worse, and the excitement—much too great for so delicate a frame, brought on the renewal of the worst symptoms.

“ Once more, however, he rallied sufficiently to allow them to think of hazarding a journey, and when that measure was decided, the invalid became so nervously anxious to be attended by both Alice and Mr. Temple, that all other considerations were relinquished, and preparations were instantly made to gratify a wish which it was now but too evident would be one of his last. In this hour of bitter agony, Alice, sweet Alice, was the very life of both father and son !

“ The long, wearisome journey was at length over, they reached London, and awaited with trembling eagerness the fiat of the eminent men whose superior skill might, as they trusted, avail to prolong the life of their beloved one. And for a time it seemed as if such would be the case, and at every favourable symptom in Edward, the hearts of his father and his young wife beat with renewed hope ! Once or twice what joy was theirs, when he was able to walk, for a brief space, up and down the street, lean-

ing on his father's arm, while Alice, on the other side, watched every turn of his expressive countenance, exulting in its animation.

"Then he became too weak to walk, and when the bright sun tempted him abroad they would drive in the park—and still he hoped on, and looked forward to a restoration to health. But although, in spite of his more sober convictions of the fallacious nature of these flattering appearances, Mr. Temple's heart would sometimes beat high with hope, Alice could seldom give herself up to the blessed delusion. Earnestly as she sought every alleviating remedy, she felt that the decree had gone forth, and she bent the whole energies of her powerful mind to subduing of any outward expression of the intense sorrow that, once permitted, would have overwhelmed her, and prevented her from being, as she was, the sole stay of both her husband and father. Well she knew how that father's heart was torn with anguish, and how difficult it was to restrain the torrent

of agony that would have burst forth; and at such times Alice was ever at hand, to comfort, to sooth, to sympathise with him.

“ And who can venture to measure the value of even mere words of heart-felt sympathy! Surely to those condemned to tread the rugged paths of sorrow, such a friend as Alice was to Mr. Temple as a thing

‘ Sent down by sympathy divine,
With healing on its angel wing.’

Day after day passed on, each marked by some fluctuation of that deceitful disorder. At times Edward was comparatively better and free from pain, and then his wife would exert herself to appear cheerful, and to enliven the tedious hours by the charm of her conversation: and gently, almost imperceptibly, she would lead to those topics of eternal interest which are so peculiarly suitable to those whose connection with the things of *Time* is so soon to be dissolved; and Edward listened with increased devotion to the words of inspiration, as

ly fell, in persuasive accents, from her lips ;
gradually he himself became aware of the
hopelessness of his case, and would lead
way to conversations on the future, and
dwell with resignation on the prospect
of an early death, while he would speak with
assurance of a re-union in a better world. Ever
gentle and gentle, he took upon himself the
burden of consoling his father, and preparing him
for the inevitable trial.

‘ Dear father ! dearest Alice ! ’ he ejacu-
lated one morning, after a night of unwonted
sorrow, ‘ do not grieve so bitterly for me ;
will you mourn a separation which can
last only for a little time, where all eternity
is afterwards to be spent together ! I am
sorry, and should be more so if *you* were less

Once, my father, I regretted that my
life would be so short, but now I am satisfied
to die, and do all that shall please God.’

Alice was sitting by his side, and her tears
fell fast on the hand which was locked in hers,

but she could not speak. Mr. Temple lay over his dying son, convulsed with age. 'Alice! my own precious wife, I told long ago that death would have no terrors for me, if you were with me,' continued the great sufferer, 'nor has it any, although I feel this is death; comfort my poor father, he needs all your care. Father, dear father, comfort my wife. Raise me in your arms, dear father! God bless you! father, father!' and his head sunk heavily on his father's shoulder, which enclasped his wife's hand. There was a silence, a silence that might be felt, his hands moved as if still invoking blessings—one by one, and they saw that he was gone.

And he, the pride and joy of his father's heart, the fondly loved, the noble and the good, has faded from their mortal sight. I had almost said, 'has gone for ever!' Had I done so, his happy spirit would have reproved an expression so unsuitable for Christian lips—not for ever, although their earthly eyes could behold him no more.

“The succeeding week was, indeed, a fearful one, but the first agony is over and the ‘mourners no longer go about the streets.’ Alice and her father resumed their usual avocations, and in due time the world, with its cares and its excitements claimed their attention, and many have aspired to the station of the lost one in the hearts of both father and daughter, but who shall supply it? *His* loved image is enshrined in the hearts—never to be effaced, although the early dream of love and joy and successful talent, has gone for ever! —

Though the fresh fountain of our tears may dry,
 And the parched bosom lose their sweet relief,
 And all look smiling to the outward eye,
 While deep within still gnaws the hidden grief,
 'Tis but as songs of mirth, by madness sung,
 The soul's keen jest upon its own keen woes,
 The playful bitterness of spirits wrung
 The treacherous blooming of a cankered rose,
 Words poured on the deaf winds were not more vain,
 Grief's jealous heart will not be cheated so,
 Nor of its full inheritance of pain
 One treasured pang—one sacred throb forego!

* * * * *

CHAPTER X.

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven,
And if there be a human tear,
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It could not stain an angel's cheek
'Tis that which pious fathers shed,
Upon a duteous daughter's head.

SCOTT.

" The tear is past, the sigh is o'er,
We meet in joy to part no more !"

H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT'S SONG.

WHAT had been the feelings of poor Adelaïde during the apparently interminable absence her friends? She had indeed every consolation that could be afforded her, in the circumstance

l she tried earnestly to be, and to appear
ppy, and when she heard any painful tidings
lengthened absence, or of the dangers of the
ge, and she felt she could not control her
elings, and exhibit the calmness which her
apa and Horace had both inculcated as suitable in "a soldier's daughter," she would seek
he solitude of her own little room, and
hrowing herself on her knees, pray for their
safety. The tears would roll down her cheeks,
and the Ayah, distressed by her grief would
endeavour to console her *Chota Beebee*, and
would wash her eyes with rose-water, and ob-
literate all traces of agitation before she re-
turned to the hall. Mrs. Sullivan was exceed-
ingly fond of her, and endeavoured to banish
anxious thought by keeping her constantly
employed.

She began to instruct her in music, and
Adelaide was so desirous of surprising her papa
with her new accomplishment on his return,
that she made great progress. His letters gave

her more comfort than any thing else; he wrote often to his darling girl, told her all ~~that~~ that could interest her, and (better than all) assured her of the prospect of a speedy return.

One morning Mr. Sullivan entered the room with a most animated countenance. "Bhur-pore has fallen!" he exclaimed.

All were delighted; and then followed questions innumerable as to the particulars of the siege—the probable amount of treasure—the loss sustained by the British.

To the last inquiry Mr. Sullivan replied "About a thousand."

Adelaide started at the words. It was the first time that the possibility of any thing worse than a long separation had suggested itself to her mind, and at the moment when she heard that the object of their expedition was accomplished, her thoughts had dashed onwards to picture the meeting again with her friends. But now she heard there was loss—might not her own dear papa—she turned in

row from the idea of so frightful a calamity. Horace promised to bring papa back safely," she reflected, "and I am sure he will, for he never broke his word." At length she took courage to ask if there was any account of her papa and Horace.

"The returns were not completed when the ship set out," replied Mr. Sullivan, "we shall have further particulars to-morrow." He did not dare to give her the fearful intelligence that both her friends were reported missing, but she saw that his countenance did not wear its usual ingenuous expression, and surmising that he knew more than he liked to communicate she exclaimed, in accents of piercing sorrow, "Oh, pray, pray, tell me all."

"Adelaide," said he, caressing her affectionately, "I do not know *all* myself, my dear girl—therefore, we must not alarm ourselves without reason. The reports were doubtless made in great haste—"

"But what do they say—tell me, pray do not hide any thing!"

He still hesitated, but considering that if the report ultimately proved true, she would be doubly distressed if unprepared, said at length—

"Well, my love, I am very sorry to tell you they are reported missing."

"They! both?" She did not utter another word, but became pale and rigid as marble—and retreated, almost mechanically to her own room. Mrs. Sullivan, struck with horror at the change in her countenance, followed and entreated her to speak, but Adelaide had not the power of articulating a word: she did not shed a single tear—there was no outward evidence of the storm within; it was far worse—she was perfectly and fixedly calm—it was fearful to see her.

Mrs. Sullivan brought her a restorative, it produced a beneficial effect, for she at length

oke—but of the subject which lay so near
r heart, she uttered but a word. No tear
am in her glassy eye—no sigh broke from
lips—her motions were slow and mechani-
—her manner pre-occupied, but neither by
d nor look did she revert to her supposed

he at length attempted to obtain repose,
her kind friend sat by her side and watched
her. Her sleep was deep, but disturbed
ie day was far advanced when she awoke.

What an awaking! Who does not know
dreamy feeling of half-remembrance that
is upon our scattered senses as we awake,
the first time, after some dreadful misfor-
e! How we doubt whether the whole be
a wild creation of the disordered brain,
il fact confirming fact affords us evidence
ontrovertible of the dreaded reality! Then
es the stunning conviction that there is no
option! that all which gave value to hope,

or joy, or love, now fled for ever! Oh, it is a withering blight! and it blasts the prostrate mind on which it falls!

Years of life may follow—and we may in time learn *not to shrink*, as we then do, from the thought of peace and comfort, but the freshness of the heart is destroyed—we are withered—joy has, for us, lost its joyousness—hope its brightness—love its sweetness—the whole world is thenceforth enveloped in one uniform sombre tint and our feelings to persons—our estimate of circumstances—are decided by the degree in which they do, or do not recal to our sacred hearts the image of the bright and glorious past!

But happier tidings were in store for Adelaide. Ere her simple toilette was completed—while yet engaged in mental supplication for power to endure, and submit to her loss, a letter (short—but oh! how sweet!) was brought to her. It was from her own precious father. And it informed her of the cause of the report

that they were missing, and assured her that the wounds which Horace had received, although painful, were not dangerous—it related that he had received them in her father's defence, and concluded by a hope that in a very few weeks they would all meet in happiness. Horace had added a line—

“Dearest little Adelaide, I have kept my word—I shall bring your papa back safely—

“Your friend,

“HORACE RAWDON.”

The revulsion of feeling, from hopeless anguish to unutterable joy, was almost too great for Adelaide. But tears came to her relief, and after a while she was sufficiently calm to be sensible of the extent of her happiness: she reflected that they had gained honour in the expedition, and that in a few short weeks she should again be clasped to their arms.

The time passed over, and Adelaide was ^{once} more folded in her father's arms—and heard his earnest blessing: he was well, and ~~there~~ was no fear of his being summoned away ~~from~~ her again: he had another piece of pleasant intelligence for her, also: they were to reside in Cawnpore—so that Horace would still be of themselves.

Rawdon joined them in the evening; he ~~was~~ still pale and ill, and though his moustache in some measure, covered the gash in his cheek—it did not altogether conceal what was certainly by no means an addition to his good looks—whatever proof it might be of his courage. Still Adelaide was far from being the only person in whose eyes he was handsomer as well dearer than ever. She found it very difficult to express her gratitude—yet she showed how deeply it occupied her thoughts, for every time he kissed her, she threw her arms round his neck and clung to him, and the words, “You saved my papa from being killed,” broke from

her lips—and when he asked playfully, if she loved him, and if she would continue to do so, she replied, most energetically—“ I shall love you dearly all my life! Did you not bring papa back to me ?”

CHAPTER XI.

“ At least, to trample on our Maker’s laws,
And hazard life, for any, or no cause,
To rush into a fixed eternal state,
Out of the very flames of rage and hate :
Or send another, shivering to the bar
With all the guilt of such unnatural war—
Whatever use may urge, or honour plead,
On reason’s verdict is a madman’s deed!
Am I to set my life upon a throw
Because a ~~BEAR~~ is rude and surly ? No,
A moral, principled, and well-bred man,
Will not affront me—and no other can.”

COWPER.

THE whole party were now quietly located at Cawnpore, and Major Rostrevor, in the duties of his appointment, his attention to Adelaide’s education, and the lively society of his young

ids, found relief from the heavy remembrance of his loss, and became again a cheerful companion, although the tone of his spirits was mended.

His greatest pleasure was the instruction of his child, to which he devoted several hours daily; and in the cultivation of her comprehension, the instilling of sound views and principles, found a never-failing remedy against the languor and indolent lassitude which usually attack the resident in a tropical climate. And well did she repay his anxious labours; her improvement was rapid and visible, in the course of a very few years she became a most valuable companion, and a confidential friend to her father. Mrs. Sullivan continued to give her lessons in music, in which accomplishment she became ultimately extraordinarily proficient, from her great anxiety to please her father and Horace, who were both passionate worshippers of harmony. Leaving the Major's domestic affairs for a

while, we must now notice an incident connected with his professional career, which occurred very shortly after their return to Cawnpore.

It happened that one of the officers who had been present on the occasion of Delhi's revenge, mentioned the affair to another, with the severe, though ex-official reprimand which his violent conduct drew from the Major.

"Are you positive," asked the other, "that Rostrevor told him his conduct was not that of a gentleman?"

"Unquestionably."

"And he passed it over without notice?"

"Yes, as far as I am aware there has been no conversation on the subject, since that time, in any quarter. I am rather surprised, though, that so fiery a man as D——, should have tamely submitted to the aspersion."

"It was most incorrect," replied the other, "for if he be not a gentleman in his conduct, he is not a fit associate for us—and if it were

an aspersion on his character, he was bound to chastise the insolent speaker. Such a thing will not, must not be passed over, or away with all the wholesome bonds of social life. He must demand an apology, or a meeting forthwith."

"But will Rostrevor fight?"

"Will he? Can you doubt it? He is as brave a fellow as ever wore uniform, as every one knows, and must have some regard for a reputation which he has acquired 'at the sword's point.'"

"I know his value for his soldierly character as well as yourself, but still I doubt him. He has some queer notions—reprobates particularly the practice of duelling—and would not at all astonish me by declining."

The result of this conversation was an appeal to the mess of D——'s regiment, and they decided that the affair could not be suffered to remain as it then stood, and although the young

man was well aware that the fault lay originally and entirely with himself, that Rostrevor had not for a moment lost his temper, and had only reproved his violence in a manner suitable to a senior officer, he instantly employed a friend to take a message to the Major.

The decision of the mess had indeed been gratifying to him; he had never forgotten the affair, and had acquired those perverted ideas of honor which, although unhappily too current in the world, and sometimes found united with true courage, are in fact opposed to it, as much as they are to the spirit of Christianity.

* * * * *

In respect to "the point of honor," as it is most absurdly styled, there can be but one opinion entertained by those who give the subject one serious thought: however its advocates may advance the plea of *expediency*, they never attempt to defend it as a principle of action it

is too monstrous, indeed it is perhaps the strongest proof that can be adduced, from the history of any age or nation, of the triumph of custom over *sense* and *reason*; an extraordinary relic of barbarism, which we choose to dignify into a proof of civilization.

Were we to be told that in some newly discovered savage nation it was established as a maxim that a man was unworthy of the name, (however daring in all other respects,) who refused, at any time, or whatever might be his ties to life, to meet a fellow country-man by appointment, and murder him in cold blood, and allow his adversary in the same manner to aim at his life; and such challenges as these were sent on the slightest provocation, and were no less binding than those excited by the most deadly feuds, we should shrink with horror from the contemplation of so blood-thirsty, and barbarous a people; and yet this very custom is as firmly established among us as if it were indeed a law of the land. Should

women take to duelling, how horrible, how revolting it would be considered—yet, considering that they are usually thought frailer than our sex, and their passions less governable than ours, I must say I think it does them infinite credit that they refrain, and is a proof, (were proof wanting) of their immeasurable superiority.

Yet MAN was formed in the image of his MAKER, to be his vicegerent on earth—holding delegated dominion over all other created nature. How then can he presume to desecrate that sacred image, by wantonly causing it to be destroyed? How can he place himself below the very brutes, by his vindictive spirit, and fierce passion? A man who breaks into his neighbour's house, and murders him, is hung: if he kill another in anger, *without premeditation*, (or, as the lawyers call it,) ‘*malice aforethought*,’ he is transported to a penal settlement for a series of years, perhaps for the whole term of his life—but if two *gentlemen*

agree to differ,' and to meet at some appointed place with the deliberate intention of shooting each other, on any trivial pretext, *then*, it is murder no longer, it is merely proving their honor to be immaculate—and the slightest, the most disgraceful quibble in the law, is sufficient to exonerate them from all penalty, while the world, that would shrink in horror from the *mid-night assassin*, receives the *day-light one* with open arms.

And yet, to the reflecting mind, duelling would appear to be one of the few crimes, for which, if perpetrated there can be no forgiveness. It is a double murder, for if we fall, we are so far accessary to our own death, that we are suicides—and if we destroy our adversary, we have sent a soul, unprepared, into eternity, and have deliberately stained our hands with our brother's blood; and all this deep amount of guilt is incurred to prove—what?—the fact that we are notorious cowards—that our *fear* of the fools around us—our *dread* of losing the

good opinion of the profligate, and the atheist, is so great that we would rather forfeit the favor of the Almighty, by wilfully breaking his laws, and rushing uncalled, “with all our imperfections on our head,” into his pure and holy presence !

* * * * *

When the friend of D—— presented himself at Rostrevor’s bungalow, he found the Major and Rawdon together, and on being assured that he might open his commission on whatever subject, in the presence of the latter, he entered into the affair, and concluded by saying that D—— conceiving his honor to have been insulted, had sent to settle the preliminaries previous to meeting.

Rawdon listened in silence, and although indignant at their making a serious affair of it, he did not for an instant doubt that the challenge would be accepted. He knew that his

military reputation was most precious to Rostrevor, and did not contemplate the possibility of retaining his character as a man of courage and honor while refusing to fight a duel. Unspeakable therefore, was his consternation when his friend replied in the calm, mild tone that usually characterised him, that "he felt deep regret that Lieutenant D—— should think his honor compromised in the affair, and should require what was usually denominated *satisfaction*, at his hands, as he had, for many years, deemed it inconsistent with the principles he professed, to fight a duel on any occasion whatever."

"Am I then to understand," replied the friend, "that you decline Mr. D——'s offer?" -

"I do, most decidedly."

"Then of course it rests entirely with yourself, and my friend must stand most fully justified to the world, as having taken all the measures required in a case of honor. I cer-

tainly did not expect such a reply from Major Rostrevor, but it seems you are afraid of—”

“ Pardon me for interrupting you,” said Major Rostrevor, “ suffer me to explain my motives. I am, as you have justly observed *afraid*—of offending the Giver of Life, by wantonly exposing His gift to danger, or by seeking to snatch it from another. I must again repeat, I decline the challenge.”

“ I regret it, sir, for your own sake, as of course my friend will state the facts of the case to the mess, and your reputation has hitherto been so unblemished, I grieve that it should suffer now.”

“ I am aware,” replied the Major, “ of the tendency of your insinuations, and how exactly they accord with the maxims of the world, while my principles and practice are diametrically opposed to it, but my resolution is unshaken. If my military reputation be incompatible with a clear conscience, the former must be sacrificed, for the latter shall never be

abandoned. I hope, however, that they are not incompatible; I trust that I may, without vanity, quote the words of one who was as brave an officer as ever lived, 'It is known that I do not fear to fight, but I do fear to sin.' My sword is dedicated to the service of her country, and I should think I was performing my duty to that country quite as well, if I entered the forces of a foe, and turned it against her in the field, as if, in accepting a challenge from a brother-officer, I sought to deprive her of his services."

"Then I must not hope for a different reply," said the young man after a pause, caused partly by astonishment at the novel sentiments of Rostrevor, partly by his dignified manner.

"Most certainly not; I have said all that can be said on the subject, and have only to regret that Mr. D—— should view the affair through so false a medium."

This occurrence afforded to Rostrevor an

opportunity of explaining his sentiments on the duties of a soldier more at length than he had hitherto done. Horace could well appreciate the moral courage evinced in such a line of conduct, and felt ambitious of attaining it himself. Under the influence of Rostrevor's example he became a man of high and firm principles; one in whom, notwithstanding his youth, all felt implicit confidence, as an officer of strictest honor, and most unswerving integrity.

He was still inclined to be impetuous, and his temperament was as ardent as ever, but it was no longer uncontrolled. Formerly, although possessing a naturally fine disposition, he was noble and generous only from impulse and habit; now his conduct proceeded from principle, he was actuated by a genuine admiration for excellence, and an earnest desire to attain it.

Such wishes could not fail of being crowned with success; and no man of twice his standing

in the army was more generally esteemed in it than Horace Rawdon.

Some years of happiness rolled tranquilly away, but at there conclusion the rapidly declining health of Major Rostrevor rendered an immediate return to England an object of the most earnest consideration, and he made hasty preparations for quitting the country with deep regret.

He had many causes of attachment to the sunny East, and as his connections in England were entirely broken up by his long absence, the fate of his child, if left without friends, or ties of any kind, gave him many an anxious thought.

Of his own large family, none survived, and he reflected that poor Adelaide's position, if left an orphan, would be indeed a painful one. Before the period fixed for leaving Cawnpore arrived, he became so dangerously ill that it was greatly feared he might not live to reach the vessel, and he found it imperatively neces-

sary to seek some protection for Adelaide, in case of his own death.

He revolved, for many days, the question as to whom he should confide her—but the more he reflected the more clearly was it apparent that Rawdon was the person to whom he could, with the most entire confidence, entrust his treasure. The Sullivans indeed occurred to his mind; but they were advanced in years, (for Indian residents,) and they had a family of their own—besides, it was natural to a soldier to wish to place his darling under a soldier's protection.

Then Adelaide's feelings had no little weight in the decision; she regarded Horace as second only to her own papa, and was accustomed to treat him with the same loving obedience to all his wishes; and Horace was ever so kind to her, his judgment too, so matured, although his years were few: the point was decided.

One evening, being too ill to accompany Adelaide himself, her father insisted on her leaving

him for an hour or two, and taking an airing with her friend, Mrs. Sullivan. She obeyed very unwillingly, for she could not enjoy her drive while thinking of him as ill and lonely at home, but on her father assuring her he expected Horace, she complied more willingly, and left him to await alone the visit which Rawdon had promise to pay him.

When Horace arrived, Rostrevor opened the conversation by saying that he was now fully aware that a short time only, at the very utmost, would be allotted to him on earth; and that he was about to ask a favour, the granting of which would take the only remaining anxiety from his mind.

“ Will you, Horace, when I am no more, supply my place to Adelaide? I know,” he continued, “ that much superintendence will not be in your power, but I know *you* also so well, that I am sure, you will fulfil the duties of a guardian to the extent of your ability, and in making her your ward, I am principally

desirous that my child should possess some legitimate claim on the protection of her father's dearest friend. Horace," said Rostrevor, looking earnestly at him, (for Horace was silent, in sorrow, but not in doubt,) "you will not refuse me? You will make me happy by promising to take charge of my child? I do trust that she will be under higher, even Heavenly protection, but our friendship has been so strong, cemented too by so many remarkable circumstances—she is already so greatly your debtor, that independently of her strong attachment to you, I am sure the remembrance of me, and my deputed authority, will render her obedient to your slightest wish, and satisfied with your every decision: she is a soldier's daughter, Rawdon, and it is my earnest wish that she should be also a soldier's ward."

"You may trust to me to fulfil all your requests," said Horace, in a broken voice, and grasping the hand of his dying friend, "you may consider me as a most willing agent for

Yoursself, where the happiness and comfort of Adelaide are concerned, as far as it shall be in my power. I will, if I live, be all to her, that any one but yourself can be—father and brother too;” he paused—appeared lost, for a few moments, in thought, and then added—“in a few more years it may, perhaps, be in my power to be a more efficient guardian than I can be at present—at least, until she choses for herself a permanent protection—then, like all the rest of the world, she may be inclined to confide more in the regard of more recent acquaintances—but I hope—I trust, she will still love me.”

Some bitter reminiscences had crossed the mind of the young soldier: Rostrevor perceived it, and addressed him soothingly: assuring him that he believed Adelaide at least would never cease to deserve his regard: he then entered at length into the detail of his affairs, and his wishes with respect to Adelaide's education—her ultimate prospects—and other

minutiæ, and the friends parted with sorrowful hearts.

A few days after this conversation, Major Rostrevor and his daughter left Cawnpore, attended by Patrick M Grady, and followed by the regrets, and kind wishes of every person in the cantonment.

CHAPTER XII.

“ And when at the last I throw off this frail covering,
Which I’ve worn for three score years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I’ll ne’er seek to be hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o’er again,
But my face in the glass, I’ll serenely survey,
And smile o’er each wrinkle and furrow,
For this old worn-out frame, which is mortal to-day,
Shall become everlasting to-morrow.”

ANON.

“ —The earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue.”

SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER a passage of average comfort, during which Rostrevor’s feeble frame appeared in some degree to rally, Adelaide and her father landed in England.

During the last few weeks of the voyage he appeared so much better, that, notwithstanding his constant warning to the contrary, she felt confident that he would speedily recover; he had, in a great measure, lost the look of languor and suffering which his countenance had previously worn, seemed cheerful, and sometimes even lively—so that every one was deceived by the transitory change excepting himself.

What wonder then, that Adelaide should hope for the best? that she should turn, in joy and thankfulness from the contemplation of the severest trial to which human nature can be exposed—and so she still refused to believe the voice, that in spite of herself, would knell in her ear “there is no hope!”

Ah! how we love to nourish that last precious relic of Eden, bestowed when man was, for his sins, deprived of all others! God’s own especial gift to the sorrowful—*HOPES*.

“There is no hope!” what a stunning phrase

for mortal ears! Dreadful to the wretched criminal in his dungeon, who await an ignominious death. Painful to the youthful sufferer on whom it calls to surrender her parents, her friends, her lover—the bright earth itself, while all is yet glowing in life, and love, and beauty—but oh! more painful still is the sentence when uttered with reference to that best and dearest of all friends—a father! Surely that is the greatest loss to which we can be subjected! Is there any love on earth like that of a fond father? Does it not identify itself with our very being? It is not the greatest, as well as the first source of happiness, we possess? Is not he who is the author of our life, the guardian also of its days of helplessness, the revered, yet kind and gentle companion of our childhood, the guide, the confidential friend, the unwearying tutor of our youth, the ever wise, and good, and unchanging? Uniting in himself all that the whole world beside can present, to attract our love?

Alas! what can compensate for a loss like this? We may, in our intercourse with the world, find many pleasant acquaintances—a few faithful friends—a husband or a wife who is dear to us as our own soul, but if we have lost a fond father, earth can never again hold his equal, in our eyes. Yes! many ties are dear, but this is pre-eminently so! it has a power over the affections which cannot be equalled by any thing save the love of God himself. And is it not, (we speak it in deep reverence,) the same relationship? Does not the Almighty choose the title of a *father*, as the most endearing of any, the one of which the chords vibrate most strongly in every human heart.

Our heavenly Father should be the first object of regard—but an earthly one must ever be the second! his authority is derived from above, his precepts combine at once, both wisdom and love—and he possesses the first earthly claim on the affection of his children.

He may be removed from our sight, but if the union has been what it ought to be, the remembrance of his counsel, the recalling of his love, will influence our very wildest, and soften our bitterest emotions !

During the first month of Adelaide's residence in England, she perceived nothing in her father's state that could seriously renew her alarm ; he did indeed, suffer severely, but he was so habitually patient and cheerful that she by no means realised the extent of his danger.

The delightful illusion was but too soon to be dispelled ; the winter was rapidly approaching, and Major Rostrevor found increasing difficulty in maintaining even the appearance of tolerable ease, and the medical attendant ordered him to try the effect of the mild climate of Devonshire.

Thither they repaired, and found pleasant lodgings in a small town, where the salubrious air appeared, for a time, to have a happy effect

on his health : but the decree had gone forth, and ere the 'sear and yellow leaf' had fallen from the tree, it was evident to Major Rostrevor that his days were numbered. What was he to do with Adelaide ? As far as pecuniary affairs went, she was amply provided for, but he was for some time uncertain to whose care he should confide her. At length, he wrote to her god-mother, requesting her to take the temporary charge of her, and place her in some school where she would meet with kindness, and having received from that lady an assurance that she would fulfil all his wishes, and that she should be glad if her god-daughter would make her house a home during vacations, Rostrevor had but one remaining anxiety, which was to prepare the mind of his darling for the loss he knew she was so soon to sustain.

She was so constantly with her father that she did not notice, as a stranger would have done, how rapidly his strength declined ; she was buoyed up with hope, although she re-

mitted not for a moment her affectionate care.

Scarcely could he prevail on her to leave him for an hour, even with the faithful Patrick for a nurse, and she still spoke of the happiness they should enjoy when spring returned, and they could once more walk out together.

One day, when he was worse than usual, she was trying to cheer him by talking in this manner of the future, when he replied, "Adelaide, my dearest one, I must not deceive you any longer, I shall never walk with you again, my love. Listen to me, my darling," he continued, seeing that her agony was almost uncontrollable, and dreading the burst of sorrow, "Adelaide, you love me dearly, do you not?"

In vain she tried to speak. She could not, and throwing herself into his arms, hid her face in his bosom, and burst into tears. He embraced her fondly again and again, and suffered her emotion to subside in some degree, before he once more addressed her; at length

she remembered that the sight of her violent grief might be injurious to her beloved father, and she endeavoured to conquer her emotion.

“ You do love me, my treasure, I know ; but, Adelaide, it is right you should know that I cannot now be very much longer with you ; how I grieve to part from you, my child ! but for my own part, I am so happy, that could you see my heart, you would not hesitate for a moment about me ; you would feel that it was no proof of love to wish to detain me here. Adelaide, you love your Heavenly Father, I am sure ? and although he takes your earthly one from you, he will himself be far more to you than I could ever hope to be ; he will be with you *ever*. Had it been his will, my love, I should have rejoiced in a longer life for your sake, that I might have guarded you through all the trials that may await you in your future life ; but it may not be ; and for myself, my Adelaide, I cannot contemplate without joy the glorious exchange I am about to make. My

anxiety is all for you; will you make me happy, my precious girl, by promising that you will try to acquiesce in your Heavenly Father's will?"

He looked earnestly in her face, as if awaiting a reply. She made a strong effort to control herself, and at length gave the required promise.

"And will you, my treasure, try to act so that we may hereafter meet in eternal happiness?"

He was exhausted by the effort to speak—his voice became faint and feeble, she bent near to whisper her assent—his lips still moved—and she caught the words, "Happiness, God bless you!" He spoke no more, but his eyes were fixed on the face of his child, with looks of unutterable love! At length there was one long sigh—and all was still.

She did not know that he was gone, and still grasped his hand, but as she felt it becoming cold, a terrible fear came over her. She dared

not to stir—the fixed expression of his countenance told her that all was over, but yet—
was *this* death? There was such a sweet smile on the mouth that she could not persuade herself of the truth, and she stooped to kiss the lips—but their marble coldness told her to abandon hope. Still she did not call for assistance, she sat watching the inanimate form, herself almost as motionless, and there she continued, spell-bound, until Mc Grady entered the room.

The scene startled him, and he immediately perceived what had taken place. Poor fellow! His grief was almost as great as hers.

“Arrah! Miss Adelaide, darlin’,” he exclaimed, “then the masther’s gone! The Lord be good to us! an shure he will—for didn’t *he*, (the angel) say that he would! He was the very jewel of the world, *m’avourneen!* an I won’t be forgetting the words he gave me to tell you when *this* came. ‘Tell my child to remember,’ said he, ‘that the Lord gave, and the Lord

hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!"

This was too much for Adelaide, worn out as she already was, with unremitting watching, and she sank, unconscious by her father's side. For some days afterwards she was incapable of any exertion whatever, nor could she endure to speak of her loss. By the physician's orders she remained in bed, nor was she well enough to rise until the evening before the funeral.

She then went into the drawing-room, and Patrick, who had exerted himself indefatigably to spare her all trouble, joined her there. He was struck with the alteration a few days of intense grief had made in her countenance, but was even more amazed at the calmness of her manner.

"Patrick," said she in a low, husky voice, "where is he, I must go and see him."

He took a candle, and was about to accompany her, but she continued—

“No, we must be alone together, for the last time.”

He offered no resistance to her wishes, and she proceeded alone to the silent chamber. She approached softly, as if she feared, even now, to disturb his deep repose ; and she gazed upon those dear features ; their calm and happy expression entered her very heart, and, even in her sorrow, left a peace in her mind which was never afterwards destroyed.

The open brow was no longer contracted with suffering—the lip no longer quivered with emotion—the whole countenance resembled the creation of some sculptor, who had, in an angelic vision, caught the expression of pure, unalloyed happiness, and, still inspired, transferred it to his marble. It seemed as if the soul, in winging its ways to the regions of immortal joy, had left the impression of its happiness on the deserted clay, ineffaceable.

Hour after hour passed away, and still Adelaide lingered by the precious remains. Her

tears flowed fast, but she sorrowed not without hope, and as she recalled his every word and look, from the moment of her earliest recollection, up to the closing scene, as she remembered his life, and his death, she felt that it would indeed be cruel to wish him once more an inhabitant of earth.

She prayed earnestly that she might acquiesce in the decree of her Heavenly Father, in thus removing her earthly one, and while kneeling beside his cold form acquired a portion of that calm resignation which *he* had so earnestly sought for her.

* * * * *

Years passed away, many changes took place, but the hallowed memory of her father was ever present, ever dear to her. Her grief was at first intense, and she could not endure the most distant allusion to her loss, but in time this keen bitterness wore away, and far from

shrinking from the subject, she loved to talk of him, and to paint to others his image, who was ever in her heart.

For a long time, indeed, she could not feel thus resigned, she could not gain courage to pronounce his name, nor to show the portrait of him, which she wore perpetually—but at length she conquered those rebellious feelings, his name was on her lips, as well as in her heart, and his remembrance influenced her every thought and feeling; she sometimes wept when his love, or his sufferings were brought forcibly to her mind, but she learnt to look on the past with acquiescence, and on the future with hope,

“ At length she learnt submission to her lot
But though she less deplored him ne’er forgot.”

CHAPTER XIII.

“ Mammon wins its way where seraphs might despair.”

BYRON.

“ Oh! what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive!”

“ Io veggio il meglio ed al peggior mi appiglio.”

PETRARCH.

At the time when Lady Brooke, after having (as we have already recorded) staked and lost the large sum of money, resolved to endeavour to regain it on the following evening, by renewing the dangerous game, she fully determined that no consideration whatever should

tempt her again to the card-table, if she were once fortunate enough to recover so much of her loss as would enable her to continue her career, without applying to Sir Edward for any unusual sum.

She thought that fortune would certainly befriend her, and preferred trusting to its fluctuating chances to the exertion of moral courage in confessing her error to her indulgent husband, and asking of him the means of repairing it.

That evening she went to Lady L——'s, played again, and at the conclusion of the evening found herself the winner of a small sum. Excited as she was, she no longer thought the evening monotonous; for her attention was divided between her cards, and receiving the adoration of Lord Wyville, who appeared to have attached himself completely to her train.

It is not very easy to say what were her

sentiments with regard to him ; she was compelled to feel that Sir Edward was as far his superior as any human being could be to another, yet his lordship was a fashionable, if not a creditable personage to have as an admirer, and if he were sincerely attached to her, he might indeed be—

There she paused ; she remembered her husband's strict injunctions on that subject, and callous as she was, she could not contemplate the probable consequences of disobedience calmly ; but she felt irritated, and mentally accused Sir Edward of jealous tyranny.

It was particularly inconvenient to her that he was much less attentive to his duties in the House at this period than she had ever before known him. His reasons were two-fold ; in the first place he was exceedingly desirous of creating an intimacy between Lady Brooke and the Rawdons, and he also hoped to impose a restraint upon her by his presence, and render her parties more select than they had hitherto

been. He was now also, more frequently a guest at the table of his friends, and his presence was so far useful to his wife that on these occasions she could not indulge in her passion for play.

It had, however, now become so strong that nothing but his presence restrained it; and as she was by no means equal to cope with such adepts as her antagonists, they took good care to derive all possible benefit from her infatuation. *They* “played their cards skilfully,” in a *double* sense, allowing her occasionally to win so much as would induce her to continue to play, but never enough to place her beyond their snares.

The season was passed by her in a state of constant excitement; before the end of May she was irretrievably involved; her splendid jewels—the lavish gifts of a confiding husband, were pledged, to raise sufficient to enable her to continue to play, paste supplied their place, and she rejoiced for a moment in being able,

by funds so raised to silence some of her creditors; but one still remained to whose demands she could only reply by a promise of future Payment.

Unfortunately this person was a lady whom she had formerly made an enemy by some impertinent remarks; there was therefore no hope that she might be induced to any protracted silence on the subject of her claims. She had never, indeed, shown herself otherwise than friendly to Lady Brooke until now, when she was the powerful party, when she threatened to apply to Sir Edward for the money if she did not receive it from her within a limited time.

Nor was this Lady Brooke's only anxiety; Lord Wyville was more than constant, he was most pointed in his attentions, and made himself as agreeable to her as it was in his nature to be to any one; he had in fact, really managed to persuade himself and her that he was

desperately in love with her, but aware that she was secure from all his attacks so long as she retained her husband's confidence, he saw with pleasure how irretrievably she was entangling herself, by following a line of conduct that, once discovered, must cause either avowed coldness, or perhaps a more serious quarrel, and trusted to some lucky accident to give him power over her, by placing her in such difficulties as would exasperate Sir Edward beyond the hope of pardon.

During the whole season, however, intimate as Lord Wyville was with Catherine elsewhere, he was never again admitted to her house ; that was a violation of Sir Edward's command which she dared not to attempt.

One night she met the Rawdons at the house of a mutual acquaintance : they were, as usual, accompanied by Lord Davonport, who had been unremitting in his attention to the whole family, but particularly to Fanny. So

constantly, indeed, was he seen in her society, that no doubt existed in the mind of any of her friends that he was her suitor, and the Morning Post had more than once hinted at an approaching marriage between the wealthy and eccentric Lord D——t and the lovely Miss R——n, yet the parties themselves appeared entirely ignorant, or heedless of such reports.

It had never occurred to Fanny as even a possibility that such surmises should be afloat. She liked Lord Devonport well; he was at all times most kind to her, exceedingly clever and entertaining, and she thought him by far the most agreeable acquaintance they had made in London, but his conversation was so far removed from any thing sentimental that she could never have guessed at the feelings by which every one else supposed him to be actuated.

On this evening, however, she was rather startled by his mentioning Captain Roehampton's name: she could not avoid blushing

deeply, and was still more discomposed by Davonport asking if he were very intimate with him.

She replied that they certainly did know him well, as he had so long been her brother's friend, and still wrote to them frequently.

"Answered like yourself, all candour!" he replied, "but I must ask you one question more. Have *you* any particular interest in him?"

"Really, my lord, I do not recognise your right to ask me such questions," said Fanny, in a distant manner, "I think that no intimacy whatever could warrant it."

"Miss Rawdon," he replied in an impressive tone, "when I tell you that the whole happiness of my future life depends on your reply, I do not think you will refuse to answer my question, impertinent as it may appear. May I ask if Captain Roehampton is still privileged to be on the same terms with you that he once was?"

"I do not know, Lord Davonport," she replied, "that I am acting in accordance with the customs of society : nevertheless, I will answer you truly, if you will pardon me for so doing : *so is.*"

"He continues constant then?" observed his lordship, with a singular expression.

"She blushed but replied immediately, "he does."

"And you return his attachment?"

There needed no reply to this question ; for the eloquent blush which dyed her beautiful face and neck, gave it as truly as any word could have done, and Lord Davonport continued—

"I see your reply ; and now, dear girl, forgive the impertinent curiosity of an old man. I love you too much to see your happiness sacrificed if I can avoid it ; and I swear to you that I will never consent to any one else being my daughter."

Fanny was so electrified that for some time

she could only look very earnestly in her old friend's face, as if to assure herself he was not insane—at length, she said—“ Are you really *his* father ?”

“ Really and truly : as truly as I hope to be *yours* before long : but having said this I must ask you to trust entirely to me, and above all, not to mention my name to William ; I must contrive to prove to my own satisfaction that he is worthy of you ; and now,” said Lord Davonport, raising her hand to his lips, “ will you confide in me ?”

With all his whimsicality, his lordship was a perfect gentleman, and a man of high principle : his countenance bespoke his sincerity, and Fanny hesitated not to say, “ I will trust you, entirely.”

This conversation made her very happy, and she looked so blooming and animated that he thought her lovelier than ever.

How differently was that evening passed by the unhappy Catherine. Seeking relief from

her anxiety and wretchedness in the excitement of play, she was again unsuccessful, the former debts were greatly increased, and as she rose, half distracted, from the card-table, Lord Wyville joined her, and observed her agitation.

"You look ill and unhappy, Lady Brooke," said he. "How I wish that I could be of any service to you."

"That is quite out of any one's power, Lord Wyville, I am utterly ruined!"

"You have had fortune against you to-night perhaps," said he, "but surely Sir Edward will not—"

"Sir Edward! oh, I dare not tell him, he would never forgive me!"

"He cannot love you much," returned Lord Wyville, "if he cannot forgive—or if he would hesitate to pay a few paltry hundreds to ensure your peace. If I, Catherine, were the happy person privileged to exercise the dear prerogative! I should not think any sacrifice too great to give you pleasure. I would fold

you to my heart, and bid you command all I possessed, if with all else, you would but take myself. But why may I not assist you? He does not love you as I do! He is indifferent to your happiness, and I! oh, that you could believe how very *very* dear you are to me! Tell me, tell me, my Catherine, is there no hope for me?"

She was too much surprised by his vehemence to reply: her mind was in confusion from the many opposite feelings and sentiments which contended in it for the mastery. She had never loved her husband, and now she dreaded his just displeasure; she felt certain that even if he did not insist on a separation, she could never regain his confidence. Her thoughts reverted to Lord Wyville, and his proffered assistance; he continued to urge his guilty suit.

"Tell me, dearest, that you will be mine, that you will allow me to afford you the pro-

otion that Sir Edward may deny: *I will never forsake you.*"

She made no reply; she could not contemplate the guilt into which she was about to plunge, without a sensation of horror, but she persuaded herself, by a line of *false*, (because *icious*,) reasoning, that it was impossible to extricate herself from present difficulties without rushing into greater; alas! how many, like Lady Brooke, have been lost for want of the moral courage to retrace the first steps to evil!

Thus she deliberated, instead of rejecting the temptation, and went still further on, in the road to destruction.

Her antagonist came up to her and said, with an insulting manner, "Remember your appointment to-morrow—I will not wait another day." "You shall hear from me to-morrow," she replied, with apparent calmness, but she turned Lord Wyville, with a feeling of desperation, and spoke freely to him of the affair: she

placed the confidence in his generosity which she denied to an indulgent husband.

Lord Wyville assured her, with many protestations of affection, that his utmost power should be exerted for her, and entreated her to contrive to receive him the following day, in order to make the necessary arrangements for satisfying her creditor.

She replied that she would do so, if possible—and would write him word early.

She returned home to pass a few hours in sleepless anxiety. She arose unrefreshed, and immediately wrote to Lord Wyville, appointed an hour for him to call, while to her creditor she sent an assurance of immediate payment.

An hour afterwards, (long before she expected him,) Lord Wyville entered her *boudoir*.

“What is this, dearest? I cannot make it out.”

She took the note from his hand, read it, and turned deadly pale: it was only by a strong effort she preserved herself from fainting.

The note was not the one intended for Lord Wyville, although addressed to him; it was evident that in her agitation she had misdirected the notes, and thus placed the proof of her guilt in the hands of her most bitter enemy, from whom it was certain to reach

Edward. The die was cast. Lord Wyville renewed his protestations, she again lied to them, and in another hour, she had left her home, disgraced her noble husband, and taken refuge with the seducer.

This event caused mingled, but on the whole, pleasurable feelings to Lord Wyville: he loved Catherine as well, perhaps, as it was his nature to love any one—almost as much as he hated Sir Edward: he had, at one stroke, satisfied both love and revenge, and enjoyed, moreover, the exceeding satisfaction of as much notoriety as even he coveted: he, and his elopement, formed almost the only subject of conversation, in the *beau monde* for many weeks.

CHAPTER XIV.

“—Now my love is thawed,
Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“Que maudit soit le bec cornu de notaire qui me fit signer
ma ruine !”

MOLIERE.

“Bless me from a challenge.”

SHAKSPEARE.

As Lady Brooke had anticipated, her creditor had no sooner received the note of assignation destined for Lord Wyville than she enclosed it to Sir Edward.

He was completely stunned by the perusal

of its contents, and for some time wholly incapable of taking steps to ascertain its truth.

He had, for many years, been warmly attached to his wife, and although he had latterly felt she was deficient in feeling, and not quite the character he desired to see her, he had thought her moral conduct to be most pure, and had fully believed her in all essentials worthy of his respect.

That, after his remonstrances with regard to Lord Wyville, she should have become so intimate with him as to address him at all, was a proof that she had acted with systematic deception; and of the remaining part of her conduct he could not doubt.

His first impulse on recovering some portion of self-command, was to see her, and prevent her from plunging into deeper guilt, but she had already taken the decisive step of abandoning him.

He was in the deepest agony; the usual calm self-possession which distinguished him

was completely gone, but feeling, with the utmost intensity, the cruel wrong that had been done, he at once resolved on inflicting the utmost punishment the law would allow, on the guilty parties.

Legal proceedings were entered into against the seducer, while he also sued for a divorce, his cause triumphed, and the jury awarded £10,000 damages. But what sum could indemnify him for the destruction of all his hopes—for the treachery of a wife once so dear—for the disgrace his honor had sustained?

His feeling of indignation had been, at first, much mingled with a softer sentiment of compassion for the erring wife; he regarded her as destroyed perhaps by the arts of a bad, bold man; and he would have endeavoured to reclaim her, and have guarded her from the effects of such infatuation, though he could not receive her again to his own house and heart. But during the time that elapsed between the elopement and the trial, he necessarily became

acquainted with *all* her conduct ; he found that, (although in the last final act of guilt she might possibly have been urged on by desperation,) yet that she had systematically disregarded his injunctions, that she had made intimate associates of those against whom he had warned her ; that she had, even at the time of their marriage, practiced deceit towards him, and that she was indeed, in every way, most unworthy of his love.

He was fully aware of the want of principle she had evinced, but his misfortunes did not render him a misanthrope ; nor did he rail against *all* women because *one* was false ; he knew she was an exception, not the rule.

After the conclusion of the trial he determined to retire to the solitude of Brookleigh, for a while, a resolution, which he did not alter on receiving a letter from Lord Wyville, generously offering " further satisfaction " if Sir Edward desired it.

To this insult Sir Edward deigned only the following laconic reply—

“ MY LORD,

“ Had the Court so awarded it, I would gladly have *paid*, instead of *receiving* £10,000, to be freed from the most unprincipled woman it was ever my lot to encounter. Any further satisfaction is therefore most unnecessary.

“ I am,

“ My Lord,

“ Your Lordship’s *obliged* servant,

“ EDWARD BROOKE.”

It is but justice to Lord Wyville to say that he would never have been so rash as to send a challenge, had he not rated Sir Edward as even a worse shot than he was himself, for he was exceedingly careful of his precious self, rightly judging that if an accident were to happen to him, a fit and suitable successor would not

readily be found; as it was, however, he was disappointed that the reply was so different to any thing he had anticipated.

A few days afterwards he married Catherine, and as it was very desirable that for a time, at least, they should leave England, every exertion was made to obtain for Lord Wyville some situation abroad; finally, Lord Stantondale's entreaties to the higher powers on behalf of his worthless son were so successful, that, to the great joy of all the family, he was permitted to purchase a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel in the — Light Dragoons, then serving in India.

CHAPTER XV.

“ — From childhood, Signor,
You have been my protector ; in the days
Of reckless infancy, when rank forgets
Or rather is not yet taught to remember
Its cold prerogative, we played together.”

BYRON.

ALMOST immediately after her father's death, Adelaide was placed by her god-mother under the care of a lady in the immediate neighbourhood of her present residence, where she had the benefit of the society of a few young asso-

Ciates, and every advantage that could be desired for completing her education.

It was an entirely new position to her, and it was thought that the complete change might have a beneficial effect in dissipating the excessive grief her father's death had caused.

A reference to her guardian, Captain Rawdon, was answered by an entire approval of the plan, provided that Adelaide continued happy in her new abode. He entered into every arrangement for her welfare with the greatest consideration, and knowing how different her early life had been to that of girls in England, brought up in the seclusion and discipline of a school, he made certain stipulations which added greatly to her independence, and particularly specified that she should be allowed to correspond freely with himself, without either interference or correction.

She accordingly did so; her governess however glanced over the first letter to ascertain that it was grammatically correct, and was perfectly

horror-struck by the phrase with which it began.

“ My dear Horace !” she exclaimed, “ surely Miss Rostrevor, you do not intend to address your guardian in that manner ?”

“ Why not, madam ?” asked Adelaide with great simplicity.

“ Why not ? Do you suppose any guardian would allow his ward to address him in that familiar style ?”

“ Indeed, Horace will not be displeased I am sure,” replied Adelaide, “ I have always called him so, and he would think it very unkind if I were to alter my manner, especially when he has just taken so much trouble on my account.”

“ Well,” rejoined the lady, “ Captain Rawdon must be a very extraordinary personage indeed, if he does not object to such familiarity. I feel sure he will reprimand you severely for it.”

However, she could not *insist* on the erasure

Of the obnoxious word; the order for non-interference was too peremptory to be disregarded; and as Captain Rawdon himself never expressed displeasure, the governess was obliged to permit it, and only requested that "Miss Rostrevor would designate her guardian by his proper title, in her conversation with her companions, and not by his christian name."

Little change took place until Adelaide was about seventeen, when, while passing the vacations with her god-mother, she received a letter from Horace, enquiring whether it would be agreeable to her to return to India, as their friends the Sullivans were on their voyage home, and were very anxious to bring her out with them, on their return, if she wished it.

This was indeed delightful news to her; she was not indeed unhappy in England, but it had been the scene of many sorrows, while India, on the contrary, rose to her imagination, as the land of joy and happiness, where she had once been surrounded by friends, and where her

dearest ties still existed. Her reply was, therefore, one of delighted acquiescence in the plan.

This letter from his ward reached Horace by the same ship with one from Sir Lewis, detailing family affairs, which rendered it exceedingly desirable that he should return, for a few months to England.

We have before mentioned that the principal estate was strictly entailed on the heir male, and consequently but little provision was made for the other branches of the family ; this was, as may be well imagined, a source of great anxiety to Sir Lewis, as the next heir, after Horace, was a man whose general character was such as to give fair reason to fear that in the event of succession, he would use his power in the family in a very injurious manner.

In consequence of this, added to the great uncertainty of life, in the climate in which he resided, Horace had entreated his father to dispose of another estate, in a distant county,

and invest the fund thus produced for the benefit of his sisters.

But in making these arrangements, it was found requisite for Horace himself to be present, nor did he hesitate for a moment, although the measure would deprive himself of a considerable estate.

He was writing for permission to proceed to Europe, when Roehampton entered the room.

"Just had a letter from my governor, Rowey," said Horace, "I am obliged to return to England by the first ship."

"Faith, that's odd enough! Here is one from mine, of which I cannot make a word of sense, except that I am to give up the army, (a likely thing, by Jove!) and go home to marry some d——d old woman whom he has chosen for me. By the powers! it's enough to drive a man mad!"

"Really," returned Horace, "I believe he thinks you a baby still, instead of a strapping

Dragoon, nearly six feet and a half in his stockings. Luckily no one can touch your commission at any rate, except yourself, so that in case of the worst, you have that to fall back upon. But what does he say?"

"I will read you the letter," returned Roehampton, and he read Lord Davonport's epistle, only omitting the few words which alluded to Fanny Rawdon, then he added, "What the devil shall I do?"

"Why, I am sure it is difficult to say, for his lordship's commands are given in a manner sufficiently imperative, and his arguments *golden*! It would not be very pleasant to be cut out of such a property, and I think were the case mine, I should go home at all costs, and do the civil to his lordship, and marry the lady—if *I could*."

"That will I never! I am no inconstant, nor would I marry any woman for her money, were I disengaged. I would do a good deal to oblige the old one, but as to making myself

Unlucky for life to please him; I think it is asking too much."

"Well, at all events, obtain leave and return to England for a year or so; if you can make up matters with your governor, it will be time enough then to sell out; by all means follow his advice so far."

This was the arrangement finally made, and the friends embarked for Europe just before their noble Lieutenant-Colonel, Lord Wyville, landed at Calcutta.

As soon as they reached London they departed for their respective homes.

We leave the reader to imagine the joy that the return of Horace diffused in his family, as well as among the tenantry; the dinner on the lawn to the poor people, the parties planned in his honour among the rich—the congratulations of all.

He found many guests at Rawdon Court; among others, Sir Edward Brooke, who had, for the first time since the divorce, been pre-

vailed upon to quit the retirement of Brookleigh, and accept Sir Lewis's pressing invitation to pass a few weeks in Yorkshire.

His recent sorrows had saddened, but not embittered his character, and he found, in the society of his host's charming family, a constant and increasing source of pleasure.

Horace remained a few days at home, fully expecting to see Roehampton, or at least, to hear from him; but he was disappointed, and, to his great surprise, his friend's name was never mentioned. He would, perhaps, have thought more on this subject, but that his mind was very much occupied by his ward, Adelaide, whom he had resolved to introduce to his family, a measure which he had hitherto delayed, on many accounts.

He now determined to set out on his visit to her on the following day, and, when the family were all assembled at breakfast, announced his intention by saying that he should be compelled

to leave home for a few days, in order to visit his ward.

"Your ward, sir," exclaimed Sir Lewis.

"Your ward, my dear Horace!" said Lady Helen, while multitudes of questions were put as to her age, name, and residence.

In reply to the first question, Horace replied that she was now about eighteen.

"Eighteen! and a man of eight and twenty her guardian! A very proper personage you are, Horace, for such a charge! Is she very pretty?"

"I really cannot tell you, sir, for I have not seen her for six years, but she *was* the most lovely child I ever beheld. She is the daughter of my old friend, Major Rostrevor."

"Well then, my boy, of course you must go; and Helen, do you not think he had better bring his ward back with him? But why did you never mention her before, Horace? You might have been quite sure her home should have been here."

“ I know that you are every thing kind, my dear father ; but—in short Adelaide was so lovely—and her present residence is very retired—in fact, I wished—I thought—”

“ Oh, I quite understand you ; (better than you understand yourself,) so you may save your blushes, and embarrassment ; in fact, you thought—you wished—to *continue* her guardian ; so you placed your jewel where no one else could see it ! Is it not so ?” said Sir Lewis, with malicious drollery.

“ Indeed, indeed, Sir, I would not have acted unjustly towards her on any account. I should be miserable if I thought I had done so.”

“ Well, my dear boy, be happy on the subject,” said Lady Helen, kindly, “ and bring her back with you—we shall be delighted to see her, and shall judge for ourselves whether she is very indignant with you. Is she not the little friend whom you mentioned as a fellow-passenger on board-ship, whose extraordinary

Presence of mind was of such assistance in saving your life?"

"The very same. She is an orphan, and is about to return to India with our friends, the Sullivans. I shall be delighted to introduce her to you all before we sail."

CHAPTER XVI.

“ If I have too austere^{ly} punished you,
Your compensation makes amends ; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live ;

— All my vexations
Were but my trials of thy love,
Then as my gift, and thine own acquisition,
Worthily purchased ; take my daughter.”

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Roehampton reached Davonport Castle he was received by his father with a warmth of affection for which he was quite unprepared.

Lord Davonport evinced a degree of emotion at the sight of his son, which although perfectly natural, (when it is remembered that Roehamp-

ton was an only son, and had been twelve years absent,) at once surprised and annoyed the object of it, as he felt that it rendered his meditated rebellion far more difficult to accomplish.

"This is right, William," said his father, "I am delighted to see you. You have arrived sooner than I had hoped you would, and your prompt obedience to my wishes in one respect assures me that you will be equally compliant in all. But we will leave all business until to-morrow, for I am sure you must be wearied with your journey. Meantime, command every thing that you wish for here."

Roehampton was conducted to a suite of rooms furnished in the most luxurious style, and the valet who attended him informed him that he had been engaged some weeks before to enter his service immediately on landing.

After luncheon Lord Davonport proposed to

show his son the domain, and Roehampton, who had been greatly amazed by the consideration that had been bestowed in providing for his personal comfort, was still more surprised by the domestic arrangements, and the air of magnificence which pervaded every part. He thought his father's character must have altered wonderfully; he had hitherto considered him as a rather miserly personage, and could not understand what motive had influenced his lordship to make so complete a change.

“How do you like this *boudoir*?” asked Lord Davonport, “I have had it fitted up for my daughter-in-law, and I really flatter myself it will please her. Obligated? oh not at all! she is so great a favorite with me that I have had the utmost pleasure in preparing every thing for her reception, so do not say a word about it, for you are most welcome. Old as I am, I do not care for such things; rank came to me too late to be valuable, except for your

but you are in different circumstances, must enter society as favorably as possible,

now so far was Roehampton from feeling "aged," that all the time his father was living he was endeavouring to enter a protest against the whole arrangement, which he thought, (considering that he was yet unacquainted with even the lady's name,) somewhat premature. Besides this, he had made a firm declaration that if Lord Davonport refused to receive Fanny as a daughter, he would immediately offer her his hand, and endeavour to persuade her to return with him to India, as he thought that strict economy would enable them to live on his pay, without any addition whatever—except LOVE.

At his father's manner, which seemed to him his acquiescence for granted, irritating as it was, precluded the possibility of reply, and he was very reluctantly compelled to reserve his refusal for the following morning.]

Lord Davonport, on the other hand, had purposely delayed asking his son to come to a final decision, that he might know the extent of the loss he would incur if he refused obedience to his father's will, while it was that father's most earnest desire that he should prove the sincerity of his attachment to Fanny by declining the proposed alliance with the fair *inconnue*.

“ I am delighted to have you once more at home, William,” observed Lord Davonport, the following morning, after the breakfast equipage had been removed, and the last of the train of liveried gentlemen had disappeared, “ now that I am becoming aged it will be a great comfort to me to have my only son settled under my own roof, and it will be my pleasure to do all in my power to render you both happy and independent, and of course, any alterations that you or your bride may suggest, will be gladly made by me. As I am tolerably sure there will be no objection made by the lady, we will,

if you please, pay her a visit at her father's house, in a day or two."

"I am extremely sorry," replied his son, in a firm, but respectful manner, "that on that point it will be impossible for me to comply with your wishes: with regard to *any* but that one subject, I shall ever be most happy to do so—but I *must* choose my own wife—or rather marry her whom I have already chosen."

"Miss Rawdon?"

"Yes, my lord, Miss Rawdon; of whom, I am sure you would have as high an opinion as I entertain did you know her as well. I have loved her for years, father, and no earthly consideration shall induce me to act so like a scoundrel as to give her up."

"Very well, young gentleman, then of course you choose to relinquish the brilliant position which, as my heir, you would enjoy, for the sake of a portionless beauty, the loss is yours, not mine, and although I have looked

forward with the delight a father must feel to your return, and made every arrangement that could, (as I had trusted) render you happy with me, I will not prevent you from incurring the penalty; but as I hope and believe that you have not yet duly weighed the affair, I will not receive your answer for a week. At the end of that time, I trust you will have given the subject the consideration which it demands, and your choice shall then be a final one—but do not forget your decision will make happy or miserable a father who would sacrifice every thing else for you.”

“Ask me any thing else, father,” said Roehampton, “and your wishes shall be law to me—but on this point—”

“Well, well, we will argue it no longer at present; I will only request you to oblige me by holding no correspondence with the Rawdons during that period.”

This was a severe prohibition, but Roehamp-

ton reflected that a week would soon fly, and then he should be at liberty to go to Fanny, and offer himself and all he could still call his own to her, so he submitted. As to spending the intervening time in debating the expediency of following his father's wishes, the idea of doing so, or swerving from the path of honor and devotion to Fanny, never crossed his mind for a moment, confident in the treasure of her love, certain that no other woman would ever inspire him with the same tender attachment, he felt that the sacrifice of every other prospect was not for a moment to be compared with it.

When the period of probation had expired, his reply was the same as before, and Lord Davonport assured him that he was equally decided; that he would not indeed, exclude him from his house, if he wished to be there, but he must not expect to be considered as its heir; nor must he be surprised to find that £200 a year was all that he could be allowed

him, unless he consented to marry the lady, he, (Lord D——) had fixed on as a suitable wife. "I might not have insisted so peremptorily on that particular person being my daughter," continued his lordship, "had not my honor been engaged in the affair, as I have already mentioned it to her."

"I regret it extremely, my lord, but still, were I to break off an engagement it would be still more unpardonable, for the lady of whom you have made choice could not but feel that the final arrangement must depend on me, and as she does not know me, the disappointment cannot be great."

"Who told you that she did not know you? Were I to judge from her manner I should say she was exceedingly attached to you."

"Impossible, my lord! I never in my life, paid any woman such attention as to induce her to give up her heart to me, for I have been resolved to marry Fanny Rawdon

ever since I knew her. What is the lady's name?"

"That indeed I shall not tell you, you have refused, rejected, slighted her, and I will not place her in your power. You will repent of your folly, I am sure."

But Roehampton did *not* repent; he only hastened his preparations for a journey to Rawdon Court, for which place he departed next day, after a formal parting with Lord Davonport.

It was late in the evening when he joined the family circle at Rawdon Court, and had he felt even one momentary regret for the honours he had resigned, it would have given place to the deepest happiness, when he found himself warmly welcomed by every individual in the group. Fanny had retired a little from the circle, and although her greeting was a silent one, and she scarcely dared to raise her eyes, there was a slight pressure of his hand which en-

couraged him to relinquish hers, and clasping her in his arms, to steal innumerable kisses for her rosy lips.

“ Pray is that the way you Dragoons say ‘ How d’ye do’ to young ladies ?” enquired Sir Lewis, laughing.

“ Certainly, sir !” replied Roehampton, feeling rather ashamed of his vehemence ; but thinking that it would be as well to finish in the same style, he went round the circle, saluting her sisters in the same manner. The next morning he entered into a full statement of his affairs to Sir Lewis, regretting his want of fortune, but pleading that he had still his commission, and a small sum, and that, with Fanny for a wife, he could only regret poverty for her sake, *he* should be perfectly happy. “ Besides,” he added, “ if once we were married, and my father became acquainted with her, I am sure he would like her better than any one else.”

Sir Lewis smiled, and advised him not to act

rashly, but referred him to Fanny herself for a decision.

He was eagerly and warmly pleading his cause with her, and she looking more lovely than ever, was assuring him, with something of a malicious smile, that she never would marry him without his father's entire approval, and he, surprised by so unexpected a reply, was kneeling at her feet, and repeating all sorts of lovers' arguments to induce her to consent to an immediate union, when he heard the door open, and hastily rose, wishing the intruder any where but there.

He turned to ascertain who it was, and beheld—Lord Davonport!

“Very glad indeed to see that you have returned to your senses, sir,” said his lordship, as Roehampton stood surveying the scene, the personification of ungratified amazement! “but I think you might as well have been a little less absurd, and have spared me the trouble of coming here to apologise for your refusal, only

to find you acting the lover by stealth. However, since you have, it appears, resolved to obey my commands, I am satisfied."

Roehampton looked alternately at Fanny and his father during the progress of this speech, for Fanny had flown to welcome Lord Davonport, as soon as she perceived his entrance, and he had embraced her in a most paternal manner: the lover's surprise was literally unspeakable, for it was some minutes before he could stammer some words which signified that "he did not understand."

"Can you not understand, sir, that you refused to accept this dear girl, when I told you that I would not have any other daughter?"

"Pardon me, my lord, if I recollect correctly, you say that the lady was—"

"Suitable, in every respect."

"Yes, but you wrote me word that she was *very plain*!"

"No, sir, I did not! I merely remarked

that, in my opinion, beauty is no requisite in a wife; but goodness and amiability are; and therefore, ill as you have behaved to her, if she will still accept you, you shall never marry any other woman."

"My dear father—"

"Very dear indeed! no doubt! But you have not yet asked her forgiveness, and I must do it for you. Fanny, my love, tell me if, for my sake, you can pardon, and marry this unworthy son of mine?"

Fanny felt too much confused and embarrassed by so direct a question, and by the eccentric conduct of her kind friend, to be able to reply, but when Lord Davonport whispered that he should feel himself bound to mention what she had previously said to him, with regard to his son, she, in fear lest he should do so, replied to the question, although her voice was so low that no ear but a lover's could have detected the words.

Roehampton, however, seized her hand, and

pressed it to his lips, pouring forth expressions innumerable of gratitude and love, while Lord Davonport, finding himself somewhat *de trop*, very considerably left them to settle the affair together, saying as he quitted the room, that it gave him great satisfaction to find his son so obediently disposed.

CHAPTER XVII.

“ Who goes there ?
A friend ! ”

OLD SONG.

“ ——— Her cheeks and lips most fair,
Changing their hues, like lilies newly blown,
Beneath a bright acacia's shadowy hair,
Waved by the wind amid the sunny noon.”

SHELLEY.

THE shades of evening were rapidly descending, and study was for that day concluded, in the “ Establishment for Young Ladies,” of which Adelaide Rostrevor was a member, when the superior of the miniature nunnery observed with surprise that a gentleman was walking

rapidly across the lawn in the front of the house; and a moment afterwards she heard the door-bell ring.

"A foreigner, apparently!" thought she, "perhaps a Polish noble! they are always wandering about in search of employment, and perhaps he wants to give lessons in French and German, but we don't require any person of the kind, so I must dismiss him as civilly as I can. It is a pity he looks young and handsome, for no one will employ him to teach young ladies.

"Perhaps he is one of the London house-breakers," said the senior teacher, a tall, lath-and-plaster looking virgin, of 'most vinegar aspect,' who could not endure to impute even a good intention, far less a noble action, to the young and handsome. "I caught a glance of him from the staircase window, and thought him a most suspicious-looking person; no doubt he is trying to get acquainted with the house that he may rob it, and perhaps murder us all! oh dear!"

Leaving the teachers to their various conjectures, the governess descended to the drawing-room, where she found the stranger awaiting her appearance.

Notwithstanding his gentleman-like manner, her alarm was greatly encreased, for she beheld a very handsome young man, and her thoughts reverted to all she had ever heard or read of abduction of heiresses, Gretna Green weddings, love affairs, and elopements, while it must be confessed, his frogged surtout, the gold band of his foraging cap, and his handsome moustache, were adjuncts that by no means diminished the alarm he created.

How shall I get rid of him? she thought, and almost forget the most ordinary rules of civility. Finding she did not intend to open the conference, he began by saying, "I believe madam, you have some young ladies under your care?"

"Oh, thank you, sir," she replied, jumping

to a conclusion, "but I assure you your services—"

"I wish to see one of them, madam, Miss—"

"I am much obliged to you, sir, for taking the trouble, but we are already provided with—"

"I wish to see Miss Rostrevor, if she be here, madam."

"I am sorry I cannot comply with your wishes, sir, but it is one of the principles of my establishment to decline all visits for my pupils from gentlemen."

"But surely, madam, I can see Miss Rostrevor."

"I beg your pardon, sir, it is impossible. Miss Rostrevor is peculiarly circumstanced. She has no parents, and in the absence of her guardian—"

"Allow me to introduce him to you, madam."

The lady gazed, and gazed again! Surely

he must be hoaxing her? That youthful looking personage could not have been six years a guardian, and yet he scarcely would say he was if it was not true."

"Are you, indeed Sir—"

"Captain Rawdon," said he bowing, "but if you doubt my identity, Adelaide herself will re-assure you."

"Very true," observed the lady, ringing the bell, and ordering a servant to summon Miss Rostrevor, while she no longer wondered that Adelaide addressed her guardian as "Horace!"

In a few minutes the door opened, and Rawdon advanced, as in days of yore, embraced and kissed Adelaide, before he recollected the impropriety of the action.

The governess surveyed the scene in mute horror, although Adelaide's exclamation, "Dear Horace!" convinced her of his identity.

Meantime, the ancient guardian drew his chair near that of his ward, and had time, in the silence that ensued to wonder at the change that had taken place in her appearance.

She had almost out-grown his remembrance, and had become a most beautiful young woman while he remembered only a very lovely child.

She scarcely reached the middle size, but was most beautifully and gracefully formed; her face was a perfect oval, her complexion extremely fair, with a very delicate, almost transparent bloom on her cheek; her eyes were dark brown, and shaded by long lashes, her nose Grecian, yet expressive, her mouth, (that most characteristic of all features,) conveyed the idea of much fun and humour, yet its expression was singularly sweet. A most noble and intellectual forehead was shaded by her rich, sunny, brown hair, which fell in long ringlets on either side of her face.

Horace could have gazed for ever on his little Adelaide, little indeed no longer. For the first time in his life he felt uncomfortable in her presence; he had not realized the effect of time during their long separation, and now

could almost persuade himself that he was afraid of her, he wondered what she would think of his kissing her, it certainly was very impertinent! he felt sure it would be a long time before he ventured to do so again! (The veracity of our narrative which 'forbids romancing as the worst of sinning' makes us feel it incumbent on us to say that Horace maintained this resolution laudably for a full hour, when, being left alone with Adelaide, he forthwith apologised, was forgiven, and 'sealed his pardon with a loving kiss,' this is a digression; pardon, fair reader—seal ours, prythee.)

Adelaide felt even more embarrassed. She remembered Horace perfectly, but not his age, and now she found out that he really was *Captain Rawdon*, and she wondered how she could venture to call him "Horace." She was delighted to see him, but it was difficult, very very difficult to say a word to him.

At length the governess said, "I hope, sir, that you will be satisfied with Miss Rostrevor's

improvement, I am happy to say she has excellent abilities, and I hope she will do me credit. She has payed particular attention to your wishes, with regard to music, and I think her style of playing will meet your approbation."

Horace would at that moment have given any thing to hear her sing and play, but it was too absurd to expect *him* to command her; the lady, however said, "Bring your music, my dear," and Adelaide rose to fetch it.

On her re-appearance, Horace rose, opened the piano, placed her chair, and took his station by her side to turn over the leaves for her, with so respectful and diffident an air that the governess was more than ever amazed, and thought him the strangest guardian she had seen.

"Will you play this, dear Adelaide?" said he in a low tone, finding the beautiful melody of 'Auld lang syne.'

She sang and played it from the heart, and

it thrilled through every chord and fibre in her auditor's, but before she had concluded, the surprise and delight of seeing him, and the mingled reminiscences of all that had occurred since he was last by her side, overwhelmed her and overcome by conflicting emotions, she sank back and fainted away.

He raised her tenderly in his arms, and laid her on the sofa, while her governess summoned assistants, salts, sal volatile, and cold water, in the greatest consternation. Adelaide, however soon recovered, and then the evening was passed most happily, Horace giving her the invitation to Rawdon Court; which she accepted with heart-felt delight, and the lady of the mansion arranging various pic-nic parties to places of note in the neighbourhood.

Rawdon had taken up his quarters at the hotel, but every day during the ensuing week was spent in these excursions with Adelaide, and some of her friends. At the end of that time she bade an affectionate farewell to her

companions, and the governess whose care she had experienced for so many years, and set out for Rawdon Court, where she met a most warm and cordial reception.

When Horace presented his ward to his family, they were all struck by her uncommon and exquisite beauty, and as her first feelings of reserve wore away, they found her a most charming addition to their circle.

Her character and tastes were somewhat peculiar, probably from the circumstances of her early life, which the discipline of later years could not eradicate. She was, indeed, highly accomplished, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but this appeared to arise rather from universal quickness than from any particular taste for extrinsic acquirements, but she delighted in History, Biography, and more abstruse studies, with so strong a passion for argument, and such talents for excelling in it that one of the masters, after reading, (not *correcting*) a theme, declared that a most ad-

mirable special pleader spoilt, in the writer being a woman.

Her manner was usually mild and gentle, and her appearance elegant and lady-like—but when excited the former instantly became energetic, and the latter brilliant. Her eloquence was natural, and, roused by a sense of injustice to another, dashed along like a torrent carrying the hearts, heads, and minds of her hearers with it: she had wit too, at will, and satire that few could withstand.

She soon became thoroughly domesticated at Rawdon Court, and loved every member of the family; but Horace was still her greatest friend; with him she could recal old scenes and associations; with him she could picture the future, and great was his satisfaction to find that their sentiments corresponded most closely. He was fascinated with her society, would sit for hours beside her piano or harp, while she played and sang to him, rode with her, walked with her, and flattered himself that

he was the most "exemplary guardian" in the world.

His father, however, occasionally took the liberty of hinting that "devoted lover" would have been the more appropriate title, but he rejected the insinuation with disdain, declaring that he would never appear in *that* capacity, until Adelaide had been introduced to the world, and was competent to understand and select for herself. He would rather be rejected, than accepted *only* because she knew no other admirer — therefore he would never mention his attachment until she had, at least, been introduced to the *beau monde* of Calcutta.

Meantime, Adelaide seemed to fall naturally to his care ; Fanny was always leaning on Rochester's arm, and Mary Anne was very often in deep conversation with Sir Edward Brooke, while Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, who were staying at Rawdon Court, were more immediately the guests of Sir Lewis and Lady Helen.

They remained to witness the marriage of

their old friend Roehampton, with Fanny, and then took leave of the family. Adelaide also departed on a short visit to her god-mother, after officiating as bride's-maid, and in the course of a month, to the deep regret of the other members of the family, Captain Rawdon and Miss Rostrevor joined the Sullivans, and after enduring the average allowance of pitching and tossing—stiff breezes and dead calms—fair weather and foul, landed safely at Calcutta, at which place they found Rawdon's regiment stationed—and Mr. Sullivan being appointed one of the Judges of the *Sudr Dewânee Adâwlut*, the whole party were soon comfortably located at the Presidency.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others;—whoso is out of hope to attain another's virtue will seek to come at even hand by depressing another's fortune."

BACON.

* * * * *

"These little things, (deny it if you can,)
These little things are great to little men."

ANON.

"A wretch like this may leave upon the wall
The blighting venom of his swelt'ring tongue,
And this shall spread itself in general poison,
And woman's innocence, man's honor pass into a libel."

BYRON.

PERHAPS no arrival ever created a greater sensation in society at Calcutta than that of the *partie quarrée* of our last chapter. The high rank of the Sullivans, the popularity of Rawdon, and the beauty and great attractions of

Adelaide, made their society to be universally desired.

There was one person, however, who speculated more than any other on the appearance and conduct of Horace—that person was Lady Wyville: he had joined his regiment; but as she was at that time an invalid, nearly a fortnight elapsed before she saw him.

They met, as they had parted, in a ball-room. How changed were they both! *Then*, he had sought her eye, and his own was lighted up with the purest joy when it rested upon her—but she had chosen to cast him off, though he was the only being she had ever really loved, for the sake of greater wealth and immediate independence.

Her conduct had then driven him to such despair as almost to deprive him of his senses, and he had gone into voluntary exile, because he could not endure to witness the happiness of a successful rival—but *now*—he entered the room, almost as youthful-looking as ever, with

a fair girl leaning on his arm, and he spoke to *her* in those low, soft accents which once had been addressed only to Catherine—and all his admiration was given to the young creature he escorted, and who, by the earnest attention she gave to his words, and the smiles that illumined her face, showed she was as happy in his love as mortal could be.

They advanced up the room, Rawdon introducing several brother officers to her acquaintance, and still he either did not, or would not recognise the lost, the perjured Catherine. In truth, worn by a course of dissipation and guilt, and tormented, not only by a sense of remorse, but by the just punishment of her sin—the being united to a man who was now indifferent to her—whom she could not respect, and who slighted her love—she was changed so much that Horace would scarcely have believed her to be the once beautiful and blooming Catherine.

The remarks that met her ear as Horace and

Adelaide joined in a quadrille, were deeply painful—"What a handsome man! What a lovely girl! The finest-looking couple in the room!" were exclamations that Lady Wyville heard on every side. "Who are they?" asked one officer of another.

"His name is Rawdon—he is one of 'ours,'" replied the party addressed, "and the lady is Miss Rostrevor, his ward."

"*Ward!* by Jove he's a clever fellow to keep such a gem for himself—you will see that his guardianship won't end in a hurry—he will take care that no one supersedes him."

"I do not think *she* would like a change, there's not a nobler fellow living than Horace Rawdon, and he was very intimate with her father, so that they are old friends."

"Is she then the daughter of Rostrevor of the Artillery? I remember now that they were together at Bhurtpore. Did you ever see two such happy faces as theirs?"

Lady Wyville heard these comments, and

the iron entered into her soul. This man of whom all spoke so highly—whose happiness gave pleasure even to those not personally acquainted with him—was *her* first lover—whom she had insulted and forsaken! *Once* she had been most dear to him, and *now*—she shrank from the recollection of the past. From that fatal hour when she had broken her vow of constancy to a devoted lover—an affianced husband—up to the present period, had been one series of crimes of lighter or deeper dye. She had disobeyed, deceived, betrayed a fond, confiding husband—she had made her name a bye word of reproach—a mark of public scorn—and, though she had gilded over affairs by marrying Lord Wyville, she had not regained either her position in society, or her tranquillity of mind.

She remembered the early love of Horace, and some soft feelings stole over her heart. She saw what he *now* thought of her conduct, and she felt a strangely mingled wish to revenge

his indifference, and excite feelings like those he once entertained for her.

He had been an hour in the ball-room, and she saw that he had recognised her, but still he approached her not. Ah! that was indeed a change! But she knew that he would come, for the wife of his commanding officer was entitled to certain attentions from him, and she waited anxiously with a mental exclamation—"Surely he cannot have quite forgotten the past!"

Far from it! He remembered the past only too well! He had, indeed, loved her when he had believed her worthy of his love; but he knew her career of vice, and he shrank from an intimacy with her. As, however, it was not possible to avoid an acquaintance, he left Adelaide with Mrs. Sullivan, and advanced to pay his respects to Lady Wyville, being re-introduced by a brother officer. There was not the slightest excitement in his manner, he met her as he would have met an entire stranger, and a

few words on the most ordinary topics passed between them.

At length Lady Wyville remarked. "I have been admiring the young lady who danced with you, Captain Rawdon, and uniting with every one else in the assembly in awarding her the palm of beauty. May I enquire who she is?"

"My ward, Madam."

"Indeed! I am sure it will give me the greatest pleasure to pay her attention. With whom is she residing?"

"She is Mr. Sullivan's guest."

"I am sorry for that, as I do not know them, but if your ward will wave ceremony, and call on me."

"Your ladyship is very good, but Miss Ros-trevor is so young she does not visit any where without Mrs. Sullivan."

The coolness and formality of Captain Rawdon's manner piqued Lady Wyville not a little, she bowed somewhat haughtily and

moved on, leaving him at liberty to return to Adelaide.

We must not be so uncourteous as to neglect all mention of Lord Wyville. His lordship would be distressed indeed were all his efforts to attain notoriety to fail. Time and experience had by no means improved his character. A tyrant by nature, he was kept in continual fears, lest his former actions should create insubordination, and he maintained his authority by a system of petty and annoying interference.

He found the regiment a very unsuitable one for his command. The officers were men of honor and character, with one or two exceptions, and at first he almost feared lest he should be compelled to seek elsewhere for a servant of all work—a convenient tool. But the terms on which the senior captain still lived with the other officers, opened a better prospect. His lordship procured him the long hoped for majority, noticed him, and brought

him into something like good terms with the other officers; Perkyns was his own.

Lord Wyville was pre-eminently a 'Carpet-knight,' he knew nothing of service but the evolutions at a review in Hyde Park; and had heard no cannon except from the Tower on a royal birthday; but he was anxious to impress with a due sense of his military knowledge, men who had campaigned in the Peninsular, and fought at Waterloo and Bhurtpore; and therefore, on the same principle that a failing banker keeps piles of gold on the table of his counting-house to conceal its scarcity, so did the Lieutenant-Colonel of the — Light Dragoons entrench himself and his ignorance behind the most scrupulous regard for military etiquette, and punished every breach of it with the utmost severity.

Now among the numerous "*black* spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," that annoyed his lordship's optics, was one especial cause of bitterness; namely, the white jean jackets

which the officers wore during their morning ride, and in their own bungalows.

One or two ventured mildly to remonstrate, and to remind his lordship that they were unable to endure the excessive heat without an indulgence to which they had always been accustomed, but Lord Wyville replied that "he did not intend the officers of the — Light Dragoons, to look (as other *Indian fellows* did) like *the waiters* at a *pot-house*," and of course, although the hardship was great, they obeyed.

His lordship hated India and its customs, as *convicts usually do the land of their banishment*, and never failed to treat with the greatest contempt any thing savouring of the East.

This "white jacket affair," was followed by so many other vexations and tyrannical actions that the commanding officer was the object of entire aversion to every one in the corps, always excepting his devoted friend, Major Perkyns.

Of course, Horace being the most popular person in the regiment, was the object of very sincere dislike to Lord Wyville, but it was not just then, quite convenient to quarrel with him; he was by no means *established* in society, and he felt that his splendid entertainments would be accepted by more, and nobler guests, if Captain Rawdon and the beautiful Miss Rostrevor were constantly present at them. Besides, his lordship admired *her*, and Lady Wyville wished exceedingly to attach *Horace* to her train, so that on this subject they were perfectly united, and every endeavour was made to form an intimacy, but in vain. To every invitation, however graciously worded, Adelaide's reply was, that she was pre-engaged: and Rawdon made the propriety of attending his ward a plea for excusing himself from many of the fêtes of his commanding officer.

One evening, however, he felt compelled to accept an invitation to Lord Wyville's; and Adelaide having, as usual declined, Lady

Wyville regretted her absence, and enquired its cause.

“ I presume she is otherwise engaged,” said Rawdon, “ did she not mention that circumstance in her note to your ladyship.”

“ But,” pursued Lady Wyville, “ so young as Miss Rostrevor is, I wonder you are not more solicitous to place her in the highest society ; with her beauty and accomplishments, she might form even a *noble* alliance,” and as she spoke, Lady Wyville looked at Rawdon as if to penetrate his inmost heart.

He felt the scrutiny, but did not shrink ; there was, however, a slight degree of *point* in the accent with which he replied, “ Miss Rostrevor is not ambitious, and thinks perhaps that a union with a nobleman is not *always* the road to happiness. She gives rank and wealth their *due* value, but (I am happy to say) not an *undue* consideration. I have the utmost reliance on the soundness of her principles, and the purity of her heart ; I have no doubt there-

fore that she will form some perfectly unexceptionably alliance. Meanwhile, Mrs. Sullivan and she arrange their visits as they please."

Lady Wyville was irritated and said, "I cannot think you are acting right in neglecting the authority of a guardian over so very beautiful and young a girl."

"Your ladyship must pardon me. My ward consults equally my wishes and her own good taste in all her conduct."

The inference was quickly drawn by a woman like Lady Wyville, and her hatred once roused, she would not have hesitated at any action that could gratify it. She resolved to be revenged alike on Rawdon and Adelaide, and knowing Lord Wyville's character as she did, she felt assured, it would not be difficult to render both the culprits miserable. She laid a plan of action, and in accordance with it related what had passed to Lord Wyville.

His fury was unbounded when he heard

Rawdon's conversation, exaggerated as it was by the jealous hatred of Lady Wyville. To be circumvented by a young, untitled man, one of his own officers; and in such a decided manner too! It was not to be endured!

He was not invulnerable, and he should pay for his folly. His character should, if possible, be blasted. Wealth and rank on the side of an enemy are powerful adjuncts, and here they might be employed, if cautiously, with success.

A long conversation ensued between the worthy pair (worthy indeed of each other,) and plans were laid for the gratification of vengeance which was deep as their hatred was causeless.

CHAPTER XIX.

“ That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale, cold cowardice in noble breasts !”

* * * * *

“ With a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touched to death,
He did oppose his foe.” SHAKESPEARE.

“ Things like these must sting, and higher beings suffer.”
BYRON.

“ AND so,” observed a young lady to her partner in a waltz, a few evenings after Lady Wyville’s conversation with Horace, “ I understand that Lord Wyville and Captain Rawdon have quarrelled !”

“ Indeed! when and how?”

“ That I do not know; but it is reported that Lord Wyville says he will never again invite him to his house. Rather a strange resolution in a commanding officer, is it not?”

“ Nothing that Lord Wyville may do, or say, ought greatly to surprise any one who is acquainted with his lordship’s character,” replied her partner, “ but I wonder if Rawdon is aware of his sentence of banishment.”

Rawdon *was* aware of it, and felt it incumbent on him to ascertain the truth of the report.

Although his lordship’s character was pretty well known, still, with some people, his high rank and large fortune were powerful arguments in his favor, and Horace felt that the exclusion, in so pointed a manner, from the house of his commanding officer might have a very injurious effect on his prospects.

He accordingly wrote the following letter to the Lieutenant-Colonel:—

“ MY LORD,

“ A report has reached me that in the presence of a large party, your lordship declared a resolution never again to allow me to enter your house.

“ I cannot but consider the report as highly objectionable, as it is calculated to convey an impression prejudicial to my character, and I trust your lordship will be good enough to authorise me to contradict it.

“ I am,

“ My Lord,

“ Your Lordship’s obedient servant,

“ HORACE RAWDON.”

To comply with the reasonable request this letter contained, would have been the proceeding of a *man of honor*—to re-assert it would have been the conduct of a *man of*

spirit, and it would have been somewhat unreasonable to expect Lord Wyville, at his age, to become either the one or the other.

His only reply was made on parade, where calling Captain Rawdon out, by name, from the head of his troop, he informed him, with a most insulting manner, that he desired all communication might in future, be strictly official.

Irritated at this public affront, burning with indignation, and in a state of mental excitement which left him scarcely master of his actions, poor Horace wrote another letter to his lordship, without giving himself time to consider anything but his insulted honour.

“ MY LORD,

“ Having in my letter to your lordship of yesterday, stated that a report had reached me that your lordship had spoken of me in such a manner as I deemed prejudicial to my character, considering our relative public

positions, and having most respectfully requested your lordship to permit me to contradict the report, and your lordship having refused to give me an answer, I must beg to tell your lordship that you are in no way justified in speaking of me at all, in any public party, and more particularly in such a manner as to make it appear that my conduct had been such as to render me unworthy of the honor of visiting at Lord Wyville's house; with those who do not know *you*, my lord, such an assertion is calculated to injure me, and I hope, that as your lordship has on other occasions, most generously volunteered a meeting to those you have injured, you will not now screen yourself behind the rank which nothing but your wealth and heirship to an earldom entitle you to hold.

“ I am, my Lord,

“ Your Lordship's obedient Servant,

“ HORACE RAWDON.”

Lord Wyville pondered for some time on the

receipt of this epistle, and had Horace been a bad marksman, he would have stood a very fair chance of obtaining his request, for his lordship rather liked a duel where he was pretty sure of safety—it was pleasant exercise before breakfast—but to meet a man whom he had injured, when that man could snuff a candle, or uncork an *eau de cologne* bottle at twenty-four paces, was not a thing to be rashly ventured on: he adopted an another line of tactics, and ordered the Adjutant to place Captain Rawdon under arrest.

The order was immediately executed, and a general Court-Martial was called to try the offender.

The day at length arrived for the meeting of the Court, and the large room appropriated for the meeting was early crowded to excess.

Independently of the interesting circumstances which had called it together, to a society almost exclusively military, the scene was one well worthy of being looked upon, for nothing

could be more splendid than the dresses of the different officers who acted as judges, and who were all arrayed in most gorgeous uniforms.

Yet, splendid as was the appearance of the court, it was not on its members that the eye of beauty rested: there was one who, though pale and anxious, and with no glittering sword by his side, absorbed the interest of every gentle heart and every noble mind present.

The centre of attraction, the being for whose possible fate every one felt such intense interest, from one end of the country to the other, was the prisoner, Horace Rawdon.

He was, at that time, about nine and twenty years of age, and had served for more than twelve years in the army. He had the deeply bronzed complexion of one who had long been exposed to the burning rays of an eastern sun, with a figure, and free buoyant action, which proved him to be possessed of all the vigour of youth. His hair and mustachios were, (as we

have before stated,) jet black, and these, with the dark, flashing eyes of one who had braved many a peril, (far different however to that to which he was now exposed,) exhibited him in true character as a brave, gallant, and noble "Indian officer," one of the most distinguished captors of the impregnable City of Bhurtpore.

He sat surrounded by friends, and glancing occasionally at the opposite corner of the room, where was his accuser. Horace endeavoured to catch his lordship's eye; but an open glance was a favour rarely granted even to a friend, and on the present occasion, his lordship's attention was exclusively occupied by a close inspection of the rattan matting that covered the floor.

On *his* appearance we need not dwell--suffice it that he was extremely agitated, and could not by any effort, conceal his excitement.

The President and officers of the Court

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having been sworn, the Judge Advocate read the charge as follows—

“ For that Captain H. Rawdon, having at Calcutta written and sent a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Wyville, of the same regiment, his commanding officer, of an improper nature, and being thereupon ordered personally, by the said Lord Wyville, as his commanding-officer, to the effect that all future communication should be strictly official. Nevertheless, the said Captain Horace Rawdon did on the same day write and address to him, the said Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Wyville, a most disrespectful, insubordinate, insulting, and offensive letter, (and then the letter was read,) such conduct being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, prejudicial to the interests of the service, subversive of good order and military discipline—”

Lord Wyville, who spoke under strong excitement, was then called upon, and read with

great rapidity a written document, expressing his regret at his position, speaking in bitter terms of the strictures of the press, which he could not answer, (he said,) because he was an officer on full pay.

Here a voice in the crowd exclaimed—"You weren't always an officer, either on full or half pay—remember the —— Light Dragoons, and Jerningham."

The President ordered the unruly person to be turned out of Court, but his identity could not be ascertained, and when order was once more restored, Lord Wyville, although his excitement was obviously increased by the rude intrusion of *truth* into the assembly, continued to read a somewhat lengthy statement of the affair.

At the conclusion Captain Rawdon was called on for his defence.

His address was, as might, from his character, have been expected, manly, open, and

honest. He attempted not to deny the impropriety of the second letter, but pleaded in extenuation, the irritating circumstances under which it was written.

He pointed out, in forcible terms, the exciting conduct of Lord Wyville, while he also traced his own career, from the day of his entering the army, and proved that even in early youth, he had been remarkable for the subordination of his conduct. He had now gone through his whole case, and hoped that he had convinced the Court of the propriety of his first letter, the crying injustice of Lord Wyville's conduct, and the tyranny which had led to the second.

He added that although looking for a favourable decision, yet, at all events, he had the satisfaction of knowing that his conduct throughout had been that of a gentleman, and a man of honour, whilst that of his opponent he would not again characterise.

He reminded the Court that their decision

very deeply affected the honour of the whole army, and concluded by hoping that by their verdict of "NOT GUILTY" they would prove that wealth and rank did not license any person to trample upon men who devoted their lives to the service of their country.

Captain Rawdon maintained throughout his address, a most respectful bearing, uniting firmness, and a just sense of his own merits, with that deep energy and impassioned manner, with which such a man would plead against the falsehoods of a base calumniator, who sought to deprive him of that for which he had fought and bled—the military reputation, and unspotted honour which were dearer to him than life.

Thunders of applause, warm from the hearts of his auditors, greeted him at the close of his speech. His eyes sparkled, he glanced round, bowed to the crowds who had cheered him, and resumed his seat.

The evidence of other officers was then taken

—men of high rank, and tried courage, who were intimately acquainted with the prisoner—and all proved that his conduct had hitherto been distinguished by his regularity, obedience, and subordination, and more than one instance was adduced of his endeavouring to soothe the irritated feelings of some of his brother officers, under the insulting and offensive conduct of their noble Lieutenant-Colonel.

But, by a mode of reasoning peculiar to themselves, and quite worthy of the prosecution, but not exactly in consonance with the character of brother officers and impartial judges, the Court decided that such evidence of character was extraneous, irrelevant, and inadmissible; as were also decided to be, certain allegations of the violent and overbearing conduct of the Lieutenant-Colonel. All this was therefore—though most reluctantly—suppressed.

Major Perkyns appeared to give evidence on behalf of the prosecutor. The numerous benefits he had received from his noble patron

had bound him to that line of conduct—but his solitary testimony was severely commented on.

At length the Court closed, and the parties, (Rawdon being still under arrest,) proceeded to their quarters.

CHAPTER XX.

“ Since it must be so,
But with the spirit of my father's friend :
Thou hast been guilty of a great offence,
Half cancelled by the harshness of these men
I would have sued to them, have prayed to them,
Have begged (as famished mendicants for bread,)
Have wept, as they will cry unto their God
For mercy, and be answer'd as they answer,
Had it been fitting for thy name or mine.

BYRON.

EVERY heart in India was interested in the result of the trial—every human being sympathised with the prisoner, but there was one person whose feelings on this subject were not inferior to those of Horace himself—who was

perhaps even more wretched than himself at the critical position in which he was placed. This anxious, devoted friend was Adelaide.

She had never before been aware how very dear he was to her, how deeply her future happiness was united with his—and affectionate as she had ever been, she now became doubly so, and sought by every means in her power, to soothe and comfort his agonised mind, while her own was equally torn by the terrible suspense.

Unable to think on any other subject, considering it in all its bearings, and possessing to a rare degree, the gift of a command of language, she wrote a series of letters in his behalf, which appeared in the daily papers under the signature of “Justitia,” which attracted universal attention, and concerning which every effort was made to discover the daring author—but in vain.

Even Horace discovered only by accident, -

that his energetic advocate was his beloved, and loving ward.

At any other period this discovery would have caused him unmingled satisfaction, but now, while it was uncertain whether his whole prospects were not on the eve of being blighted, the wild throbbing of his heart was stilled by the remembrance that if his fears were realised, he must not even offer to unite her to such ruin.

Yet even greater sorrow than his would have been banished while perusing such a passage as the following, from the pen of one so dearly loved.

“ You cannot but be aware that nothing short of the greatest insult would have excited Captain Rawdon to write the letter which forms the subject of his accuser’s complaint. Doubtless it trespassed in some degree on the rules of conventional politeness, but it is yet a question whether he was not fully justified in that trespass.

“ Lord Wyville’s remark must, to any person ignorant alike of the character of the accuser and the accused, convey an impression that the gallant captain had been guilty of some moral or social offence, which had rendered him unfit to be the guest of a man so famous as the noble Lieutenant-Colonel has ever been for the *strict attention* he has ever paid to all the *moral* and *social* duties of life—for his immaculate purity—his unimpeachable veracity—his amiable domestic character—his distinguished military career! And the uninitiated hearer would at once conclude that Captain Rawdon was notoriously deficient in at least some of these particulars.

But is it so? If the opinion of a man’s equals be satisfactory evidence of his character—if we may trust to the testimony of those who have known him in public and private life, from the commencement of his career, who have fought side by side with him in the field, as well as enjoyed his society at mess—let us

hear what Captain Rawdon's brother-officers say of him.

They will unanimously assure you that his courage is as noble as ever animated the pulse of officer and gentleman—that his word would at once guarantee the truth of any event for which he might pledge it—that though the gallant —th does not boast a more exact disciplinarian, yet he is idolised by every soldier under him! The most honorable gentleman—the most upright man—the most generous friend.

“ Lord Wyville may well think slightly of his insulting insinuations, for we are the slaves of custom, and grow speedily indifferent to that to which we are habituated.

“ The sailor turns into his hammock and sleeps soundly on the roughest night. The noise of a factory is unperceived by those who are always within its walls—the falls of Niagara would scarcely waken one who lived near its banks—and those long accustomed to be held up as objects of scorn to others—who

pass through the world shunned and despised by all not utterly depraved, cease to feel their honour wounded, or their equanimity disturbed by insinuations or open expressions of contempt.

“ But one who has gone through an active life without the momentary imputation of a blemish—who, after serving his country nobly and winning the esteem of the good and brave, finds his conduct for the *first* time the object of animadversion, does *not feel* so calmly, and although *Lord Wyville* may have forgotten, or possibly, never have known, the pleasure of being esteemed by others, he should make allowance for those who *have*, and consider whether, (were he by some miracle to be possessed of the high character Captain Rawdon bears,) he would act more moderately to one who endeavoured, maliciously, and like an assassin, to rob him of his fair fame, and destroy his unblemished reputation.

“ But Lord Wyville cannot even in imagina-

tion, place himself in such a position, for he has merited and borne the withering sarcasm—the bitter taunt—until they are perfectly familiar to his ear, and never even affected to feel his honor wounded until he could secure himself behind military law, and vindicate his own injured character by ruining his opponent for what is after all, a mere breach of military etiquette, committed too, under every possible extenuating circumstance.”

The discovery of Adelaide's deep interest in his welfare was a truly painful one to Horace. While his prospects were bright he had looked forward with ecstasy to the hope that she would share them with him, but now that she was infinitely dearer to him than ever—that her love seemed the bright star in the dark hemisphere of his existence, he felt also how selfish it would be to ask her, lovely and gifted as she was, and sought by some of the noblest and wealthiest in India, to share a dishonored name, and broken fortunes.

Something whispered to him, indeed, that she would accept them if offered; but he avoided the suggestion and resolved that his conduct to his ward, at least, should be above the reach of censure. He would sacrifice all that the world yet held out to him of happiness, for the sake of her: he would not utter a single sentiment of love—he would not acknowledge his passion—he would not seek for a return: he would act with the disinterested friendship of a father or a brother.

But alas for all human stability! “*L’homme propose, mais c’est Dieu qui dispose!*”

The sentence of the Court, that Captain Rawdon was “cashiered” was no sooner known, than with a degree of agony that almost rendered him desperate, Horace Rawdon, now Captain no longer, drove to Mr. Sullivan’s, and enquiring for the Chota Bebee was escorted to the terrace on the roof of the house, where the servant told him he would find Miss Rostrevor walking.

CHAPTER XXI.

“ Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee
But oh ! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or courts without.”

MOORE.

“ The full sum of me
Is sum of something which to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd.
Happy in this she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; and happier than this
She is not bred so dull but she can learn,
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed
As from her Lord, her Governor, her King !”

SHAKSPEARE.

FIERCE indeed must have been the emotions of that heart that could have remained unsoothed by the scene which lay before Horace when he gained the summit of the house.

The bright beams of a full moon shed a clear, soft light over a landscape of exquisite rural beauty. The lawn in front of the house was studded with bamboo-trees, which as their elastic boughs waved with every breath of air, had the appearance of very splendid and gigantic plumes of ostrich feathers. A tope of mango trees, at a somewhat greater distance, were wreathed together, even to their very highest branches by creepers which flung their graceful tendrils from shoot to shoot, and united them so closely it would have been exceedingly difficult to cut a passage between them. The large, bright, white blossoms of these creepers, shone like silver in the moonbeams, and the tulip tree mingled its gorgeous flowers with those of the magnificent Rajah, whose leafless branches displayed to great perfection, its rich, white cup-like corolla. Tuberoses, Persian jessamine and heliotrope mingled their delicious perfumes in one part of the grounds, while in another, several acres of land

were covered by rose-trees alone, of a kind that bore so luxuriant a crop of these poetic, oriental flowers, that the entire space was one mass of blossoms, and the air was strongly impregnated with the sweet perfume.

The stillness of the scene was scarcely disturbed by the occasional cry of a jackal, speeding across the *compound* to join its companions, or the low growl of a cheeta in the jungle.

The stars shone brightly, heaven appeared to shed, for a while, some of its own tranquillity upon earth, and Rawdon, as he gazed silently upon it, felt calmed and soothed by the contemplation of its loveliness.

He leant over the balcony for some minutes, became tolerably composed, and then went in search of Adelaide, whom he found gazing over the battlement at the other extremity, buried in thought so profound, that she did not perceive his approach until he touched her hand.

She started, and exclaimed, "You, dear Horace!"

He took her hand and raised it to his lips. "Bless you, Adelaide, for that word!" then paused, and was some moments unable to summon resolution to speak again. At length he said, "Do you know, Adelaide, that all is lost!"

"Except honour!" she replied—"but that is unsullied."

"Unsullied!" he repeated, bitterly. "Do you know the decision of the Court-Martial!"

"COURT-PARTIAL rather!" interrupted she. "No one can consider it as any thing else."

"No, not so!" said Horace, with a heavy sigh: "I must own that I have been guilty of a serious breach of military law, although my error proceeded from too great an anxiety for my military reputation. Still, it is difficult to acquiesce in the justice of such a sentence."

"The world *will* not acquiesce in it," exclaimed Adelaide indignantly, "your character

never stood more high in the estimation of all whose opinion is valuable."

She spoke with animation, but Horace started when he saw how pale and haggard she appeared. He led her to a seat, and, for some time, neither of them spoke.

Absorbed in agonising reflections on the ruin that overwhelmed him, Horace buried his face in his hands, to hide his emotion.

Adelaide, no less affected, averted her head to conceal her tears. At length she said, "Horace! I had hoped you would have borne this better."

"Pardon me this selfish sorrow, dear one," he replied, in broken accents, "it is the last you shall witness, but this has been a heavy trial; and my father—my mother—how will they endure to hear of my disgrace."

"Oh, do not use that word!" exclaimed Adelaide, "do not think of yourself as no one else can ever think of you."

"Adelaide," he interrupted in a firmer

voice, evading the subject of his wrongs which he felt excited a tenderness in her manner that unnerved him. "I have still one great anxiety, and it is only in your power to relieve me from it. I must immediately return to England ; but before I go, I do wish that if you entertain a preference for any one of your admirers, you would relieve my mind from a great weight by allowing me to witness your marriage."

Adelaide burst into tears. He was grieved at having distressed her, agitated by his own feeling on the subject, and yet resolved to sacrifice his own wishes for her welfare—he threw his arm round her slender form and drew her closer to him—then, although with hesitation, continued the subject, "I speak of this particularly now, because Mr. — entreated me to use my influence with you to induce you to favor his suit."

Adelaide drew back indignantly, her tears were instantly dried, and she exclaimed haughtily, "I do think you might spare me at pre-

sent all this useless annoyance. How can you suppose I would marry a man whom I could never love nor honor! I never will accept one who would not deserve all the affection I could bestow, and all the obedience a wife is bound to pay."

Was it possible for Horace to forget, in such a moment of excitement, all that she had said of him when she had felt at liberty through the medium of the public papers, to express her feelings—could he overlook the pleasure she always evinced in his society, the delight with which she anticipated his wishes—her ardent sympathy in his sufferings, and indignation at his wrongs? Could he remember that, and feel every pulse throbbing with love to her, and yet resist the impulse of his heart to cast himself at her feet? Yet his tone was low, though so earnest as he replied, "Adelaide, my only beloved, how happy should I be, even now, if I could hope that you could thus feel towards me? Do you, my sweet one, *believe*

what you have written concerning me? May I be the best husband, the most devoted lover, as well as the truest friend?"

Even by the moonlight Adelaide's blushes were visible, but she hid her face on his shoulder, and some words, certainly not *negative* were heard.

"God bless you, best and noblest one," he exclaimed rapturously; but in less confident tones he added, "but Adelaide, can you indeed accept a disgraced, dishonored man."

"No, never, never!" she ejaculated fervently—"but you, Horace, are the reverse of both! You are mortal and not quite infallible. But where else shall I find one so true—so—so very dear!"

"Will you indeed, my loved one, share my humble fortune, and forget wealth and splendour? Then indeed, indeed, Adelaide, (and he embraced her passionately as he spoke,) dreadful as the past has been, I will cease to

regret it. Blessed with such a treasure as your dear self, I will desire no more.

And again, and again he clasped her to his heart, and then he told her of his long attachment to her, and time passed so rapidly and happily that it seemed as if they would have forgotten to return into the house, had not Mr. Sullivan, guessing something of what was going on, very considerably gone himself, instead of sending a domestic, to summon them to dinner.

"We thought we had lost you altogether, Adelaide," said Mrs. Sullivan, as the lovely girl entered the room leaning on Horace's arm. "Where have you been, my dear?"

"Reading the 'Cardiphonia,' or 'The Utterance of the Heart,' by moonlight," said Mr. Turton, in explanation, it is a pleasant book, Miss Rostrevor, is it not?"

Poor Adelaide was sadly discomposed by the allusions and innuendoes of her friends, but

they also congratulated her so warmly on her choice, that her annoyance was tempered with happiness.

The next evening the affianced lovers drove out together, according to the Anglo-Indian fashion of announcing an engagement, and Adelaide was deeply gratified by the warm and sincere congratulations of all their friends.

The evening before the marriage, a number of guests being assembled at Mr. Sullivan's hospitable mansion, he rose immediately that the cloth was withdrawn, and requested the company to repair to the drawing-room, to witness the signing of the settlements.

This speech was quite incomprehensible to Rawdon, who followed the party mechanically, wondering exceedingly what settlements required signing.

When all were seated a lawyer read aloud the will of Adelaide's god-mother, (the tidings of whose death had reached Calcutta on the day of the sentence of the Court-Martial) by

which Adelaide was declared heiress of all her property, on condition of her retaining her maiden-name, and her husband assuming it, on her marriage.

Horace regarded Adelaide with unqualified astonishment, which was so evident to the guests that Mr. Sullivan rising said—

“It will doubtless appear singular to every one here that the party most interested in this affair should have remained, up to the present time, in ignorance of it. It was no wish of mine, but a caprice of Miss Rostrevor’s, which she will doubtless explain.”

Adelaide, however, remained silent, so the speaker continued—

“She desired this circumstance to be concealed lest the knowledge that she was an heiress might create scruples in the mind of Rawdon which he could not feel while believing her to be portionless: his honor was too dear to her to allow the shadow of suspicion that he had been influenced by mercenary considera-

tions to exist even in the mind of his bitterest enemy. She has thus enjoyed the inestimable happiness of being loved for herself alone, and of convincing the world that his honour is as unsullied in his private as in his public conduct. Join with me in wishing all the blessings that they so well merit, to both our friends.

* * * * *

And would Adelaide have exchanged her feelings of pride in her husband's character, for the proudest coronet—the most princely fortune that ever bridegroom bestowed on bride? Ah, no! As she stood by his side at the altar, and in the presence of God they pronounced the vows that bound them to each other, “till death should separate them,” she felt that her lot was indeed a happy one, in being united to one whose integrity she respected, whose excellence she venerated, as deeply as she loved himself.

And he too forgot, in the rapture of her love, that he had met with such cruel injustice in the world, and felt that all was well lost that had assured him such a treasure.

Many guests were present at the marriage, including every person of rank in the Presidency, except Lord and Lady Wyville.

They alone, wretched in the seclusion to which their vices had condemned them, shunned by all, and pitied by none, envied the happiness which they could not destroy, and upbraided each other with the conduct that had, under a nominal victory, rendered them objects of contempt and detestation to the whole country, while it had exalted the character, and increased the happiness of those whom they had endeavoured to crush.

CHAPTER XXII.

“ As flowers that to the last are sweet—
As streams that to the last are calm—
As ships that tempests never meet—
As climes that breathe eternal balm—
Be married life, its whole course through,
Dear lady still ; to yours and you !
Let me a thousand sweets foretel,
As life with love flows sweetly on,
Sweet hopes, sweet fears, sweet little—well,
‘ We’ll talk of that anon—anon.”

J. G. GRANT.

AND now we must ask our kind readers, who have accompanied us thus far in our narrative, to imagine that a year has elapsed since the marriage with which we concluded the foregoing chapter.

The Rostrevors had returned to England, and after visiting at Rawdon Court, Brookleigh, (where Mary Anne now presided) and Davonport Castle, and rejoicing as warm hearts do rejoice in witnessing and diffusing happiness, proceeded to Ireland to Adelaide's beautiful seat at the foot of the picturesque mountain of Sliebh Donard.

Patrick, promoted to the office of butler, was a very important personage in the village, from the long stories of Mister Horace and Miss Adelaide, (as he still designated them) with which he could favor the tenantry, and he would expatiate on Masther Charles' feats in Nepaul and at Bhurtpore, not forgetting his own share and Delhi's in the wars, and (poor fellow !) would brush away the tears that *would* gather in his eye as he uttered a fervent wish that poor Major Rostrevor had lived to see his darling girl united to one so worthy of her, and dear to him as if he had been a son.

Horace and Adelaide loving each other daily

with more and more tenderness, felt the truth of the saying that marriages are (sometimes at least) made in heaven, and with the prospect of every wish that love can form being gratified thought little of that one sad picture in the past, and scarcely regretted it.

But one day Patrick entered the drawing-room, in a state of uncontrollable excitement, bearing in his hand a letter on which was inscribed the ominous words, "On Her Majesty's Service!"

Horace opened it with trembling eagerness, it contained a restoration of his commission! But, for the first time, his Adelaide's countenance did not indicate that she quite participated in his joy.

"You are not as pleased with this as I am, dearest," said he, "I thought you would be the first to congratulate me."

"So I am, dear Horace," she replied, "but that I fear its involving the pain of a separation. We could not both leave home, and

abandon our poor people here, and although I *am* gratified that justice is done, I think you will be quite as useful to your country here, as if you were again wielding a sword in her defence, I at least should be so much happier—but I fear I am very selfish.”

Horace looked tenderly on his young wife, and felt that, in her present delicate state of health, he could not leave her. He agreed instantly to defer his decision, at least for a few weeks.

* * * * *

Not many days afterwards, he was summoned to his wife's apartment, and his eager enquiries were answered by the assurance that she was very well, and only anxious to see him.

He entered gently, and she held out her hand to welcome him, and presented to him the little being who should one day call him “father,” to receive a father's blessing.

Horace embraced his son most tenderly, and

invoked every blessing on his head, and on its mother's. He sat down beside his treasure, and held her hand in his, but he could not speak.

"Must you still leave me," said Adelaide in a low tone, 'to seek the bubble reputation, e'en at the cannon's mouth,' or will you be satisfied with the pleasures *we* can offer you at home, love?"

The young and happy father glanced first on one and then on the other object of his love; he still was silent, but Adelaide was quite satisfied—

"The warrior smiled and pleased resigned
To tender passions, all his mighty mind."

THE END.







